JULY 8,
1939

Liberty

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Second Youth

HE LATEST IN
EACTIVATION

*y Gertrude
y Atherton*

IS THE
ATIONAL YOUTH
DMINISTRATION
COMMUNISTIC?

IOW TO GET
A JOB
n Spite of All

INDEPENDEN
Y BAND

Jan H. Hogenbyl

Often a bridesmaid but never a bride

EDNA'S case was really a pathetic one. Like every woman, her primary ambition was to marry. Most of the girls of her set were married—or about to be. Yet not one possessed more grace or charm or loveliness than she.

And as her birthdays crept gradually toward that tragic thirty-mark, marriage seemed farther from her life than ever.

She was often a bridesmaid, but never a bride.

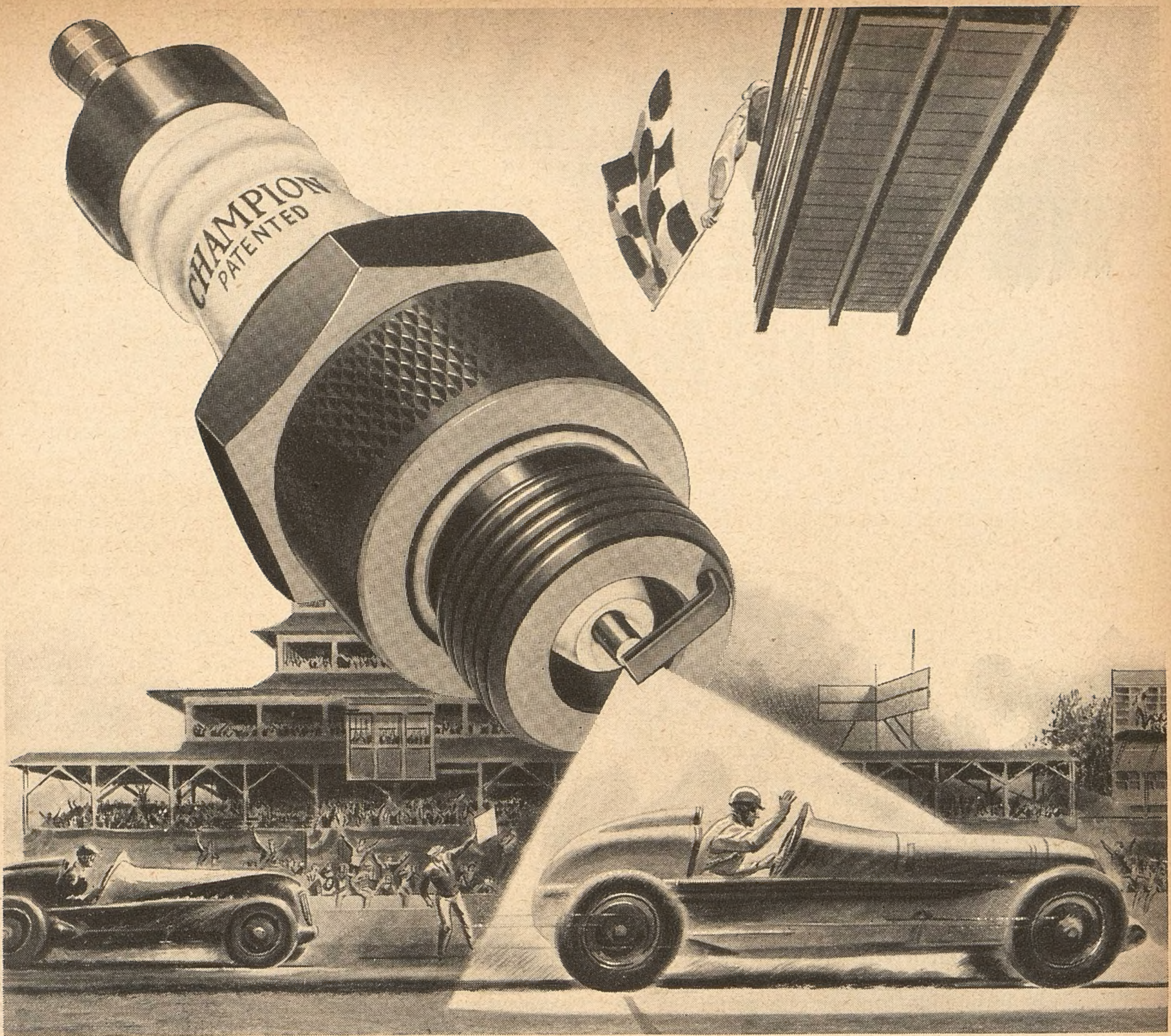
* * *

That's the insidious thing about halitosis (unpleasant breath). You, yourself, rarely know when you have it. And even your closest friends won't tell you.

Sometimes, of course, halitosis comes from some deep-seated organic disorder that requires professional advice. But usually—and fortunately—halitosis is only a local condition that yields to the regular use of Listerine Antiseptic as a mouth wash and gargle. It is an interesting thing that this well-known antiseptic that has been in use for years for surgical dressings, possesses these unusual properties as a breath deodorant.

It halts food fermentation in the mouth and leaves the breath sweeter, fresher and cleaner. *Not* by substituting some other odor but by really getting at sources of the old one. The Listerine Antiseptic odor itself quickly disappears. So the systematic use of Listerine Antiseptic helps to put you on the safe and polite side.

Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo.



What does this amazing record mean to you?

In the last 16 Indianapolis 500 Mile Races . . . 151 out of the 160 cars finishing in the money . . . including 15 winners . . . the present qualifying and race record holders . . . and 9 of the first 10 in 1939 . . . used dependable Champion Spark Plugs . . . truly an amazing record!

When one spark plug is so consistently chosen by the racing fraternity and is conclusively outstanding in an event of such unparalleled severity on men, engines and equipment, it establishes, beyond any doubt, that Champions insure better engine performance in your car.

Champion's unequaled resources, engineering and manufacturing facilities have been exclusively devoted to building better spark plugs for well over a quarter century. Today Champions offer you advances and advantages not obtainable in any other spark plugs.

Demand Champions for your car, and you can be certain that you will get the better engine performance and dependability which have made them Champions in fact as well as in name.

USE THE SPARK PLUGS *CHAMPIONS* USE

MORE POWER
MORE SPEED
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The Sign of Dependable Service

JULY 8, 1939 **Liberty** VOL. 16, NO. 27

BERNARR MACFADDEN
PUBLISHER

FULTON OURSLER
EDITOR IN CHIEF

HEYWORTH CAMPBELL
ART EDITOR

THE GREATEST TRAGEDY OF MY LIFE

BERNARR MACFADDEN

I have had many disappointments. Life, to the best of us, is usually a series of ups and downs. The school of hard knocks was to a certain extent the source of my education.

I have been a victim of ingratitude that passes all understanding. Why it is that those to whom you have granted the greatest favors become your worst enemies will always remain a mystery to me. But what might be termed the greatest tragedy of my life was the disappointment endured as a result of a demonstration made in the State of Alabama for the purpose of giving the underprivileged boys of the United States the advantages justly due them.

A combination was formed with the American Legion of that state. I personally visited several of the leading cities and addressed the business organizations in each city . . . the Chamber of Commerce, Kiwanis, Rotarians, etc. An airfield in each of these cities was used for our demonstration. We invited the underprivileged boys to meet at these airfields for a course of training designed to be thoroughly enjoyable and at the same time a valuable source of physical development.

This training course was inaugurated by me personally by giving the boys what I termed a "Wild Indian" calisthenic drill . . . a course of exercises that were effective and yet just a lot of fun. Following this drill they were divided into various classes—baseball, football, boxing, wrestling, tennis, etc. Each boy was allowed the privilege of selecting the sport he liked best.

These exercises were supervised by me personally in five cities.

Through the aid of the Federal Superintendent of Relief, this plan was extended to more than thirty communities.

Our idea was to include every branch of sport advocated by the Amateur Athletic Union, and to have contests in every city in all these various sports . . . the winners to be entered in a final championship state contest.

Several hundred boys joined our classes in some of the large cities, and in a short time we had eighteen or twenty thousand boys taking advantage of these opportunities, and these were underprivileged boys, please remember . . . the boys who had been feeding the much discussed crime wave.

And we progressed sufficiently in these contests to have a local boxing contest in the various weights in many towns and cities, and the winners of this contest competed in Birmingham for the state championship. There were two nights of these bitterly fought contests which clearly indicated the fervid enthusiasm of our students.

Just previous to the conclusion of this demonstration I was invited to visit the White House by the President, and he enthusiastically applauded these activities, and even suggested means of extending them. My hopes soared. I was literally treading on air. Here was a chance to do something for underprivileged boys that could not be valued too highly.

I was appointed a member of the National Youth Administration, and I concluded that here would be an appropriate activity for this group; but at the first meeting it was clearly indicated that there would be no interest in the Alabama demonstration.

The efforts of the National Youth Administration seemed to be confined entirely to a money-spending program, chiefly devoted to assisting students financially. The fact that this work started so well in Alabama, and could have been carried on practically without cost to the government through using WPA workers and recipients of the dole, seemed to have no interest for these officials.

Had the plan been extended throughout the United States, nearly a million and a half underprivileged boys would have been enjoying the benefits of this physical-training procedure.

We talk much about the crime wave, and yet it is everywhere admitted that athletic training for growing boys is the greatest deterrent to crime.

A supervising physical director in New York City stated on one occasion that he never heard of a boy active in athletics being arrested for a major crime.

With such extraordinary results a possibility, could I be blamed for feeling that the government's failure to take advantage of this opportunity was one of the greatest disappointments in my life?

Bernarr Macfadden

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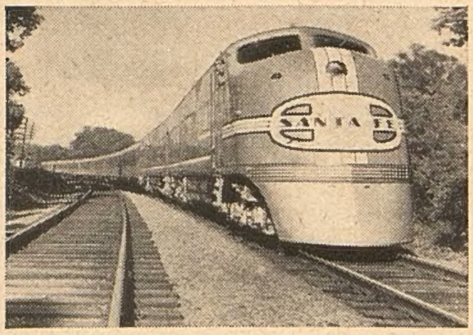
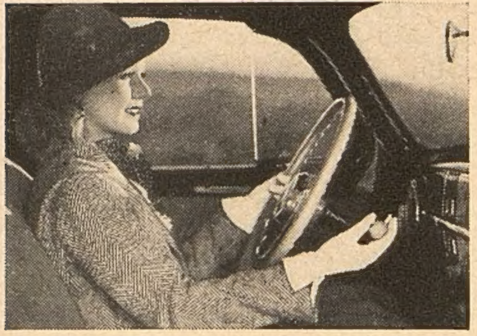
Every road you drive is *Easy Street* in this restful riding, money-saving new

Studebaker Champion

No more hard riding—here's real comfort! Studebaker's 5-year-tested, self-stabilizing independent planar suspension combines with finest shock absorbers to cradle you restfully over every mile in this great new Champion.



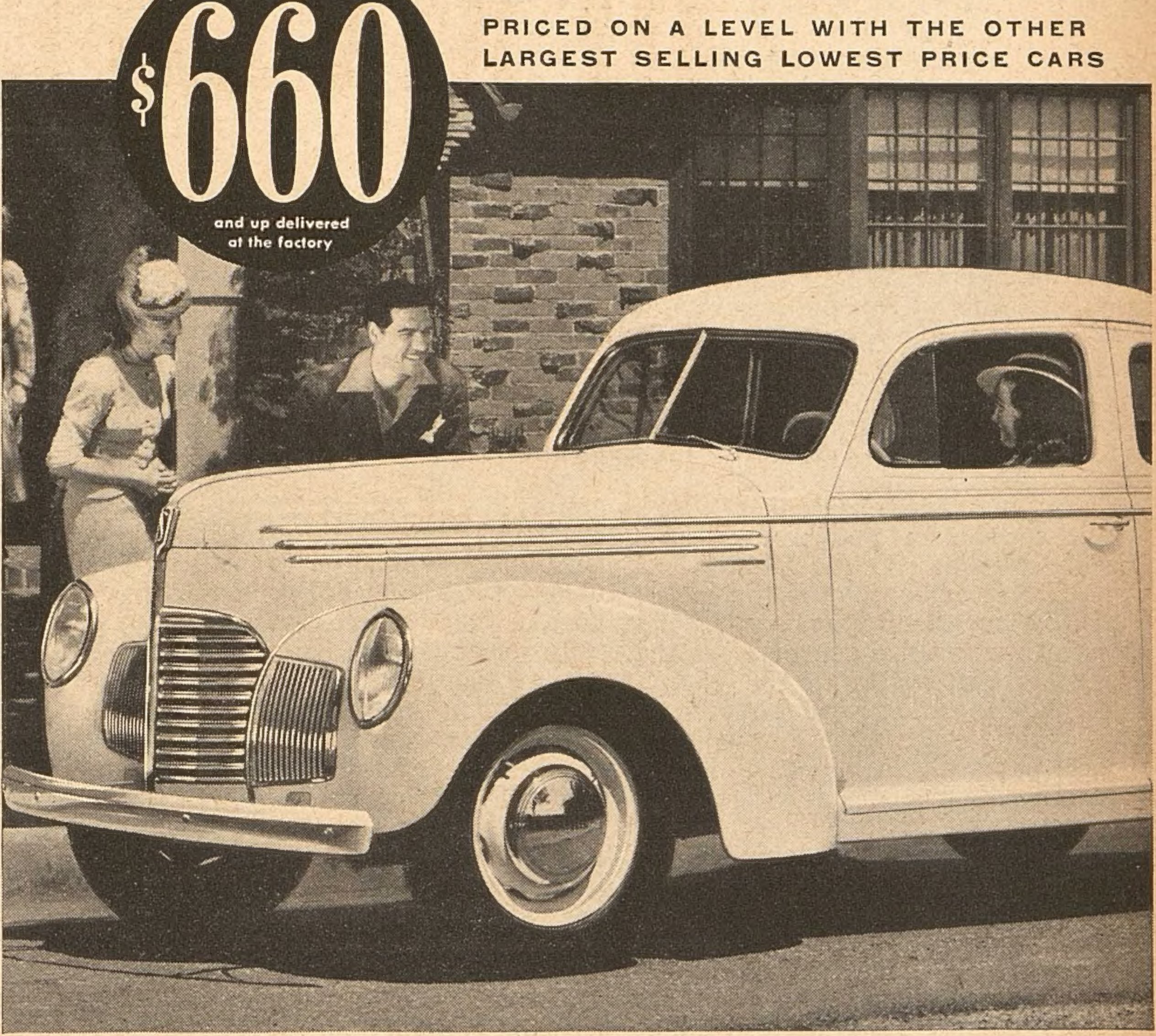
It sticks to its course like a streamliner! Even when it's rounding turns at cruising speeds, your Studebaker Champion is as steady as though running on rails. Low center of gravity gives it exceptional balance and sure-footedness.



Women drivers love its remarkable handling ease! You shift gears at this Champion's steering wheel. You stop swiftly, surely, with feather-touch hydraulic brakes. You see clearly through a wide, high windshield.

You get solid safety and expert craftsmanship! The long-lasting construction of this Champion saves you money on repairs, too. It's built with expert care by Studebaker's famed Commander and President craftsmen.

PRICED ON A LEVEL WITH THE OTHER LARGEST SELLING LOWEST PRICE CARS



$660

and up delivered at the factory

Coupe $660 delivered at South Bend, Ind. Prices subject to change without notice. Optional equipment and accessories, extra

THIS super-safe, luxurious, new Studebaker Champion brings you three important advantages you cannot get in any other lowest price car.

First of all, this fast-selling, brilliant performing, 6-cylinder Champion gives you the prestige and satisfaction of Studebaker ownership—it's a full-fledged team mate of the famous Commander and President.

Remarkable operating economy!

Your second advantage in owning this Champion is new low cost of operation. Tests show it consumes 10% to 25% less gas than other leading lowest price cars.

And that's only a beginning. Finest materials and quality workmanship keep your Studebaker Champion in tip-top running condition, day after day and mile after mile.

"Extras" cost you nothing extra!

"More for your money"—that's your third good reason for choosing this Champion.

You pay nothing extra for such indispensables as steering wheel gear shift—planar suspension—non-slam Hancock rotary door latches.

See your local Studebaker dealer now and go for a revealing Champion trial drive. Low-cost Studebaker service is nation-wide. Your present car can apply on this Champion's down payment—balance on easy C. I. T. terms.

Down go your gas bills 10% to 25%

10% to 25%! That's the gas saving which tests show this Champion gives you over other leading lowest price cars. Even better than its Commander team mate which won Gilmore-Yosemite Sweepstakes.

IS THE NATIONAL YOUTH

For liberals with common sense—An arresting look at some perils that face our boys and girls

BY FARWELL CARSON

READING TIME ● 8 MINUTES 35 SECONDS

THE National Youth Administration is one of the few New Deal projects which deserve nationwide support. But there is reason to believe that the worm of subversive activities is concealed in the core of its apple. The NYA is doing excellent work along many lines, but it must carefully watch itself and must be carefully watched by Congress, lest its activities be controlled or sabotaged by Communists or Communist "fellow travelers."

There are five channels through which subversive poison may seep into the National Youth Administration: 1. Radicalism at the top of the organization. 2. Radicalism among educators who can open or close the door of its facilities to the youngsters. 3. The same political influences which lend a red tinge to the WPA in several parts of the country. 4. The Workers Alliance, which attempts to lure youngsters aided by the NYA into radical ranks. 5. Various stooges for Communism which, under respectable disguises, make a special appeal to young men and women.

When the National Youth Administration was founded by an executive act on June 26, 1935, in order that young people caught in the depression might "have their chance in school, their turn as apprentices and their opportunity for jobs, a chance to work and earn for themselves," subversive elements immediately horned in. This is not surprising, for, as Congressman Clare E. Hoffman has pointed out on the floor of Congress, the so-called "Young America movement" is the Communist United Front in action through its quasi-auxiliary—the American Youth Congress—which drafted the American Youth Act. Eighteen members of the National Youth Administration and of its executive National Advisory Committee are listed in Mrs. Dilling's books, The Red Network and The Roosevelt Red Network and Its Background. While Mrs. Dilling is not an infallible guide, the auras of some of those holding important and influential positions in the NYA undoubtedly vary from pink to vermilion.

It follows logically that some of those who are in charge of the work on the inside look for advice and cooperation to radicals on the outside. The beneficiaries of the NYA fall into two classes: youngsters who are still in schools and colleges, and youngsters who have left school and are looking for jobs. In both cases the NYA attempts to find them jobs. All this is, of course, commendable and constructive work, provided no discrimination is made in favor of youthful Reds. In the case of those who are still in school, teachers and principals are, very properly, allowed to name worthy pupils. Unfortunately radicalism has bitten deeply into our educational system. Many teachers and some principals are radicals. It is charged that such educators discriminate in favor of radical students.

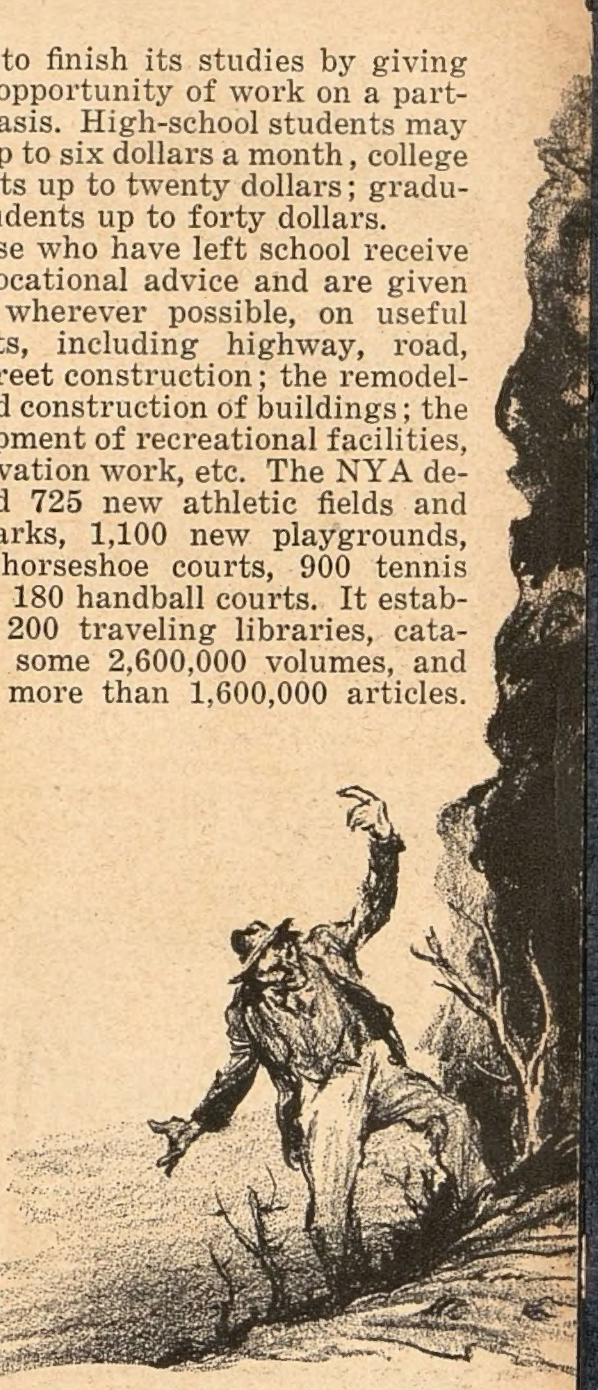
In New York City, for instance, some 6,000 pedagogues who have the power of recommendation are members of Teachers Union No. 5. Many others connected with higher institutions of learning are members of the College Teachers Local No. 537. Both are accused of being tainted with Communism. Both have been suspended from the Central Trades & Labor Council of Greater New York, a branch of the American Federation of Labor, on charges that they took part in Communist activity. The radical attitude of the two unions has led to the formation of the Teachers Guild—an anti-Communist organization—and to numerous resignations. Subversive elements have crept into the educational system in many of our cities.

Before the NYA accepts the endorsement of a teacher, it should look into his background; it should certainly examine carefully the character of any student who is recommended by a member of any radical organization.

No safeguard against boring from within by radicals exists at present. Since five million young people between the ages of sixteen and twenty-five are in need of aid, and the NYA, with the funds at present at its disposal, can help only 10 per cent, discrimination—if any—should be made in favor of those who believe in the Constitution of the United States and have no use for the wiles of Communism.

The aims of the NYA are praiseworthy, because it supplies youth not with a dole but with work. It helps youth to finish its studies by giving it the opportunity of work on a part-time basis. High-school students may earn up to six dollars a month, college students up to twenty dollars; graduate students up to forty dollars.

Those who have left school receive free vocational advice and are given work, wherever possible, on useful projects, including highway, road, and street construction; the remodeling and construction of buildings; the development of recreational facilities, conservation work, etc. The NYA developed 725 new athletic fields and 284 parks, 1,100 new playgrounds, 1,400 horseshoe courts, 900 tennis courts, 180 handball courts. It established 200 traveling libraries, catalogued some 2,600,000 volumes, and sewed more than 1,600,000 articles. Under its protective wing young artists finished thousands of drawings, etchings, murals, and posters.

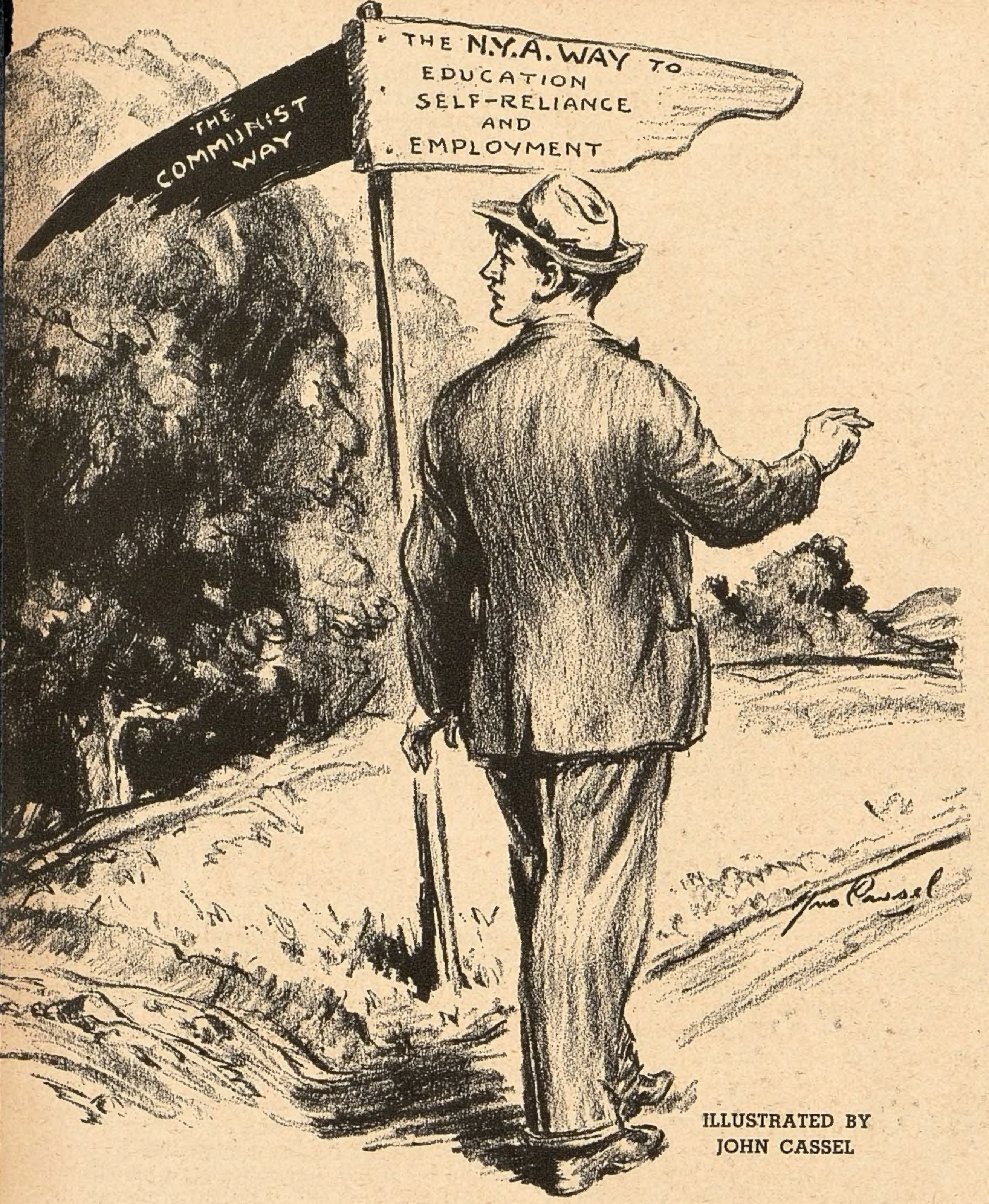


The NYA has so far spent approximately $81,700,000. The earnings of all persons employed on NYA projects averaged $17.14 a month. Of 271,418 who registered by May, 1938, 109,000 were placed in private industry. Ninety per cent of all those who receive aid from the NYA must come from families on relief, leaving a leeway of 10 per cent for those who are not on relief but whose circumstances are such that they cannot continue their education, and for youngsters who, having finished it, are unable to find jobs. Each state is assigned a quota.

The fact that the job seekers are selected primarily from families on relief introduces the peril of political domination, the same domination which appears in the WPA. Applicants must be certified by local authorities; they must undergo a personal interview. Failure to "behave" means failure to get a job, or a shift from pleasant to unpleasant duties.

The sponsors of the NYA insist that it is neither radical nor a "youth

ADMINISTRATION COMMUNISTIC?


THE N.Y.A. WAY TO EDUCATION SELF-RELIANCE AND EMPLOYMENT
THE COMMUNIST WAY

ILLUSTRATED BY
JOHN CASSEL

movement." There is, nevertheless, the danger that in the wrong hands it may serve subversive purposes. The officers of the Workers Alliance—which has often been accused of Communist tendencies—complain because the money received from the NYA is subtracted from the family's relief checks. The Workers Alliance assures NYA youngsters that it is fighting to secure better provisions for them. In this way many are lured into the parlor of the Red spider.

The American Youth Congress endorses the NYA (with some qualifications). It is the American Youth Congress which, in one of its widely distributed pamphlets, advocates "the support of strikes in industries engaged in the manufacture of munitions, the demilitarization of the CCC camps, and the abolition of military training in the schools." Its endorsement is no recommendation.

The discipline inherent in military training—banished from the CCC and rejected by the NYA—is the one thing American youth needs most. This element should not be lacking entirely, even in the NYA. If we object to such training on the ground of "militarism," we can divest it of its military character by diverting it to the field of sports. Yet this field, possibly because of the discipline it involves, is eschewed by the NYA.

Before the establishment of the National Youth Administration, Mr. Bernarr Macfadden made a demonstration in Alabama for the purpose of proving to the national government that the reclamation of underprivileged youth could be conducted throughout the entire United States at a very moderate cost. This demonstration was made in connection with the American Legion. Mr. Macfadden visited five of the largest cities in Alabama to start the work. He arranged for the use of airfields.

In some of these cities four or five hundred boys began to exercise regularly under this scheme. "They started," Mr. Macfadden explained to me, "each period with calisthenics, which I called 'wild Indian drill.' After that the boys were divided into groups. Baseball, football, tennis, boxing, wrestling, and other sports were encouraged. Each boy selected the exercise he enjoyed the most. With the aid of the national supervisor in charge of relief, we were able to extend this activity to thirty different communities in Alabama, until from 18,000 to 20,000 boys were exercising regularly."

Mr. Macfadden discussed these plans with the President. Mr. Roosevelt was very enthusiastic, but the NYA was indifferent. Mr. Macfadden was not in the position to continue the work at his own expense and it was discontinued. "Yet," as Mr. Macfadden remarks, "there is no better way to remedy the crime wave than to give underprivileged youth a wholesome vent for its spirits, and no better way to prepare youth for life than by the discipline of the playing field."

The object of the NYA should not be merely to give jobs to youth, but to keep it straight and to keep it healthy. Floyd Starr's celebrated school specializes in taking boys who have been convicted of various offenses and making men of them. Starr maintains that criminal activity represents misplaced energy. There are, Mr. Macfadden insists, no boys who are born "bad," nor are there boys who are born "Communists" or "loafers."

"The work I started in Alabama," Mr. Macfadden continues, "envisaged as its ultimate aim the arranging of athletic contests in every community and finally state championships, in which the champions in all communities would meet. The boxing championship which I started in Alabama when I was handling this plan was an outstanding success. The probabilities are that—if the plan had been continued—boxing and other athletic events would have paid the expense associated with this youth-building activity. They were an outstanding success on this occasion. They could be an outstanding success in every state. It is a pity that this phase of youth is neglected by our national government and the NYA."

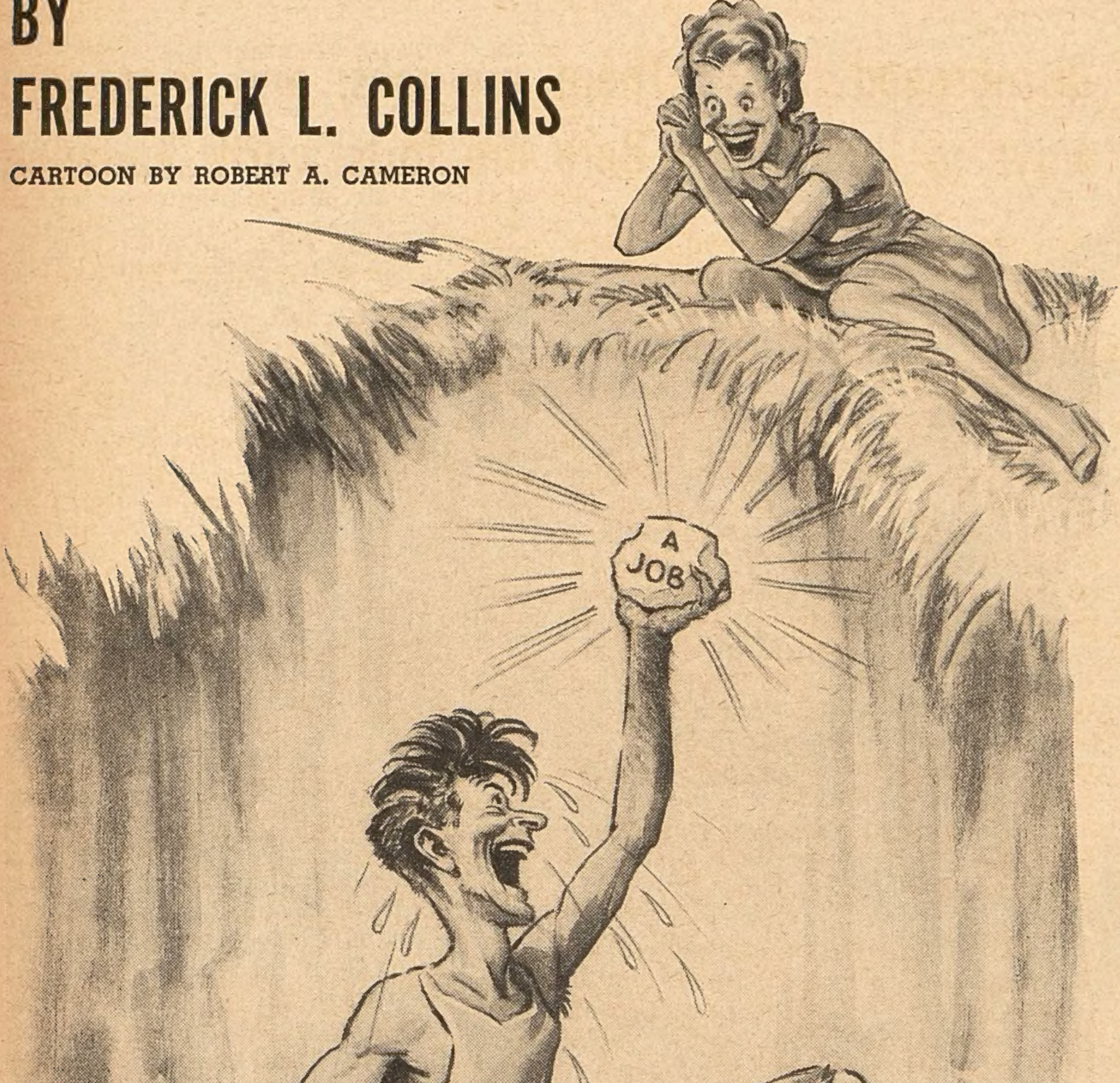
It would be easier to prognosticate the success of the NYA along wholesome and constructive American lines if it accepted the recommendations of men like Mr. Macfadden, whose one goal is Americanism, and if it avoided any association wth Reds and Red fellow travelers whose ultimate destination is Moscow.

THE END

HOW TO GET A JOB

BY FREDERICK L. COLLINS

CARTOON BY ROBERT A. CAMERON



READING TIME ● 15 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

RECENTLY in these pages the question was asked: Do Our Young People Really Want Jobs? The answer—with some reservations about those too long enfeebled by the ravages of relief—was: "Yes, they not only want jobs, but a goodly number are getting them."

The response to the second part of that answer, from young and old, was immediate and definite. It can be summed up in one word: "How?"

So now we are going to answer that question, too.

"Jobs, like gold, must be dug for today," said a famous employment specialist not long ago. *"But there are jobs."*

So long as the latter statement is true, we shouldn't mind digging. Thousands of people have struck pay dirt by doing their digging in the right places and in the right way.

Let's look at some of them.

A young man of twenty-five, intimately known to the writer, self-educated, some reportorial experience, lived several hundred miles from New York City. In his own town there were no openings of the kind for which he was fitted, mighty few of any kind. He didn't have sufficient money to get anywhere else.

He did have enough money for stamps, though; so he began answering want ads in the New York paper which he found in the Public Library. There *were* such things as want ads, you know, even at the nadir of depression; there are many more of them now.

This young man answered every likely advertisement by the next mail. The most likely ones he also answered by telegraph. He worked out a ten-word minimum-priced formula which he never varied. It was:

DONT GIVE ANYBODY THAT JOB UNTIL YOU GET MY LETTER

Over a period of months he spent twenty-five dollars for stamps, telegraph tolls, and a one-way bus ticket to New York.

When the break came, it was, like all Gaul, divided into three parts. Three possible jobs for one busfare! So he ironed out the wrinkles in his Sunday necktie, turned the cuffs on his one good shirt, kissed his sweetheart *au revoir,* and, like the Alger boys of old, set out for the big city to make his fortune.

Well, he has made what many a young man would consider a fortune today—which is, as a matter of fact, a fortune in any man's day: he works full time for full pay, and has gotten himself a wife, a baby, and a dog.

A girl born to luxury in a big city spent all but her last hundred dollars learning to be a secretary, and learned well. When she was ready, the world wasn't. There were jobs, to be sure; but somebody else always got them. For her the same discouraging answer everywhere. But that discouraging answer was the very thing she capitalized in the following attention-arresting advertisement:

I CAN'T get a job because I can't get experience. I can't get experience because I can't get a job. I will work for you for one month free. I'm *good.*

The offer was one attuned to the times. The postman rang twice and more than twice every day. She selected the largest and best known firm. She was allowed to fill in while the other girls were on summer vacation.

At the end of the first week the office manager called her to his desk.

IN SPITE OF ALL

Discouraged? . . . There *are* jobs, and there are ways to find them! Here are facts worth knowing

"Miss S——," he said, "you were right in your estimate of your ability. You *are* good. We don't feel that we can accept your quality of work without paying you what it is worth."

He handed her a small brown paper envelope containing thirty-five dollars. The next three Friday nights she was handed the same amount, and on the final one received an offer of permanent employment at that rate.

"I can't accept your proposition," she said, "but I would appreciate a letter from you telling what kind of work I did here, what you paid me, and what you think of my abilities."

She got the letter, and stuck it away in the bottom of her trunk. Then she went to the second firm on her list and asked if the free job was still open. The same thing happened again: the same insistence on paying her for work done, the same desire to continue her permanently on the staff, and, upon her declining, the same glowing letter of recommendation. She then repeated the experience with the third firm on her list, and with exactly the same results.

She had earned good money for three months, and had saved some of it. She could afford to wait for just the right opening. When it came, through a secretarial employment agency with which she had registered—private secretary to a well known literary man, experience required—she was there with both feet and three letters of recommendation the like of which a prospective employer seldom sees. After a two-weeks trial her new boss established her salary at forty dollars. She has never earned less, and she has never been out of a job.

These two were young. Here is a man of sixty-seven. He invested a little over a dollar in the following advertisement:

HANDY MAN, elderly, will take good care of a place in city or country. Can drive if necessary.

"I would not have been much surprised if no replies had come," he says, "but they came pouring in by mail and telephone. There were sixteen. I accepted an offer of board, room, and twenty dollars a month. At my new home I find the food excellent and abundant and I am allowed to do the work required in my own way.

When a sixty-seven-year-old citizen can do as well as he did, there is every reason to believe that there is a job for every man of normally employable age who is willing to dig for it.

When I say "employable age" I mean forty-plus as well as forty-minus. Many employers, of course, still prefer to hire young persons whose health hazards are fewer and whose financial demands are smaller. That will always be so. But the amount of attention the plus-forties have received of late from writers, songsmiths, and gag men has had its effect. Business men are actually beginning to believe that there may be something in this theory about life beginning at forty.

The practice of conducting scientific surveys as a substitute for blind guessing has also tended to solidify plus-forty's place in the business sun. In one such survey in retail stores across the continent "it was found that for every $100 worth of merchandise sold by employees in their twenties, salespeople in their thirties were turning in $102.04, and those in their forties $107.38. In the fifties the record was even better—$108.75." Nineteen manufacturers of office equipment reported that "the average age of their ten best salesmen was forty-four and a half years, with some top-notchers in their seventies."

LOIRE BROPHY, the employment consultant whom I have quoted before, says: "A composite picture of the 'middle-aged' man would prove that he is often younger in his point of view than his own son. More flexible, too, less opinionated, less rigid in his thinking. . . . For business organizations there is not a better 'buy' on the market."

Henry Simler, president of the country's oldest typewriter company, adds this word of warning and encouragement: "But don't forget that this isn't a struggle between youth and middle age. Business needs *both* the freshness of youth and the experience of forty-plus. A store or factory personnel too heavy in either group is out of balance."

The biggest employers of labor are recognizing the soundness of this principle. General Electric and Henry Ford both announce that they will keep the age distribution of their employees parallel with the age distribution of the communities in which their plants are situated, which means that, on an average, about 40 per cent are forty or over. At Ford's River Rouge plant, the man in charge of the boiler room, a new employee, is seventy-eight; and of the last seven hundred men hired, two hundred are over fifty.

In addition to the new recognition of the older man's worth, he still has the advantage he has always had of being able to meet his prospective employer more nearly on the latter's own ground. It is impossible to overestimate this factor in the biggest of all selling jobs: selling yourself. But there are many ways in which the young man, by diligence and resourcefulness, can make this advantage his own.

An accountant aged thirty-four—neither young nor old—told in a recent issue of the Commentator just how he went about the task. First he went to the Public Library and read several books on job getting. He profited especially by Willard E. Parker's Books About Jobs and Wilma Bennett's Occupations and Vocational Guidance, a volume which gave an up-to-date list of useful pamphlets many of which were free.

Then he went about the business of picking his "victims" from among firms within a hundred-mile radius of his home. He found The Secretary's Handbook, by Taintor and Monro, helpful in this connection; it had in it a chapter on Sources of Information Useful to Secretaries, including lists of business directories, indexes, and guides. He didn't scorn the ordinary city directories, either, or the telephone ones. He consulted with Chambers of Commerce. And he watched the local and big-city papers, also various trade papers, for new firms and the opening of new branch offices.

So much was simply routine, although good routine and painstakingly executed. Now he added the touch of originality which made his plan notable.

Many of the guides and handbooks he consulted gave names of officers as well as firms. These names he looked up in the various books of biographical data containing brief sketches of the lives of leading business men. Then, having formed an idea of the man's personality and interests, he sat down and wrote him an appropriate typewritten letter, addressing him "as an individual, not as a name."

His first twenty letters brought sixteen replies—four requests for interviews and a one-month substituting job. During his month's employment he continued at night his carefully prepared correspondence campaign. The same percentages of replies and requests for interviews continued. In the end he had the choice of two positions of the highest class.

This man believes that his experience with job hunting has done him a great deal of good. "I feel that I have taken a step forward," he says. "The future looks promising. In great part that future will be shaped by the knowledge and perspective I gained during the months when I was unemployed."

In these paragraphs no attempt is being made to minimize the obstacles in the way of getting a job. But many of our present-day obstacles—some of them the tallest and the toughest—have nothing to do with the depression, recession, or what have you, and will not disappear with the disappearance of these blights. They existed in the glittering '20s. We simply couldn't see them for Coolidge cash and Hoover hope.

Long before the " watershed year " 1929 Horace Greeley's advice was no longer any good. Young men had gone West to the saturation point, and they had grown up with the country until there wasn't much country left with which or in which to grow. We had run out of frontiers.

Also, at the top of the boom we had already made the world safe for technocracy. And technocracy was making one job grow where a hundred jobs grew before, sometimes a thousand.

In the electric-lamp business, for instance, one man used to turn out forty bulbs a day; now one machine turns out 73,000 every twenty-four hours. One man used to work eighty hours to turn out 450 bricks; now one machine turns out 40,000 bricks an hour.

And don't think that the white-collar jobs hadn't been slashed. Three thousand clerks used to work full time computing the water bills of the City of Los Angeles; now twenty-five operators of modern business machines do the same job, and do it more accurately.

Increased wages for the individual worker had also begun, long before the depression, to make the lot of the great mass of would-be workers more difficult by providing a strong incentive for replacing man power with machine power.

All these things were happening in 1929, but we were drunk and couldn't see them. In 1939 we are cold sober, and we see them rising like prison walls around us.

I stress these obstacles of a more or less permanent nature not to discourage the job hunter but to show him that neither he nor we can approach this problem in any Pollyanna spirit; or Micawber spirit, either. There aren't anywhere nearly so many jobs as there used to be. Those who get there first will get the ones that are left.

NO use waiting for the times to take a turn for the better, in the hope that that will make job getting easy. Those days are gone, at least for the generations now alive, perhaps for all the generations to come.

No use playing around with another year or two of school—unless, of course, you are getting definite training for definite, well chosen work.

Finally, there is no use, unless absolute subsistence demands it, going on the WPA.

The reasons for that last advice are threefold. The years you spend on the WPA are years of rust. " If they'll only get me a real job again," one WPA-ite is quoted as saying, " I don't care what they pay me or what I have to do—just so I can leave this outfit where signing the time sheet right is the only thing that really counts." They are years of getting " in bad," too. The prejudice against hiring people from the relief rolls is widespread and growing. Lastly, they are *just years*—years in which you grow older, and your chance of ever getting a real job, since you are still inexperienced in actual business, decreases with every passing day; for employers want really young men or really experienced men; they don't want inbetweens who are neither.

There is, in short, no use doing anything but tackle the biggest job of all, the one that is always with us, the job of getting a job—and to keep on tackling it until you get it, weeks, months, years. There is no other solution. Perhaps there could be no better one.

I PICK up a batch of cases and read at random. Here's a man that has just landed in the cleaning and dyeing business. This is a line that was climbing so fast when the depression came along that it just kept right on climbing. (There are other such lines. Try them.) Another man has hooked one of these air-conditioning jobs that once didn't exist at all. (There are several such new industries with new jobs. Try them.)

A college man working as a transcontinental bus driver reports that 60 per cent of the drivers' jobs in his company have been landed by fellow alumni in the last few years. Another college grad, several years out, got a job at his old alma mater correcting examination papers.

In the mass of evidence before me I find two especially healthy signs: housework is being dignified; so is father.

There are a million and a half women engaged in private-family household service in this country. There will soon be many more, and should be. The mental and social average in that field has risen tremendously since the depression drove women who never thought of domestic service as a profession into that way of earning a living. With the limitation of immigration, there is a tremendous market in this field for well educated American girls. Also a tremendous change in the average girl's attitude toward housework as a profession.

" Why a girl who earns, say, fifteen dollars a week plus her board and room should be regarded as inferior to one who works in a factory for considerably less," writes Maxine Davis, " we cannot imagine."

As for father, his business, whatever it may be, looks a lot better to friend son than it did ten years ago. In a recent college poll it was found that nearly 50 per cent of the graduating class was " going in " with father.

" I know college men used to rebel against that in the '20s," said a spokesman for this group, " but most of us can't afford the luxury of that kind of rebellion today."

This change of attitude toward giving father a hand is especially evident down on the farm. Since McCormick's invention of the reaper and the consequent release of man power, farm population has steadily decreased. This year authorities predict that there will be no such decrease. Boys and girls, applying their trained minds to farm problems, find that they can produce more and better produce and sell more of it for better prices than their dads could, and can live on the old farm for a lot less money than their schoolmates can in the crowded cities.

City boys with a gift for farm work can get a living out of somebody else's land. Many families in the suburbs and outlying districts are raising their own vegetables nowadays, and sometimes keeping hens and a cow. Home-grown flowers, too, have experienced a boom as against the florist kind. Straight through the depression there has been a demand for good gardeners.

Of course I could give more dramatic examples of job getting or, rather, job creating: the boys who started a diaper service; the girls who advertised themselves as proxy mothers; the man who made a success of walking the dogs. But these, as one observer put it, were " sheer strokes of genius." Most of us don't have that kind of stroke. We're lucky, these days, if we don't get the apoplectic kind! But we can all do what our first four examples did, and what these thousands of other job getters did, and we don't need to look far for the place to do it.

"THE first and last wisdom in choosing a career," says John Erskine, " is to look for what is needed near at hand. The need which we are able to recognize, we are probably fitted to supply."

The head of a great self-help bureau adds a companion piece to this helpful advice: " Often the hidden urge—the hobby that has been put off for years—is the real lifework of the applicant for a job, the only thing he can do really well. Repeatedly men and women, in our experience, have turned hobbies into commercial successes."

The advice of another employment expert may be summarized thus: Write fifty letters to executives in the field in which you are interested or trained; write, if necessary, fifty more letters to executives in allied fields; telephone for appointments to each one of these men in turn; advertise for the job you want; register at a good employment agency.

" If an applicant follows the above procedure," says this expert, " and then watches the details of the interviews carefully so there will be no slip-up on the personal side, it would be my bet that he would land a job within the month at least."

There is only one bit of advice I would like to add: Whatever you do, do it now!

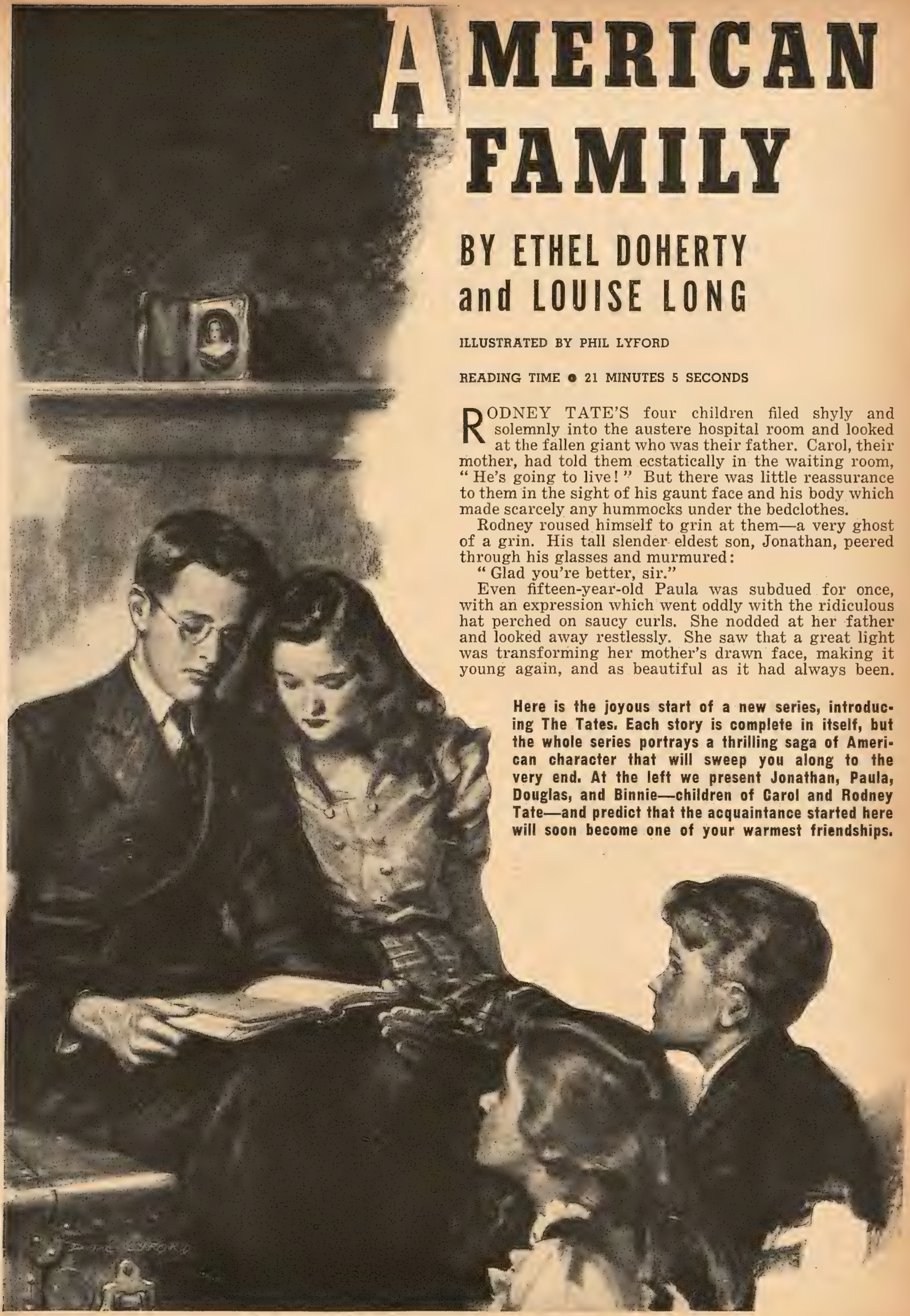
THE END

AMERICAN FAMILY

BY ETHEL DOHERTY and LOUISE LONG

ILLUSTRATED BY PHIL LYFORD

READING TIME ● 21 MINUTES 5 SECONDS



RODNEY TATE'S four children filed shyly and solemnly into the austere hospital room and looked at the fallen giant who was their father. Carol, their mother, had told them ecstatically in the waiting room, " He's going to live! " But there was little reassurance to them in the sight of his gaunt face and his body which made scarcely any hummocks under the bedclothes.

Rodney roused himself to grin at them—a very ghost of a grin. His tall slender eldest son, Jonathan, peered through his glasses and murmured:

" Glad you're better, sir."

Even fifteen-year-old Paula was subdued for once, with an expression which went oddly with the ridiculous hat perched on saucy curls. She nodded at her father and looked away restlessly. She saw that a great light was transforming her mother's drawn face, making it young again, and as beautiful as it had always been.

Here is the joyous start of a new series, introducing The Tates. Each story is complete in itself, but the whole series portrays a thrilling saga of American character that will sweep you along to the very end. At the left we present Jonathan, Paula, Douglas, and Binnie—children of Carol and Rodney Tate—and predict that the acquaintance started here will soon become one of your warmest friendships.

Paula loosened her gray squirrel coat and began to take heart.

Carol Tate was lovely, as well-cared-for women may be as they approach their forties. But she also had great reserves of strength and courage and understanding to sustain her in a crisis such as this. She drew the frightened little Binnie toward the bed—Binnie, who was like a traditional little princess in her beautifully correct clothes, her impeccable manners.

"Speak to daddy, dear, and then you must all run along."

Binnie's lips quivered but she patted her father's hand.

Douglas, two years older than Binnie, strode forward, almost bursting out of his military-academy uniform with repressed energy, to say boastfully:

"Our team won in the finals yesterday, dad."

A flicker passed over his father's still face. He knew how proud Douglas was of his school—and he knew that the boy was not going back there.

Carol stood up hastily, her hand on Rodney's wrist. "Jonathan, can you get them home safely on buses?"

"Safe and sound! These two are crazy about buses," Jonathan assured her.

Rodney watched them until they had disappeared. "You let Tomkins go?" he whispered weakly.

"Of course," Carol said cheerfully. "And the cars are sold. Now you must rest."

He closed his eyes; but after an interval a faint satiric smile twitched at his mouth. "The dispenser—of manna—has failed them," he muttered. "They must think—I've let them—down."

"Don't worry about that," Carol said firmly. "You can't afford to worry about anything now."

JONATHAN and his charges entered the tall house on the avenue they called home. Men with notebooks and pencils wandered about, shouting orders up to men on stepladders affixing tickets to the old tapestries, the dark oil paintings. Strangers, apparently owning the place. Paula's head went up arrogantly. Binnie clutched Jonathan's hand.

"They're getting ready for the auction," Jonathan explained in an undertone. "Come on upstairs out of their way."

He steered a course for them toward the wide staircase. Safely past the landing and out of sight of the strangers below, Binnie began to cry. "I want everything to be like it's always been," she sobbed, clinging to the stair rail.

Jonathan stepped back to put his arm about the stumbling little figure. Paula lifted her pointed chin above the high collar of her coat and said crisply:

"Stop it, Binnie! So do we all—but crying won't make it that way." She went on along the hall toward her own room.

The door was open and voices issued from within. More men were appraising the delicate damask furniture, the creamy Chinese rugs. Paula gasped, but Jonathan had her arm and pushed her firmly down the hall to his own room, which they found untouched.

"They can't have my tufted satin bed," Paula cried. "It's new—and it's mine!"

Jonathan said fiercely, "Nothing in this house is ours any more. Not even the house itself. Can't you understand that?"

Paula sat down heavily on Jonathan's carved chest. He had picked that up in Italy himself. His tutor, Mr. Bayes, had praised him for his choice, and predicted that Jonathan would be a renowned collector some day. It was the only thing in his room Jonathan cared greatly about, and he forbore now to request Paula to remove herself from it, but she read the look on his face.

"Oh, this chest—" she said, not moving. "It's different, isn't it, when it's yours?"

"Look here," Jonathan said as valiantly as he could. "Things aren't too awful. Dad's going to live, and—"

Douglas, the practical, broke in: "Yes, but what can he do about us? The doctor says it'll take him a year to get well."

"In some dreadful place like Arizona or New Mexico," Paula supplemented, throwing off her coat. "In a sanatorium. But what's going to become of mother and us? What are we going to do? Where are we going to live?"

Jonathan paced about, long bony hands bulging in the pockets of his well cut trousers, slender shoulders hunched, worried eyes peering through his glasses. "I gathered that dad was planning to move over to a small house in the East End and begin again. I'll bet he could have built up a new business in no time. That was before he got so sick. But now—I don't know. . . . Mother let me in on the fact there's no money left at all."

"What does that mean?" Binnie asked, tugging at her overshoes. "Oh, dear—how I miss Griggsy! I can't get these off—"

Jonathan stooped to help her, and she asked again, "What does it mean—no money at all?"

"I'll tell you," Paula said, springing to her feet, her dark eyes haunted. "It means living in a tenement—all in one room. The walls are grimy—and it smells."

Jonathan stared at her and asked, "How do you know?"

"I've been on charity rounds with mother. People will snoop in on us to see if we have enough to eat and—"

"Maybe," Douglas said belligerently, "that's no worse than having Griggsy snooping around when I'm home vacations."

"Vacations!" Paula rushed on furiously. "Do you know you won't be going back to the academy? You'll go to public school—and like it!"

"What if I did like it?" Douglas demanded challengingly. "Anyway, it'll be something new. You won't go back to Miss Graydon's, either!"

Paula sank back and her eyes clouded. "I know it. And all the girls I know will forget me. They already have." Her eyes misted. "Since mother called me home and the papers were full of dad's business crash I haven't had a single invitation."

"Well," Jonathan observed glumly, "just as you told Binnie awhile ago, it doesn't do any good to grouse. We've taken everything for granted all our lives. If we wanted a trip or new clothes—or a party, or even a boat—dad came through. Now he's helpless." He jumped to his feet. "I should think maybe we could do something about it. We're big and strong. What if we got jobs while dad is getting well out West?"

Paula looked at him. "Getting the old imagination steamed up, as usual. What could you do? Dig ditches?"

Jonathan flushed violently. "I may not be an athlete—but I can use my brains."

Paula shrugged. "A boy of seventeen has got to go to school and learn *how* to do a job."

THE door behind them had opened but they had not noticed it. Now their uncle spoke dryly, precisely: "You are quite right, Paula. Come into the library all of you. I have something to say to you." He turned, his small spare figure bristling with importance.

Uncle Frank Benson was his father's brother-in-law, not really one of the family. He had always been jealous of Rodney Tate's success, and his satisfaction over his failure was ill concealed.

They gathered obediently in the handsome book-lined room which seemed more their father's than any other room in the house, resenting instantly the fact that Frank Benson was seated behind the massive desk, fussing through Rodney Tate's papers.

He looked at them over his glasses appraisingly, without visible sympathy. Paula dropped into a huge armchair and looked back at him straightly, frowning a little. Jonathan stood uneasily, looking at the papers on the desk, telling himself he had to be civil. Binnie and Douglas perched on the window seat and he nudged her to look at McGraw, the collie, in the garden outside. They both jumped when Uncle Frank cleared his throat.

He settled his glasses on his nose and looked at a legal document. "I foresaw all this mess—but no one would listen to me."

"Do you mean," Jonathan said, with an effort, "you knew dad's partner would turn out to be dishonest?"

His uncle snatched the spectacles from his face. "Not that—but I could have told you Rodney Tate would do just what he has done under those circumstances. Make the sentimental gesture of selling everything—even the furniture in his house—to meet the obligations, with no thought for his children's future."

Jonathan said steadily: "Your word 'obligations' seems to explain that. It was the honest thing."

"What does a child like you know about honesty or dishonesty in business? I tell you, it was sheer idiocy—and you pay the price. I might have prevailed upon him if he hadn't taken ill—"

Paula said icily, "I suppose he's to blame for that, too."

"Don't be impertinent," Uncle Frank threw at her. "You had all better get over your spoiled superior ways. I hope to make responsible citizens of you."

The room was quiet overlong as Frank Benson resumed his perusal of Rodney Tate's papers. Finally Jonathan began tentatively, "You mean—"

"I shall take it up with your father," his uncle said impressively; "but I want to forestall any silly attempt on your part, Jonathan, to look for a job. I am prepared to take you two older ones into my own home and have you educated for suitable careers."

Jonathan swallowed before he could answer:

"I'm sure that's very generous of you, sir."

"I consider it my duty," his uncle said flatly.

Paula and Jonathan looked at each other. Jonathan said: "Of course it will be as my father and mother decide, Uncle Frank. If they take up your offer, Paula and I will do our best to co-operate."

Frank Benson nodded briefly. "That's all now," he said, and turned back to the desk.

"What about me?" Douglas demanded. "And Binnie?"

Their uncle looked at them sharply. "I suppose I shall have to do the same for you later. I called you younger ones in to tell you to stay out from under the feet of the people who are necessarily thronging the house. You are here on sufferance now."

As if to confirm this, a voice spoke at the door: "We're ready for this room."

The children filed out silently, edging past the workmen, who were already beginning on the books.

Binnie followed Douglas as he rushed toward the garden. Paula walked up the stairs with Jonathan, and neither spoke until, in the upper hall, Jonathan growled:

"He makes us feel incompetent and—and inferior."

"Well, anyway," Paula said, "he's offered us something. It would be nice to keep our friends and have a place to entertain."

"That's not so important," Jonathan returned, scowling, "but it's a chance to learn how to earn money."

"He's going to be hard to take," she said ominously. "But we mustn't be so snippy to him, Jonathan."

"Think we ought to bootlick him?" her brother asked darkly.

"Heavens! Imagine starting to do what you've always despised others for doing to you! Oh, well—"

A door opened far down the hall, and Mr. Bayes, Jonathan's erstwhile tutor, called, "Oh, Jonathan, lend a hand here, will you?"

It was a matter of closing an old-fashioned square trunk, familiar to Jonathan from years of European travel, and now overpacked with books and manuscripts.

"When do you leave?" Jonathan asked, struggling with it.

"I get the Europa tomorrow. It will be strange, traveling the old paths without you, Jonathan."

"Yes," Jonathan said simply.

"I wish," Mr. Bayes went on, dumping a handful of shirts into his traveling bag, "I could have been of more use to you, Jonathan—in some way to have prepared you for this crisis." His thin patient face brightened and he turned to look at the boy. "But I know your health is better for our three winters in the south of France. I believe you can stand up physically to—er—anything."

ETHEL DOHERTY AND LOUISE LONG

both went to California universities and have spent most of their lives in the state. Several years ago they left the studio where they had spent twelve years, first cutting, then writing motion pictures, and started to "write on their own." So far they have produced four books and many short stories. They divide their time between Beverly Hills and their hillside cottage at Laguna Beach.

"Got any ideas about what career I might be fitted for? My uncle has offered to see me through—"

"Why, splendid!" Mr. Bayes looked unutterably relieved. "You're good at languages, Jonathan. Perhaps—"

"After all," Jonathan said, "it will have to be whatever my uncle chooses. Anything else I can do for you?"

Mr. Bayes stepped over to his desk and picked up a velvet case and a thick volume with a faded cover. "Will you be responsible for these? I'm so afraid they'll get mixed up with the auction sale. Mr. Tate lent them to me when I thought I was going to write my history of westward migration," he explained. "It's your great-grandmother's journal. She was a cultured woman, Jonathan, through all her vicissitudes. Here, look at this face."

He opened the velvet case and revealed a miniature, an exquisite portrait of a young lady in a blue gown. Her eyes were deep, dark, glowing with unconquerable fire and purpose.

"Odd, but I've never seen this before," Jonathan said, unaccountably stirred by it.

He set the portrait on a small shelf in the attic where the children could see it, for the attic was now the only place where they could remain undisturbed. There, for the next few days, he kept them away from the crowd at the auction belowstairs, and entertained them by reading the journal aloud.

AMANDA TATE, HER JOURNAL, was lettered on the cover, and the first pages recorded that she and her young husband, Malcolm Tate, were setting out from Boston in the year 1849, joining a wagon train to California. They were going for gold.

"I wore my blue taffeta to the dance last night," Jonathan read as the children stared at the miniature and imagined her dancing inside the circle of wagons by the light of the fire. "An arrow pierced the skirt and pinned it to a wagon spoke. That was a warning. At dawn next morning the Indians attacked, but we drove them off. Too bad my taffeta was torn."

"Whoops!" cried Douglas. "They're in danger of their lives—and she's sorry her dress got torn!"

"You wouldn't understand that," Paula said. "I do."

They followed Amanda through plains and deserts and mountains, through illness and storms, exhaustion and hope, all the way to California. But there, it seemed, Malcolm, who had been able to wrest a living even from the stony soil of New England, was unable to lure gold from the soil or streams of California. He had no "luck."

Amanda wrote: "I have told Malcolm his gift lies another way. We are going to homestead. There is no use turning back, for a child is coming."

"Goodness!" Paula murmured. "Wouldn't you think she'd have insisted on going home for that?"

"Not Amanda," Jonathan asserted. "Besides, they had something they could get their teeth into—homesteading and land and all that. It's all so complicated nowadays. You have to know a specialized job to make a living."

The entries now took on the color of Amanda's fight to survive, to strike down roots for herself and her growing family, to overcome inhuman obstacles. And all this from the angle of the city-bred, gently nurtured woman who had everything to learn in this new way of life.

"She had fighting blood," Jonathan said, when he finished the last entry.

"She never whined once," Paula said thoughtfully.

"Gee, but think," Douglas protested. "It was a swell adventure!"

Binnie's eyes were large. "She was brave—to leave her lovely home on the Charles River."

Their mother came up after a day spent packing personal belongings. She brought a bag of molasses cookies and a bottle of milk and a stack of jelly glasses.

"Tea is served," she said gaily, sitting down on the floor among them in the spot of sunlight from the window. She was wearing a tweed skirt and a blue sweater. There was a smudge of black on her chin, and everything about her was tired except the smile on her lovely mouth. Paula noticed threads of white in her mother's tumbled brown hair, usually so smartly coifed—threads she was certain had not been there before the present nightmare began.

Carol Tate looked at them amusedly, munching a cooky. "It's going to be interesting to get really acquainted, isn't it, lambs? Your mother has spent far too much time on other people."

They gazed at her shyly, withholding comment but aware of an exciting difference in her. They had always loved the rare occasions when she romped with them, times when she wasn't a great lady. Now she was subtly bringing them up to her own level of maturity with a frank man-to-man attitude, humorous and poised, with no hint of fear.

"Your Uncle Frank," she went on, "says you're terribly spoiled. But then, he thinks I am too! I believe he means to do something about you."

"So he told us," Jonathan admitted, with a grin. "Do you know what he's going to educate me for, mother?"

She shook her head. "Business, I suppose. But, anyway, all four of you are going down to the hospital tomorrow with me and talk with your daddy about the future."

WHEN they entered the hospital room next day, it seemed less threatening. Rodney Tate was propped up on pillows. He turned his head and looked from one young face to another, slowly, questioningly.

"You've been thinking," he said at last, "your father has failed you?"

Jonathan stared back at him, unable to speak. A wave of color shot over Paula's face.

"We didn't think," Binnie said politely, "anything was exactly your fault, daddy."

Douglas said, "Aw, gee," uncomfortably.

Rodney's great dark eyes, sunk in bruised hollows, stared back at them. "We don't know each other very well, do we? Sit down, all of you—on the bed, anywhere. Just so I can see you."

They settled themselves cautiously, primly. Carol had her fingers on Rodney's wrist, looking at him anxiously; but he nodded reassurance at her.

"I was brought up," he resumed, "on a farm, where we provided in the good years for the bad years of crop failure. The habit stuck with me. Years ago I provided a small annuity to meet such a situation as this—but it's very small."

Jonathan looked up alertly. "I guess that's one paper Uncle Frank didn't find in your desk."

Rodney's eyes warmed at the boy's resentment. It told him a little of what he wanted so much to know. "Oh, he's heard about it—but he wouldn't think it amounted to anything. How much money one must have varies according to our sense of values."

Paula spoke impulsively: "Well, even a little—goodness!" She shuddered.

Her father glanced at her quickly. "What pictures have you had in your mind?"

"Well—you know. . . . I've been on charity cases over in the East End with mother—" She paused and looked eloquently at Carol, who was plainly startled.

"Oh, Rodney! They've never been exposed to anything but the richest—and the poorest—existence."

Rodney Tate said thoughtfully: "I didn't realize—you don't know anything about the great middle class which is the foundation of this country. They live comfortably, but they work for it, Paula. . . . I suspect I couldn't make any sort of picture you'd grasp."

"We're not so dumb," Jonathan protested. "I wouldn't be afraid of work—if I knew how to do anything."

"I'd work," Paula declared, "to have things. I mean, I don't see much point to merely keeping alive. I want to go on having pretty clothes and my own room, go places and have parties and friends."

Rodney nodded, and sighed a little. "Your Uncle Frank's very generous offer will make that possible for you both. You can go on living as you always have, meantime shaping your courses toward profitable careers."

"Is that what we're to do?" Jonathan asked. "We're waiting for you to decide."

"I've been thinking, lying here," Rodney answered slowly, "that the choice between his plan and mine should be put up to you. First, though, do you see any drawbacks to your uncle's offer?"

"Uncle Frank himself," Paula said candidly.

"But you can't have everything," Jonathan pointed out.

"That's true," his father said. He was suddenly exhausted. "You tell them our idea, Carol."

She began discouragedly: "It will sound pretty drab, I suppose. I've sold my trinkets and your daddy's. They didn't bring much, because neither of us cared for expensive jewelry. But there's enough to buy a piece of land out West somewhere—where we'd all be together." She began to smile. "I—I couldn't let your daddy go off alone to get well. And of course there had to be room for Doug and Binnie—"

"Oh, boy, mother!" Douglas broke in excitedly. "D'you mean we're going to a ranch? Jeepers! Can I have a horse? I could help with the round-up—"

"Hold on," Rodney said quickly, grinning at his second son. "This place will be only three or four acres—near a *school*—do you get the idea?"

"Will it be the same?" Binnie asked diffidently. "Dancing lessons and French?"

"How about changing to cooking and sewing lessons along with your benighted mother?" Carol asked.

Binnie smiled. "I'd like anything I did with you."

Rodney caught Jonathan staring at him, his expression unreadable. "Does it sound preposterous, son? We'd raise part of our food—we'll have to. Vegetables, you know—chickens, a cow—as I gained strength. Doug and Binnie would have chores before and after school, just as I did as a child. It will be mostly an outdoor life, so primitive I could never make you see it."

"You'd have to carry the water maybe a half mile?" Jonathan asked.

His father looked surprised. "Oh, no; we'll get a place with water on it."

Jonathan said remotely, "Besides the vegetables I'd have berry bushes—and in time fruit trees."

"We wouldn't need silk and velvet dresses, mother," Paula told her. "We could sell them and buy a cow."

"Four people working," Jonathan went on as if she had not spoken, "even after school hours, ought to produce all the food a family would need, in that climate and with water."

"You seem to know a lot about it, after all!" Rodney exclaimed, looking curiously at his elder son.

Jonathan said simply, "Amanda laid it all out. All the ups and downs, and just what they did about them."

"They've been reading," Carol said softly, "your grandmother's journal, Rodney."

"*She* sold her dresses to buy a cow," Paula was going on eagerly, "but she had plenty afterward. She made her house lovelier even than the one on the Charles River—I mean years afterward. And at the end she said God had given her such true friends in the new country."

JONATHAN leaped to his feet. "Look, dad—if Amanda could do it in 1849, why can't we do it now? Things are a *lot* better now."

"But—but—" Rodney began, wanting to be sure.

"We must get near a high school," Jonathan rushed on. "You'll help us to know what we want to do with our lives. One of Amanda's sons was a doctor—your father a farmer—don't you see, dad?"

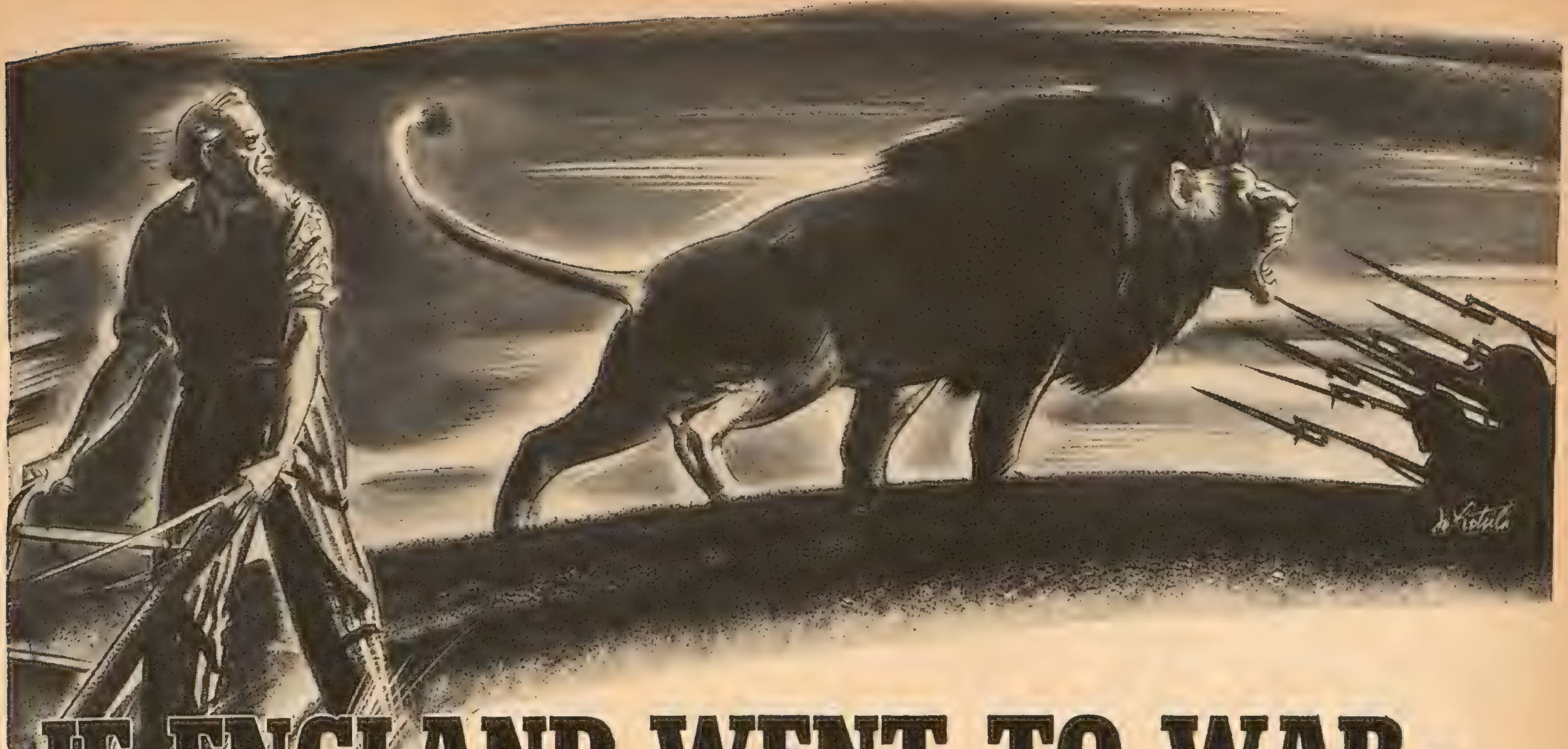
Rodney Tate looked at the four glowing faces before him. His eyes were alive now, young, burning with purpose. "Do you know," he said, "you all have something of Amanda in yourselves! She has handed down her heritage unto the third and fourth generations."

"Do you think so, dad? Honestly?" Jonathan's eyes looked deeply into his father's. "Then we can't fail!"

Paula was seeing tears in Carol's eyes, for the first time she could remember.

"And anyway," she said in a hushed voice, "it's nicer for families to stick together."

THE END



IF ENGLAND WENT TO WAR—

What Would She Expect of the United States?

With startling frankness, an eminent Englishwoman warns us—to be wary!

BY VERA BRITTAIN

READING TIME ● 10 MINUTES 25 SECONDS

FOR many years after the World War, England showed a conspicuous reluctance to acknowledge the part the United States had played.

We were even less willing to admit that without American co-operation we should probably have been conquered, or have emerged, at best, as the discomfited participators in a drawn fight. Complacently emphasizing the brief duration of the American army's military campaigns in France, we overlooked the fact that several years of warfare constitute not a merit but a signal ineptitude if the outcome is merely defeat.

During the self-confident boom period of the 1920s British travelers in the United States became uncomfortably aware of American resentment against English ingratitude and its aggravation by Britain's repudiation of her war debt. Not long ago the New York correspondent of the London Sunday Times quoted common American opinion in words spoken ten years ago by a former Undersecretary of the Treasury, Mr. Garrard Winston: "Once the war was over, the United States was not so much thanked for going in as blamed for going in late. So with the war debts—we might not be so much praised for cancellation as criticized for being so slow about it."

Regarding this normal American reaction the average untraveled Britisher knows little and cares less. To him, America is a vast, wealthy, dollar-chasing region almost as remote as Mars. Even British lecturers, crossing the Atlantic for the first time, have been astonished and embarrassed by courteous but determined questions on the ethical status of British politicians who boast of their balanced budgets and rearmament expenditure while leaving their international debts unpaid.

Though this failure to understand American sentiment has remained unmodified since the war, the British attitude toward the United States has nevertheless altered considerably during the past few years.

Somewhere between 1933 and the present England woke up to the fact that if her successive governments continued their time-dishonored policy of alternately provoking and placating Germany she might need America's help again. As the European situation deteriorated, that realization grew more acute. The English newspaper reader and listener to broadcast programs learned with dismay of repeated failures on the part of the League of Nations to establish peace. As he watched the so-called "collective system" degenerate into something closely resembling the prewar division of Europe into two opposing camps, the horrors of a long and destructive conflict between Britain, France, and Russia on the one hand, and Germany, Italy, and Japan on the other, began to impress him with their terrible prospect. Even if the history of 1917 and 1918 had not been there to remind him, the possibility of American support as the only way of escape from the dilemma could not have failed to strike him as irresistible.

Complete unawareness of American opinion and of recent American legislation has aided the growth of these hopeful calculations. Nine Britishers out of ten have never heard of the Johnson Act of April 13, 1934, or the Neutrality Act of May 1, 1937. They do not know that the one piece of legislation prohibited the underwriting in the United States of the securities of nations which have defaulted in their debts to the American government, and that the other empowered the President to forbid the export of arms and munitions to belligerents. Roused to alarm by perpetual crises, they have built up a picture of Anglo-Saxon military co-operation inspired by fear, hope, and wish fulfillment.

Among the better informed minorities, opinion on Anglo-American relations tends to fall into three divisions. First in importance comes the official view, of which the chief embodiment is naturally the Foreign Office. In American publications by strong isolationists, such as Hubert Herring's And So to War and Quincy Howe's England Expects Every American to Do His Duty, the British Foreign Office appears as the villain of the piece.

According to these brilliant and persuasive authors, British Foreign Secretaries from 1815 onward have skillfully inspired successive American governments to support British policy in Latin America and the Far East, to save the British Empire from defeat in the World War, and finally, as Quincy Howe so succinctly puts it, to eliminate the bulk of the inter-Allied debt "by the simple expedient of saddling it upon the American people." . . . Hubert Herring, in the words of a review of And So to War by Leland Stowe, "sees Washington repeatedly taking its cue from London in foreign policies. He recalls that, in 1917, we went in to make the world safe for democracy and made it safe for the British Empire instead."

This portrait of perfidious Albion may possibly be a true one. Nevertheless, as a fairly assiduous student of our history both past and present, I cannot wholly subscribe to it. A touch of Machiavelli in our statesmen might have replaced the tragic "muddle through" of the World War with a speedier and more efficient policy, and would certainly have prevented the blind and foolish persecution of post-war democratic Germany which has been mainly responsible for the Hitlerism of today.

DEVILISH maneuvers and far-sighted planning are not characteristic of British officialdom. Much more typical is the Asquithian expedient of "Wait and see." Altogether, official British policy is unlikely to challenge the United States by the suggestion of any "commitments" more militaristic than the Anglo-American trade agreement.

The voice of the British Foreign Office usually expresses itself through the columns of the London Times, which within the past year has shown itself clearly cognizant of an American aversion to "entangling alliances." One article definitely repudiated any form of British propaganda that might appear to urge such alliances upon the American people. It concluded by referring to "the harm done by those British enthusiasts who for years past have toured the United States delivering impassioned appeals for American co-operation in saving collective security, democracy, peace, international law or world order. Such rhetoric goes down well with certain types of American audience. But its cumulative effect has been disastrous. It has created the legend, which has become current throughout the country, that 'England wants America to pull British chestnuts out of the fire.'"

The second group of "informed" British opinion is composed of the very propagandists referred to by the Times. These persons constitute a powerful and highly intelligent body with long experience in foreign affairs derived from work for League of Nations organizations and in some instances from posts in the League Secretariat itself. Their ranks include politicians, professors, lecturers, and publicists. For about a decade of recent English history these conspicuous personalities, owing to their strong support of the League and their vehement desire for America to join it, were regarded as the leading apostles of peace. But in the past five years a wide gulf has opened between them and the genuine peace lovers who would far sooner abandon British imperialism and the whole game of Power politics than see the world involved in another major war.

As the Times article indicated, lecturers began drifting across the Atlantic a few years ago in the hope of obtaining American support for "the collective system" against "war and Fascism"; in other words, of tying the American military machine to the tail of a revived Triple Entente. It is hardly surprising if American citizens who adopt the Quincy Howe standpoint now assume that whenever an English visitor talks about Anglo-American co-operation he or she means co-operation for war and the protection of Britain's imperial possessions.

The weakness of these well informed visiting advocates has lain, like that of the average Britisher, in their ignorance of America outside a limited area. The usual "distinguished visitor," with only three or four weeks to spare from his work at home, spends half his time in New York, makes flying trips to Washington, Boston, and Chicago, and perhaps takes an airplane to San Francisco. Throughout his visit he moves in the company of sophisticated groups who sympathize with his views. Like his American entertainers, who sometimes know Europe better than their own country, he sees no reason to visit Iowa, Missouri, Kansas, or Nebraska. Consequently he never learns that the authentic voice of American opinion speaks not from New York or even from Washington, but from Des Moines.

SO highly skilled in evoking sympathy, publicity, and applause are these propagandists that it cannot be overemphasized that they have represented neither the official British view nor the standpoint of those English pacifists who sincerely desire to see war abolished. This final category, being less well endowed and, with a few exceptions (such as Aldous Huxley, George Lansbury, Lord Ponsonby, and Bertrand Russell), less eminent than the Geneva specialists, does not get over to America in such numbers. But in England its influence has rapidly supplanted that of the international militarists.

It is not, I think, clearly understood in the United States that the members of the British pacifist movement, in their deep anxiety to postpone war so that the social, economic, and psychological factors making for peace may grow strong enough to bring nearer the hope of a new world order, are almost as anxious as the Middle West to see America avoid "entangling alliances" likely to lead her into a European conflict.

Early in 1937 the well known English preacher, Dr. Maude Royden, broadcast from New York a short speech in which she remarked that greatness had its world responsibilities with which "isolation" might prove incompatible.

"But," she continued, "if any speaker from England tries to persuade you that going to war is right, don't believe them. It isn't, and it can't do anything but harm. I wish you Americans had not come in last time. If you hadn't, probably the war would have been a drawn battle. In any case, no one would have been in a position to *dictate* peace. We should have been saved from the Treaty of Versailles, which has destroyed all we thought we were fighting for."

LIKE Dr. Royden, many pacifists feel that American co-operation in the World War enabled the victorious Allies to dictate the terms of peace. But when America refused to accept the treaty that they made, she did not thereby free herself from a measure of responsibility for the situation which the overwhelming Allied triumph had created. Because she failed to ratify the Treaty of Versailles by the necessary two-thirds majority of the Senate, she also failed to sign the 1919 Treaty of Guarantee which would have made France secure against Germany. Deprived of their guaranty, the French sought security by other methods: by armaments, by a series of alliances beginning with the Little Entente, and by keeping Germany disarmed and helpless. Owing to French insistence upon this last blind expedient, the Disarmament Conference failed, and Hitler began to take by force what France had persuaded England to refuse.

Since it was Hitler's policy of treaty-disregarding force which led to the recent acute threats of war, America cannot be accounted wholly guiltless as to the triumph of Nazism and the failure of the most hopeful peace machinery ever devised by the mind of man. As a powerful member of a complete and constructive League of Nations, the United States might have defended Germany against post-war persecution, checked the growth of Fascism, saved Abyssinia and rescued Spain. In circumstances so different, the League would hardly have degenerated as it has.

It does not therefore follow, British pacifists would argue, that America can redeem the past, and fulfill the part which she might have played in it, by allowing herself to be inveigled once more in the tortuous diplomacy and competitive militarism of European Power politics. Mankind, they hold, cannot be rescued from a new Dark Age of chaos by "Anglo-Saxon co-operation" for satanic ends. England and America might well combine to lay the foundations of a new world order in the true interests of peace; but this has not been the immediate object of many plausible British propagandists who have expounded their view of Anglo-American relations on the platforms and in magazines of the United States.

THE END

Second Youth

THE LATEST IN REACTIVATION

From one who knows.. A record of new wonders in man's battle against age

by

GERTRUDE ATHERTON

READING TIME ● 14 MINUTES 24 SECONDS

PHYLLIS COLLINGS, the heroine of Helen Hull's exciting novel, Frost Flower, is regarding her father sadly as he rakes the leaves; old and tired but determined to show that he is still a man. Age was a dreadful waste, she thought. That fine mind of his blurring, that exquisite balance and control frittered by moods of irritability. "The approach of senility is a natural phenomenon," he had said to her, "but I resent it." It was an extraordinary arrangement that when a man had learned how to live, when he was mature and wise and really valuable, he had to face the insidious destruction of age.

"The Major," as they called him, had been one of the most brilliant men in his profession, and now in his early seventies he was tottering on the verge of senescence, his body filled with a perpetual weariness, his mind revealing its old vigor in flashes only. Garrulity was growing upon him; his memory was as uncertain as his temper.

This is the real tragedy of age; not the loss of potency, such visibilities as white hairs and wrinkles. Those who scoff virtuously at the reactivation of the glandular constitution assume that it is "smeared with sex," and has no other connotation. But with men of advancing years who have been successful in business, the professions, etc., sex is practically forgotten in their desire to retain their faculties unimpaired, that they may go on working or creating to the end of their days, ever increasing in usefulness to those dependent upon them; possibly to a world sorely in need of mature and disinterested minds. (N. b.: Why do not the members of the Supreme Court of the United States undergo this treatment and defy threats of possible retirement by setting their individual clocks back ten or twenty years?)

But to keep the mind agile and productive the body must furnish the brain with healthy blood, arteries must be soft, all organs must function with the vigor of early middle age.

Let us see what Dr. Norman Haire of London, one of the most distinguished of the Steinach disciples, had to say on this subject.

After reminding his audience of the enormous strides taken by the medical profession during the last hundred years, he continues on another note: "Under the growing stress of modern life it is probable that we age more quickly than did earlier generations. All the obvious signs of age—loss of physical and mental vigor, changes of the hair and skin, etc.—are only secondary effects. The primary causes upon which they depend are functional and organic changes in the tissues and organs of the body. The functional and structural integrity of any organ is largely dependent on the quantity and quality of the blood supply it receives. . . . The blood must contain in sufficient amount all the chemical substances which are needed to nourish and activate the tissues; and among these substances are certain complex chemical compounds known as hormones, produced by a group of small but very important organs, the endocrine glands . . . glands which lack a duct. Their secretions are carried away by the blood which passes through them. These are called hormones . . . and are conveyed by the blood to every organ and tissue so that they may exert their influence on every function or part of the whole organism.

"It is with these endocrine glands that modern research in the field of reactivation, or, as it is too often spectacularly called, rejuvenation, is concerned. . . . It is frequently remarked that the effects of this treatment are due to suggestion . . . but it is quite impossible to explain the beneficial effects of such treatment *in animals* as being due to suggestion. One has only to imagine the veterinary or surgeon exhorting his patient, 'Now, Fido, the operation which I am about to perform on you will produce a great improvement in your health. Every day in every way you will get better and better,' to see how ludicrous this explanation is."

THESE brief remarks are taken from Dr. Haire's introduction to a lecture given before a congress in London by an American physician whom, for ethical reasons, I shall continue to call Dr. X. But before going further it is well to dispose of the word rejuvenation. It is said that Dr. Steinach blows up if any one uses it in his presence. Nevertheless, it was used in the beginning by both himself and his disciples, but merely because they couldn't think of a better word at the time, and they never expected it to be taken literally. That is to say, that a man or woman of sixty after taking the treatment would both look and *be* twenty. As well expect a yellow autumn leaf suddenly to turn a dewy green.

Rejuvenation is a loose term that might be used by some one who, thoroughly run down, returns from a sea voyage feeling "twenty years younger." So be careful when interviewing one of these pundits to use the word which exactly describes the treatment—reactivation. Renovation or re-energizing would do as well. To have every organ, tissue, etc., in your body restored to perfect health and started off again on life's difficult track with a sound second wind is quite enough.

Dr. X in his lecture said that "a return of greater usefulness may be accompanied by a certain appearance of youthfulness; the latter, however, may be just as much a matter of psychology (or, in women, of the beauty parlor) as of endocrinology. No proof has been offered that any method has prolonged the span of life, although such seems to be the case in experimental animals. Years, therefore, may not be added to life, but that life may be added to years is an indisputable fact."

Here are some of the advances in reactivation that have taken place since my last article appeared in Liberty. One of the most important is that sex-gland treatment has been replaced by deficiency-gland treatment. Another great change in the methods of reactivation owes its triumphs to the work of biochemists, who have been able to produce more and more potent preparations; in other words, hormone solutions, which enable the physician to apply reliable substitution therapy—in simpler language—fluids and pills.

To quote Dr. X again: "Just as all glands and gland substances are principally transplanted and implanted on account of the specific hormones they contain, so are the chemical extracts and hormone solutions used to supply the missing or deficient secretions by way of substitution. The chemist originally made extracts of the gland tissue itself to procure the respective hormones in solution. The glands themselves, however, with the exception of the thyroid, yield too little of the precious material. They may be called the factories but not the storehouses of their specific hormones. Therefore chemists have looked for other sources, and have found them in the blood, the body secretions, and, in the case of the female hormones, of the placenta. Fairly large quantities of the hormones can thus be produced.

"The next step was the chemical identification of the hormones (which are very complicated chemical compounds) and, consequently, their *synthetic manufacture*. The last few years have seen great progress in this field. Several synthetic, or at least partly synthetic, hormones are on the market now, and the future promises much more in this direction."

MOST of these glandular products are injected with the needle. Some are taken in pellets, frequently accompanied by suitable doses of thyroid and certain vitamin preparations. But each case must be treated individually. In some cases deficient glands are exposed to electrical currents, rays, or waves (quite painless). And here we come to the second advance: stimulation therapy in male patients, where the body is too far advanced in senescence, or one or more of the organs are diseased. Both of these treatments are applied instead of the operation, which, to quote a remark made to me by Dr. X, would be like putting a new tiled roof on a rickety old house; the result would probably be a crash. On the other hand, both the stimulation and the substitution therapy considerably ameliorate the condition. Of course the poor old relic must take a hundred other precautions besides, and, to my mind, might better be dead and done.

Another word as to the substitution therapy, which is generally used on patients far from senescence and with every prospect of complete recovery. Where glandular extracts are given, it should be explained that if the hormones produced by the patient's own glands and circulating in the blood stream are insufficient and do not act properly on the cell tissues, hormones introduced from the outside, notably with the needle, can substitute for them; also they may so act as to cure the deficiency in time.

And here the family doctor comes in. It is his business to remove the cause of the deficiency. But family doctors are not hospitable to the reactivation business; in fact they blow up higher than Steinach at the very word rejuvenation. But so it has ever been with new discoveries. Reactivation has now proved itself and G. Ps. will have to come round in time, despite the fact that their practice is affected. Since I took the treatment in 1923 I have seen so little of my New York and San Francisco doctors except socially—both charming men and able physicians—that I feel like apologizing to them.

WHEN these two treatments—stimulation and substitution—are used alone, Dr. X calls them the "short-term treatment," as their effects last about a year. Whereas the Steinach operation for men and treatment for women may be called the "long-term treatment," results often appearing months after the operation, or treatment, and lasting frequently for several years. "A combination of both methods is often both logical and effective."

The treatment for women consists of both the stimulating and the substitution therapy, combined in some cases with mild dosages of the X ray. The treatments are involved and generally twenty to thirty are necessary. If a normal response to a course of treatment takes place, certain objective and subjective changes will occur, but nothing very sudden or dramatic. Gradually, as the glandular functions improve, the rest of the organism, especially the central nervous system and the circulation, will also improve, better nervous balance and a sense of well-being will develop, with less fatigue and more energy and endurance.

If high blood pressure exists or an arthritic condition that is owing to a glandular disorder, striking improvements may take place. Various skin conditions that may appear with advancing years, maybe owing to a decreased ovarian as well as thyroid function, are sometimes favorably influenced. The same may be true of an excessive gain in weight.

Before any Steinach specialist will give either operation or treatment he makes a thorough clinical examination, and if the run-down condition is owing to some functional disease or ailment rather than to glandular deficiency, he advises the patient to return to the family doctor. To his own patients he emphasizes the importance of proper diet, moderation in eating, drinking, smoking, exercising. Even a young person can ruin his health by excess.

Dr. X lists the following reasons that, among others, motivate men in considering the operation: The desire to improve memory, working ability, physical

(Continued on page 20)

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[illegible] energy, even the [illegible] play a better game of bridge or golf. And in regard to women I may say here that in the avalanche of letters that followed the publication of Black Oxen, and the two magazine articles later, women seldom expressed a desire to take the treatment from motives of vanity. Hard mental or physical work had worn them out, illness, grief, worry. All they asked was renewed energies—most of them were self-supporting—that they might be as efficient as in their prime.

Dr. X adds significantly: " It is impossible to say how many Steinach operations have been or are being performed, or how many corresponding treatments have been given to women. The patient, fearful of being ridiculed, carefully keeps his secret."

A man in New York recently asked me why, if the operation was so successful, one didn't hear more about it. There is the answer. It is a curious anomaly that in these days when sex parades shamelessly on the stage, is frankly discussed in fiction, and among young people as naturally as if they were talking of diet, when it comes to any personal application, man coyly hides his head. If I admit I took that operation, thinks he, they'll sneer and say I'm just another old fool who wants to be young and frisky again. I never could convince them that not only my enjoyment in mere living but my daily bread depends upon renewed energies. Women are equally reticent. Human nature is still conservative.

The consensus of opinion among doctors who have had sufficient practical experience seems to be that 70 to 80 per cent of the cases may be called successful. That means that not only subjective improvements were stated by the patients, but that objective changes—for instance in high blood pressure, in arthritic tendencies, in the basal metabolism rate, in the blood count, in eyesight and hearing—could be demonstrated. Briefly, the disorders and ailments incident to the process of aging could be ameliorated.

Dr. Niehaus of Switzerland believes that the Steinach treatment consti[illegible] In over one thousand operative cases up to six years, only one case of cancer occurred later on. According to the Cancer Control Society of New York, the death rate of cancer ranges from 160 to 170 per thousand persons between the ages of forty-five and sixty-five. Dr. X found only one case of definite diagnosed cancer among approximately 200 patients that he was *able to follow up*. Both doctors are careful to emphasize that neither the Steinach operation and treatment, nor any other gland therapy, have been found to be *cures* for cancer.

Even more sensational is the claim made by a certain eminent doctor living in a European capital, whose name and habitat I may not disclose. He asserts that the various hormones should be obtained in quite another manner and that the result will be the prolongation of the span of life. These are his concluding words in a lecture: " We should no longer be content with the original degree of longevity granted by nature, and have not only the right but the pressing duty dictated by the ultimate aims of nature itself to perfect that property and to increase longevity by regenerescence of the aging organs."

This sounds like Shaw's Back to Methuselah. Dr. X concluded his own lecture with these words: " Rejuvenation and a considerable prolongation of the span of life is still a medical Utopia, but reactivation with reinvigoration is a definite possibility. Life, after all, is not important; only living is."

I think the majority of thinking persons will agree with him. Let us imagine, for instance, that laboratory experiments would finally double the Biblical span. Barring wars, fatal epidemics, accidents, and a few other things, there would still be a few million left to linger on for, say, 125 years before old age deferred once more began its insidious approach. We will suppose that every one took the treatment so that no one was deprived of a family and friends, by age at least, as long as he lived himself.

Mankind has a terrible capacity for persons in pleasant circumstances [illegible] are "tired of living"; others who have suffered so much (something no laboratory miracles can prevent) that they long for the reward awaiting them in that blessed hereafter in which they believe. Those who have not the consolations of religion sometimes make a voluntary exit because " there is nothing left to live for." One shudders in imagination at the lack of conversational material—for we cannot always expect Europe to perform for our entertainment; there must be long intervals of peace. And what if no genius arises to present us with new and tempting foods? The palate is both notoriously fickle and increasingly fastidious. The more highly organized would die of starvation.

Stuart Chase writes that, so sharp has been the decline in the United States birth rate, there are one million empty seats in the elementary schools this year; and prospects are worse for the years to come. If every one now alive should be given the privilege to live to the age of 150, and should embrace it, a swell chance youth would have then.

But let us change the subject!

So little has been written about Steinach himself, that a brief sketch may not be unwelcome.

Dr. Eugen Steinach was first professor of physiology in the famous University of Prague, and later occupied a similar chair in the University of Vienna. Then he was made director of the Biological Research Institute of the Academy of Sciences of Vienna. There he conducted his famous researches. When Hitler put Austria in his hollow leg, Steinach happened to be away on his vacation. He never returned to Vienna. All his scientific records, biological specimens, his magnificent laboratory, and his Austrian investments were confiscated.

He retired to Zurich, where he is continuing his researches in other endocrinological problems that have interested him as much as reactivation.

THE END

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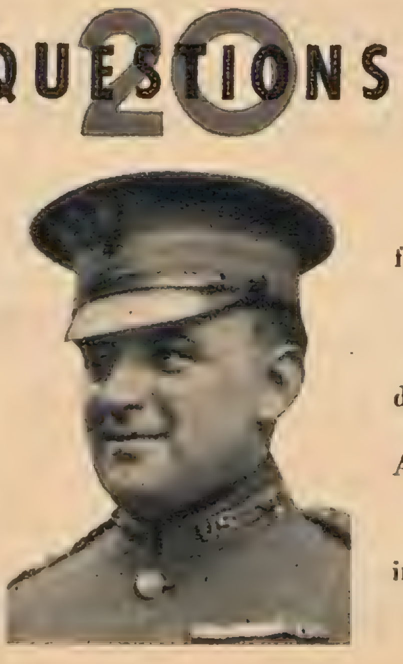
20 QUESTIONS

1—A World War flyer, he started his public career in the consular service, but gained his greatest fame in the administration of a city. Whose early photo is this?



2—What three states lead in steel production?

3—Who started the first kindergarten in the United States?

4—What is the literal meaning of the word mortgage?

5—Was there ever a real Mason and Dixon's Line?

6—What state produced two Presidents who served simultaneously?

7—How often does the Constitution require that a census be taken?

8—What is a young cod called?

9—Who were the Molly Maguires?

10—What movie bad man has the unterrifying name of William Henry Pratt?

11—Why are sites south of latitude 40 preferred for astronomical observatories?

12—What is the largest flower on earth?

13—When did Mrs. O'Leary's cow kick and grow famous?

14—What famous falls are moving backward?

15—Who is king of six free nations?

16—What, according to Biblical records, is the date of the creation of the world?

17—Who was the first English child born in America?

18—What were the "Hundred Days"?

19—Who holds the major-league record for play in consecutive baseball games?

20—Who painted Mona Lisa?

(*Answers will be found on page 39*)

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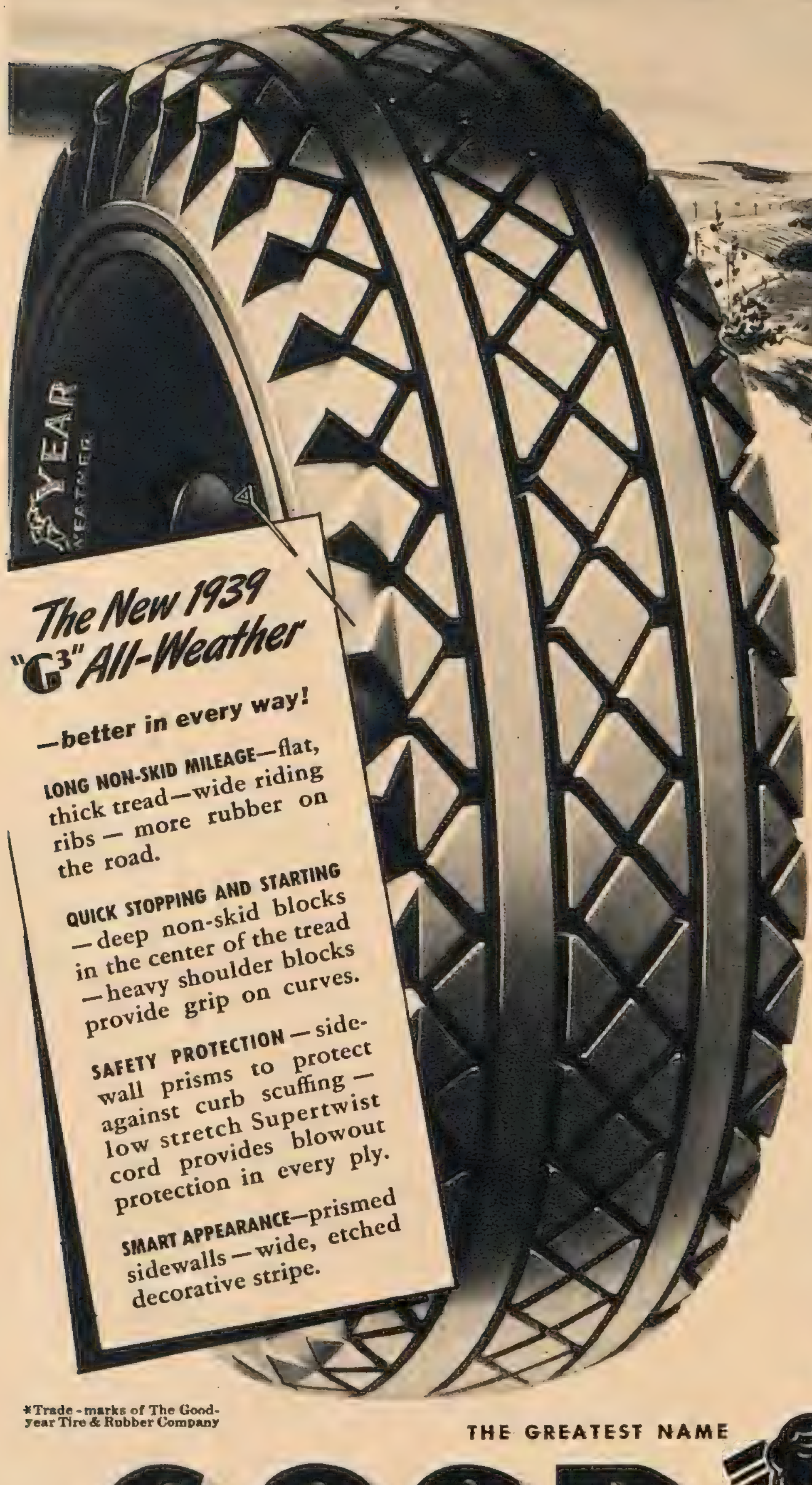

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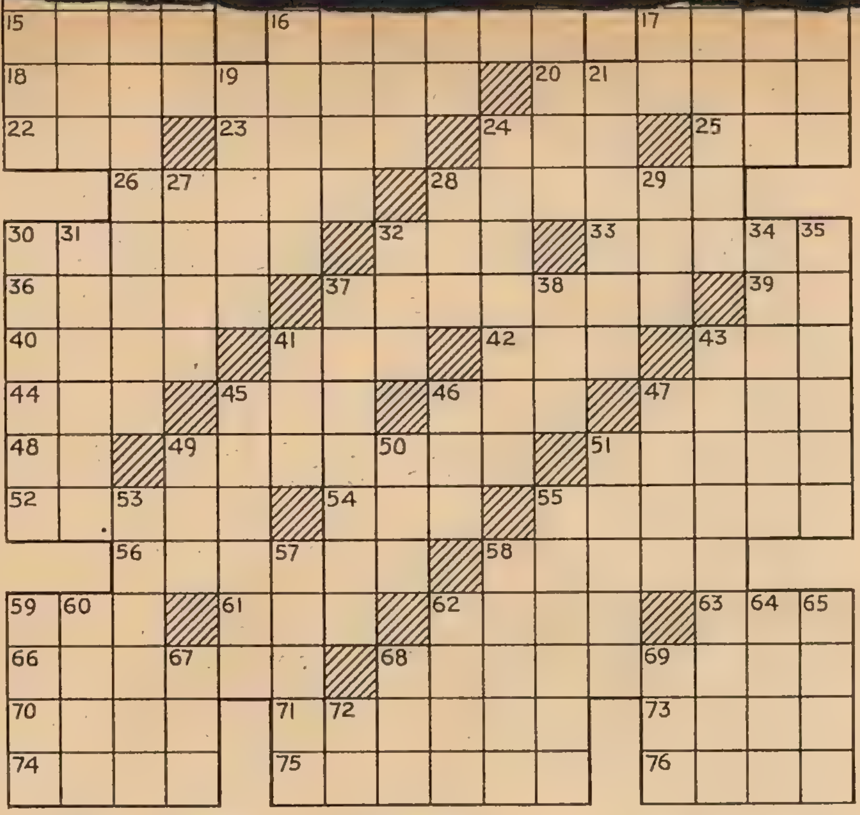
BY LEE PASQUIN

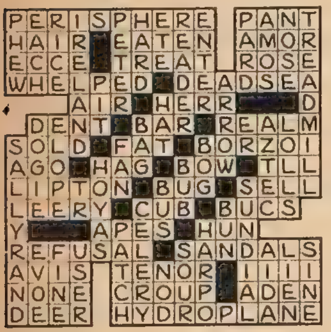


HORIZONTAL

1 Fly
5 Profession
11 South African colonist
15 Unoccupied
16 To execute vengeance
17 Poker term
18 Staggering
20 Morning prayer (pl.)
22 Before
23 Merry tune
24 Adapt
25 A kind of grain
26 Part of a harness (pl.)
28 Fastening device
30 Legislative body
32 A tree
33 Succeed
36 Winged
37 French health resort
39 Egyptian god
40 Rents
41 A color
42 Possessed
43 Affirmative
44 Hail!
45 Thus
46 Pronoun
47 Prefix: half
48 Pronoun
49 Scene of action
51 Woman's name
52 Asiatic country
54 Barrier across a river
55 Incarnation
56 Not perused
58 Thin worsted material
59 Neither
61 Kind of tree
62 Head covering
63 Greek letter
66 Unwilling
68 Praised
70 Spanish dollar
71 A shell
73 Unusual
74 Formerly
75 Tents
76 Affirmatives

VERTICAL

1 Location
2 Smell
3 Substitute
4 To steep
5 Pertaining to the sea
6 Depravities
7 Shelter
8 God of fertility (Norse relig.)
9 For example (abbr.)
10 Pardon
11 A racket
12 Kind of vegetable (pl.)
13 A European volcano
14 Remainder
19 Choicest part
21 To be present at
24 More distant
27 Consumes
28 Container
29 An individual
30 Summer sausage
31 A number
32 Marshland
34 Poisoning of the blood
35 Not so hard
37 Type of roadway
38 A pole with a blade
41 Piece of wearing apparel
43 The day past last
45 A portion (pl.)
46 Edge of a garment
47 Smack
49 A metal
50 Small child (U. S.)
51 Elude
53 Restraint
55 Odors
57 Select
58 French title
59 A certain part of the neck
60 Above
62 Covering for the legs
64 At this exact place
65 Poems
67 Decay
68 Bowl-shaped vessel
69 A government agency
72 Note of the scale


PERISPHERE PANT
HAIR EATEN AMOR
ECCE TREAT ROSE
WHELPED DEADSEA
AIR HERR D
DENT BAR REALM
SOLD FAT BORZOI
AGO HAG BOW TLL
LIPTON BUG SELL
LEERY CUB BUCS
Y APES HUN
REFUSAL SANDALS
AVIS TENOR IIII
NONE CROUP ADEN
DEER HYDROPLANE

Answer to last week's puzzle

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue

Mystery Spark

Amazes Motorists

WE'RE NOT USING NEARLY AS MUCH GAS WITH THESE NEW AUTO-LITE SPARK PLUGS

ONE OUT OF EVERY 4
new cars is now factory-equipped with Auto-Lite Spark Plugs.

—gives new life to sluggish, "spark-weary" engines, say car owners everywhere

FLASHING new pickup and power! Quick, sure starting! Smooth top-speed performance! Prevention of gas waste to give more miles per gallon!

These are some of the wonderful results reported by enthusiastic car owners who have switched to Auto-Lite Spark Plugs. For here is a new kind of spark plug, developed by Auto-Lite's famous staff of ignition experts to step up the efficiency of the entire ignition system.

See what a difference Auto-Lite Spark Plugs will make in *your* car's performance. Have your service man install a set today. They cost no more!

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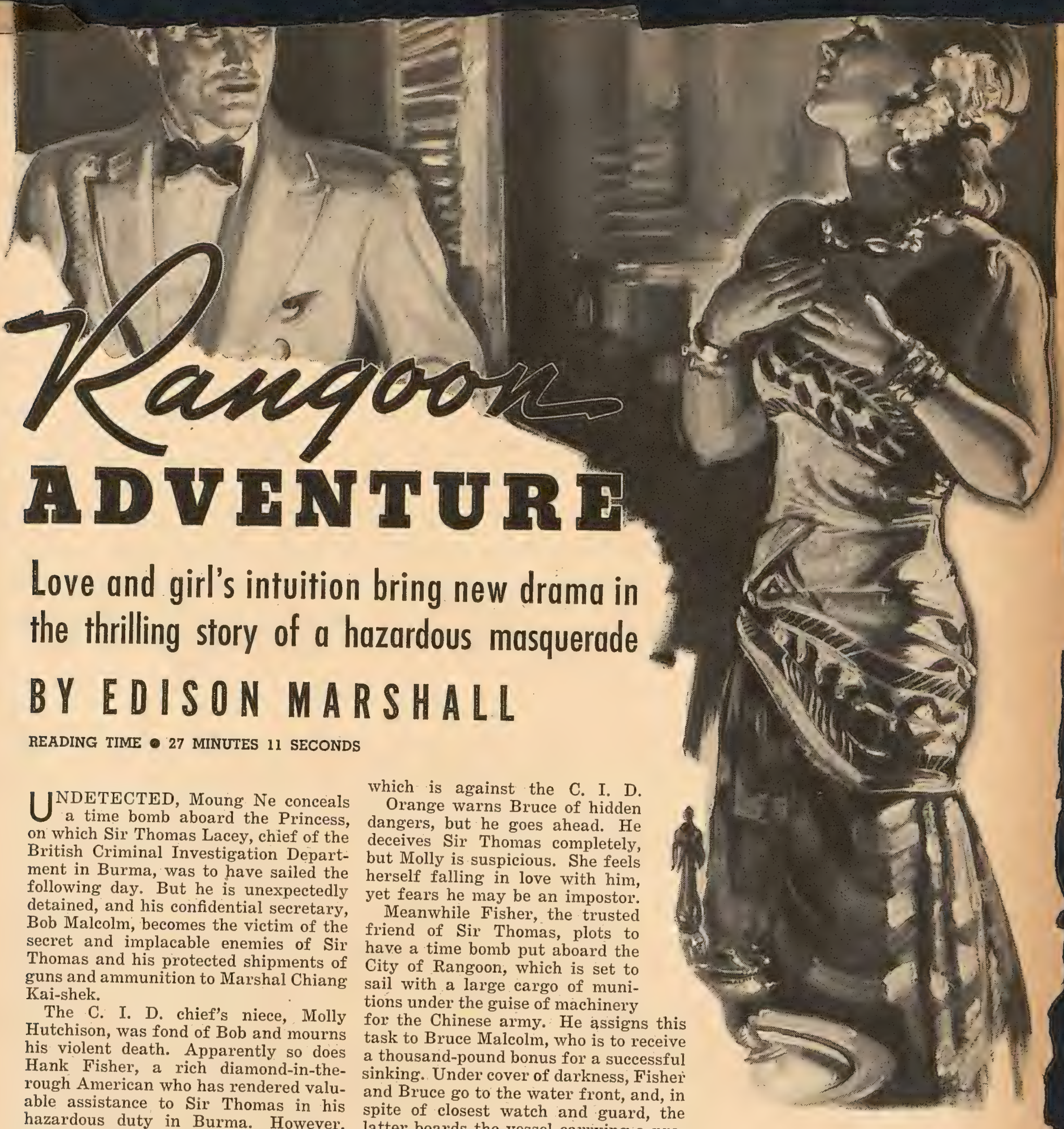


"My gods have shown mercy, too, to let me live to see your face again." It was the salutation of the Nagas, her mother's people.

Rangoon ADVENTURE

Love and girl's intuition bring new drama in the thrilling story of a hazardous masquerade

BY EDISON MARSHALL

READING TIME ● 27 MINUTES 11 SECONDS

UNDETECTED, Moung Ne conceals a time bomb aboard the Princess, on which Sir Thomas Lacey, chief of the British Criminal Investigation Department in Burma, was to have sailed the following day. But he is unexpectedly detained, and his confidential secretary, Bob Malcolm, becomes the victim of the secret and implacable enemies of Sir Thomas and his protected shipments of guns and ammunition to Marshal Chiang Kai-shek.

The C. I. D. chief's niece, Molly Hutchison, was fond of Bob and mourns his violent death. Apparently so does Hank Fisher, a rich diamond-in-the-rough American who has rendered valuable assistance to Sir Thomas in his hazardous duty in Burma. However, Fisher is in the teahouse of Chandra Das in Rangoon when Bruce Malcolm, a wastrel cousin of Bob, and his startling double, appears in the company of Orange, a beautiful native girl who adores him.

Introducing himself and requesting privacy, Hank Fisher bribes Bruce handsomely to impersonate his dead cousin Bob and "return" to life with a story of hairbreadth escape for Sir Tom's ears. Traitorously, Bruce, as Bob, is secretly to serve Fisher's cause, which is against the C. I. D.

Orange warns Bruce of hidden dangers, but he goes ahead. He deceives Sir Thomas completely, but Molly is suspicious. She feels herself falling in love with him, yet fears he may be an impostor.

Meanwhile Fisher, the trusted friend of Sir Thomas, plots to have a time bomb put aboard the City of Rangoon, which is set to sail with a large cargo of munitions under the guise of machinery for the Chinese army. He assigns this task to Bruce Malcolm, who is to receive a thousand-pound bonus for a successful sinking. Under cover of darkness, Fisher and Bruce go to the water front, and, in spite of closest watch and guard, the latter boards the vessel carrying a presumable carton of cigarettes. Returning, he reports that the bomb has been cleverly planted.

PART THREE—"YOU'RE AN IMPOSTOR"

THE next day passed quietly—like the dead center of a typhoon, Malcolm thought. As far as Khodo could glean from the talk at table, Sir Thomas trusted him implicitly and was gratified by what seemed his rapid recovery from shock. And when Fisher dropped over in the cool of the evening to watch Molly take him at tennis—but his shipwreck had improved his game, she told him!—Malcolm had news for him.

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES DE FEO

there by train," he murmured between games.

"That old hulk? I thought she'd been condemned and was rotting on the Mandalay bund. Surely they wouldn't trust her—"

"They've refitted her secretly and think they've stolen a march on us. That means she'll be easy pickings. If you'll sneak an incendiary aboard her, I've earned another thousand pounds."

Fisher's fat face shone. An amazing man, Malcolm thought: a bequest from a long-lost uncle could not please him more. . . . But it was not shining when he came to luncheon with Sir Thomas on the following day. Although he joked and laughed all through the meal in his jolly way, there was something dangerous about him, and Malcolm's mouth felt dry.

The two men managed to meet alone in the library. "Have you heard from the City of Rangoon?" Fisher asked bitterly.

"No; but it's not surprising." Malcolm's voice trembled a little. "The towns are few below Prome, and if she caught fire in some lonely reach—"

"She passed Prome early this morning, and is around Minbu by now."

"Do you mean they extinguished the fire?"

"Extinguished it! It never started. When the hands tied up at Prome, they didn't even mention it. And because of you the biggest shipment since the war is safe on its way to General Chiang Kai-shek."

"Then some one must have found that bomb—"

"We'll accept that explanation—once. Either that or you failed to turn the key. But it mustn't happen again, Malcolm. Do you understand?"

"You don't mean you're threatening me, do you, Fisher?"

"I'm just telling you. There's been a few cases in international espionage when an agent tried to play both ends against the middle. I'm not accusing you of that, Malcolm, because you've got too much sense to try it. But the chief considers blundering only second to treason."

Malcolm did not answer. He was almost too frightened to speak, Fisher thought.

WHEN Malcolm saw Fisher again, the latter was in a much more cheerful mood. His beaming smile and hearty laughter were not a pose for Sir Thomas, because Malcolm looked at the pupils of his eyes, which contracted to steel points when he was ill-tempered. Sir Thomas and his secretary had run into him at the Boat Club, on Royal Lake. They took a table that overlooked the water, silver-gray in the light of the waning moon, and had a drink together.

Malcolm sensed the drama of the situation. This was a social club [illegible] far from the dust [illegible] of the parade ground. No one was supposed to bring his business here. All who came here were accepted at face value, and stratagems and spoils seemed very far away. Yet Sir Thomas was drinking with a man who had sought his life. Sitting beside him was a man who, less than a month ago, had sat unshaven and unkempt with a native girl in the teahouse of Chandra Das, but now the white lords at near-by tables accepted him as one of their own.

"How are things goin', Sir Tom?" Fisher asked. "But maybe that's not a fair question when you're off duty."

"No man in my department is ever off duty," Sir Thomas replied bitterly. "There's a telephone to bring bad news at his bedside, and dispatches of dacoit raids beside his plate at meals. Things are not going too dashed well, my dear friend Fisher!"

"But there's been no more raids on the munition caravans. I'd rather hoped that my old friend Wu Sawbwa might have helped a little there."

"We certainly appreciate all he did for us. No doubt he had great influence with the Shan chiefs beyond Lashio and we owe more to you than we can ever pay. But, Fisher—I'm sorry to tell you, but I want some one to share the bad news—we've lost the Yiza."

"The Yiza? Great guns, I thought she was dismantled—"

"No; she was reconditioned, loaded to the guards with army rifles, and sent upriver from Mandalay. We thought we'd stolen a march on our enemies, but somehow they got wind of it. She burned and sank."

"Any lives lost?"

"Possibly one. A Burmese whose name seemed to be Moung Ngu. Anyway, he can't be located."

Fisher sat very still. It was a sign that he was very greatly startled. But at once he was condoling with Sir Thomas for the loss, and in a moment the latter excused himself to meet some friends.

Malcolm and Fisher remained at the table, but the tenor of their talk abruptly changed. From a distance Fisher looked his part of a diamond in the rough; but now his speech was terse, his accents those of a highly cultivated man. Although their voices were pitched too low to be heard at near-by tables, they did not seem guarded, and from all signs they were discussing dogs or horses, food or drink, in English fashion. How thunderstruck those *thakins* would be, Malcolm thought, if they knew the truth!

"When did Sir Tom get the news of the Yiza?" Fisher asked, with a smile.

"Just before dinner tonight."

"We got it at half past one. Somewhat faster service, my friend. By the way, our chief is greatly pleased."

"I wish I could feel the same. For the first time in my life, I'm an ac- [illegible] ou've never heard of Moung Ngu, have you? His real name is Moung Pa-yan."

"Great guns! The man with De Castro that night—"

"The same. One of the cleverest natives in our organization. It was he who set her afire."

"Then he's safe?"

"I'm afraid not. We were already worried about him, because he failed to show up at the appointed time and place. But, from what Sir Thomas told us, he must never have got off the boat."

"Well, if any one had to go down, I hope he's the one."

"Did I misunderstand you, Malcolm?" Fisher sipped his drink, but his eyes were like the ice in the glass.

"I spoke perfectly clearly, I thought. If Moung Pa-yan was the victim, he got just what's coming to him—what's coming to us all. I haven't murder on my soul."

SEVERAL seconds passed before Fisher spoke: "So you'd rather lose one of our best men than the life of an innocent person? That's not the kind of loyalty the chief appreciates."

"Oh, I'm in it for the money. No doubt I'm unique in that respect. And speaking of money—when do you deliver my thousand pounds bonus?"

"Malcolm, you've got nerve!"

"Good of you, Fisher. I'd like it in five-pound notes."

"Nerve's what we need in this business. Except for those queer ideas of yours, Malcolm, you might go far. I have the notes in my pocket, two hundred in a neat package. Prompt payment is one of the secrets of the chief's success."

"Would you like to hand them over here? Nothing so aboveboard would be suspected."

"That's going too far. When you leave—you came alone, didn't you?—I'll walk to your car. And as I've arranged for you to meet Orange tonight, you'd better leave fairly soon."

Fisher gave him directions to the rendezvous. It was only a dark half block from a respectable street. Orange might have valuable information for him—picked from the grapevine of the underworld—and anyway he must keep in her favor. But perhaps he had better not carry there his thousand pounds.

The money was delivered as Fisher proposed. Malcolm did not fear a short count, nor was he afraid of a hold-up on his ride home: the organization simply did not work along such lines. In his room he opened the packet, removed fifty pounds, sealed up the remainder, and wrote a name and address on the cover. Then he called Nathoo, his body servant.

"Put this with your belongings, Nathoo, until I call for it. In the meantime, if I die or disappear, post it to the address written."

Nathoo *(Continued on page 26)*

He[illegible] we believe you'll prefer our gin

We honestly believe you will get more pleasure out of your cocktails, rickeys and Tom Collins' if you use Fleischmann's Gin in your home and specify it when ordering from the bar.

In the first place the spirits, every drop, that go into Fleischmann's Gin are Fleischmann distilled from grain to bottle.

That enables us to maintain a standard of quality that would perhaps not be possible if we had to buy our spirits from outside sources of supply.

Secondly, we are sparing in the use of flavoring ingredients, believing that a good gin should not be too highly perfumed.

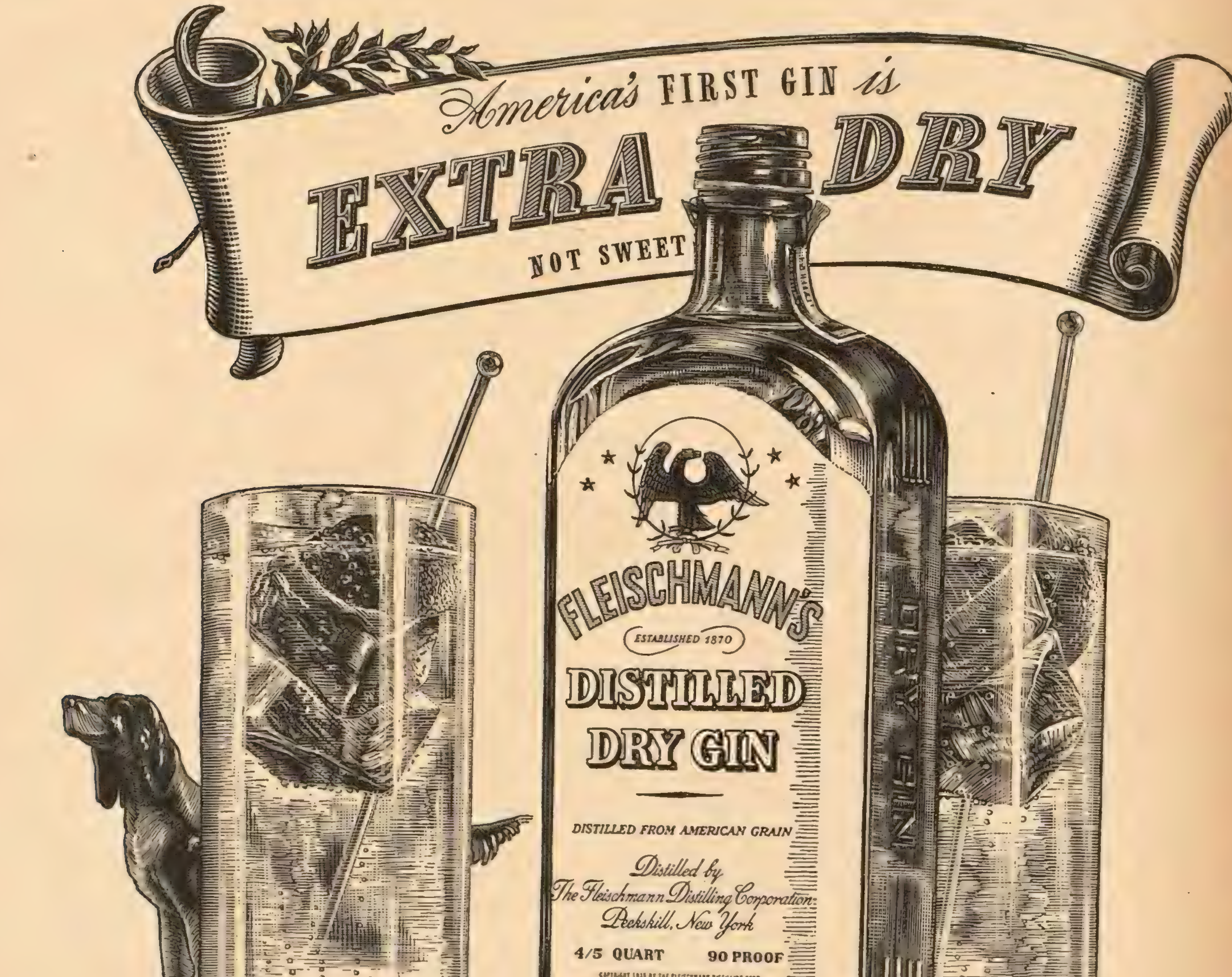
Because of its delicate flavor, Fleischmann's Gin is dryer than the more highly flavored gins.

This extra dryness imparts an added zest to cocktails and mixed drinks that many people enjoy.

However, let your own taste decide which gin is best suited to your preference.

Try your favorite gin drinks made both ways: with Fleischmann's and with any other gin on the market.

We predict after this test you'll—Learn to say Fleischmann's.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(Continued from page 24)

both hands to his forehead, and Malcolm dismissed the matter from his mind.

Twenty minutes later Malcolm parked his car near a Chinese restaurant well known as a late rendezvous for young officials and army officers. Instead of entering the restaurant, he turned into a dark alley and found his way to a narrow stairway. No one accosted him, and no one saw his face, until the door of a dimly lighted room was thrown open. Standing there, her head bowed and her hands meeting on her breast, was Orange.

"Is it really you, *thakin!* Mine are the good gods."

"My gods have shown mercy, too, to let me live to see your face again." It was the stately salutation of the Nagas, her mother's people.

"But is this the room Fisher *thakin* provided for our meeting?" he went on. "He told me to turn right from the hall, and instead I turned left."

"It was my doing, *thakin.* When the wild bull elephant seeks leisure with his cow, he goes far into the forest. Here we are safe from watching eyes or listening ears, or even from little instruments with wires that hear and tell secrets."

"It was well done, Orange." Perfectly content, he drank the tea that she served him, and then held her dark hand as she crouched at his feet.

"You have changed greatly since that night," she found courage to say at last. "I knew then that you were a great *thakin,* in spite of your ragged clothes and empty pockets. Now all the world knows it."

"But remember this is only a play, and I an actor from the gutter taking the part of a great *thakin,"* he answered, looking keenly into her glowing eyes.

"No, *thakin.* This is your true part, cast by the gods. You must never turn from it, lord. And yet—" Her big eyes looked troubled.

"What is it, Orange?"

"It is not fitting that your servant should speak."

"You are not my servant, but one appointed to guide me. Speak plainly."

"You are a great *thakin*—so how then can you sell secrets? How can you serve another country against your chiefs and against your own heart?"

"There is no answer, Orange."

"Can you change sides? No, not without betraying those who found you in the gutter and put you in your high place, with whom you leagued for a price."

"That's known as the double cross," Malcolm said in English. "No, a white man can't do that."

"It was an evil hour when Fisher *thakin* spoke to you. I wish you were still ragged, buying drinks with false Das? If you would strike your servant for saying so, strike quickly, for the pain is nothing to that now in my heart."

"Then what is to be done, *saonang* [lady of the skies]?" Malcolm's eyes were glowing.

"If you will hear my prayer, go quickly to some far country, where you can serve one master, and come back to me only in dreams. But if you will stay to serve Fisher *thakin* against your own people, I—I am still your servant. I take it upon my soul, my lord! If for punishment you are reborn in the body of a toad, I will meet you by the pool in the first dark."

"No greater wonder has ever come to me. But, Orange, have faith in me for a few days more."

S.O.S.
FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE!
Chon Day.

"Faith, *thakin?"*

"By my gods, I will serve but one master. I can say no more—except to ask your help for great works to come. The reward will be also great."

"I want none but your favor."

"'The laborer is worthy of his hire.' This is wisdom from the Book of the white men. If the business fails, you may be killed; but if it prospers, you will have a dower worthy of a chief's son. I have here over six hundred rupees."

They talked another hour in low tones. Orange's eyes became very large, but she was not afraid.

BUT meanwhile there were forces working against Malcolm which he either did not know or could not fight. The chief's pleasure in the destruction of the Yiza was soon forgotten in his rage at another safe arrival at Bhamo by the River Queen, loaded to her gunwales with field guns. Also, a great quantity of other munitions was getting through to General Chiang Kai-shek over routes

nent threat to his success was a girl.

Again Fisher was Sir Thomas' guest for tiffin, and again Sir Thomas had been called from the table. Malcolm had moved into the next chair to Fisher, and they were talking quietly. And, just as at that memorable breakfast before the Princess sailed, Molly entered the room unannounced.

She did not hear a word that the men said, but she saw them there, and suddenly the present scene lay superimposed upon the past.

"Oh, I've got it!" she burst out. She was an impulsive girl.

"What have you got?" Malcolm asked, smiling as he rose. "A nice pink nose. Plainly, you've been out in the sun." And he was thinking how pretty she was in her riding habit.

"I've been way in the country. But don't get my mind off it again—I mean, what I've been trying so hard to remember. It came to me just now. What you and Mr. Fisher were talking about the morning that you sailed on the hard-luck journey on the Princess."

Malcolm was afraid to speak and afraid to be silent. Fisher had risen too, but his attempt to smile was ghastly.

"What's the matter with you two?" Molly demanded. "I eavesdropped, I suppose, but I didn't hear anything so terribly important. Or was it important? Oh, I suppose you wanted to hide it, Bob, but none of us are proud of *all* our relations."

"Did you hear me discuss one of my kinspeople?" Malcolm asked.

"You're making me feel very silly. You were telling Mr. Fisher about your cousin, who was a disgrace to the family and was always passing himself off as you. That's what I *thought* you said. I'm terribly sorry, Bob."

"What for? I'd have had to tell you if he ever showed up here. I'm glad it's off our minds."

"But you're blushing like a girl. It's a sore subject with you, I see."

"He's a disgrace to me, Molly. Sir Thomas had heard of one of his escapades and thought I was the guilty party. I didn't tell him the truth—just denied the story—but Fisher hardly believed me, so I brought the family skeleton out of the closet."

"And I haven't told a soul, Bob," Fisher broke in, in an earnest tone. It was a fine piece of playing up, Malcolm realized.

"Since you've turned over a new leaf and all that, I thought you wouldn't mind having a delightful scamp in the family," Molly observed. "Well, I won't tell any one, either, if you feel that way. I've never believed in doubles, but—oh, give me some tea and let's talk of something else."

Sir Thomas entered, and the talk

nging
the tho [illegible]
"I'll handle this," he whispered to Fisher—a warning whisper. But how? By avoiding her? Tonight he had a dinner date with her!

If he broke the engagement, she would wonder why. Any wondering that she did in regard to him was fraught with danger. If during the evening he made a single move not in character with Bob Malcolm, her darting imagination might put two and two together. She would not protect an impostor, and could not even if she wished, with her open face and utter lack of histrionic sense. But, trusting to his luck and nerve, he kept the date.

His reward was the happiest evening he had ever spent. Molly and he dined at the Boat Club. Gone was the rather stately and sedate girl Bob Malcolm had known: she danced with the zest of a Naga hill girl, her laughter pealed, and she glowed with the joy of life. Malcolm had once thought that, if she fell in love, her rather conventional prettiness would change to warm, vital beauty. Now that change had occurred—how he did not know—but he seemed to be the one who had fallen in love.

Yet she let him lead her through the grounds and presently to a seat beside a tennis court. The pale light of the dying moon made her look ethereal, too exquisite a being for a man to have and hold; but he felt the warmth of her shoulder through his coat, and the hand that he held was throbbing. They said nothing for a time. Words seemed inadequate, but Molly appeared to be waiting.

HE did not know what she was waiting for, but he would trust his luck. When he drew her to him and kissed her lips, their response was warm and eager, and he felt her arm tighten against his shoulder. But at once she drew away.

"Give me time, Bob," she told him. "I've got to think this out."

"I don't need to think. I know. There can never be any more doubt in my mind."

"But it's so different than I ever expected. I used to like you, Bob. I had such a deep fondness for you, but it had a little touch of pity. I think that's the way I felt. It seemed to me that you had missed out on life, caring for nothing but your hill tribes—and being respectable. I felt you didn't have enough imagination—or maybe it was courage—to break free and live."

"I was raised that way, Molly. A scholarly father who read to us in Latin, and a mother who thought any kind of gaiety was not quite proper." And this was quite true.

"Suddenly you've broken free. You're living for all you're worth. I'm glad of the change—but sometimes I want you to be like you were then—a little, anyway. I felt I knew you then so well. Now I feel there's some-

PAPPY SAYS
A-GOIN' FEUDIN'! HE DON'T FEEL WELL.
A SHOOTIN' PARTY SINCE OLD LIGHTNIN' WAS A PUP!!
BACK FROM THE RAID.
LOOK HERE, GRAN'PAPPY, WHAT WE-UNS SNITCHED FROM THE TOLLIVER BOYS - KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN! FOLKS SAY YOU EAT IT TO JINE THE "REGULARS." WONDER EF THET MEANS IT WOULD HALP YORE CONSTIPATION?
Kellogg's ALL-BRAN
SHO'! AH COULD GO FER THESE VITTELS EV'RY MAWNIN'! TOO GOOD FER THEM TOLLIVERS!!
DUNK IT IN THE MILK, GRAN'PAPPY! AN' YOU ORTA DRINK PLENTY O' WATER.
Kellogg's ALL-BRAN
THE NEXT FEUDIN' PARTY
YIPEE!
BANG
BANG
LOOK AT GRAN'PAPPY! HE SHORE HAS JINED THE "REGULARS."
P. WEBB

YES, folks, the modern idea about constipation is not to bear it first and try to cure it later. If it's the ordinary kind (due to lack of "bulk" in the diet), the better way is to *prevent* it by getting at its cause. How? Eat a crisp, bulk-rich cereal—Kellogg's All-Bran. Eat it daily, drink plenty of water, and join the "Regulars!" All-Bran is made by Kellogg's in Battle Creek. Sold at all grocers.

Kellogg's ALL-BRAN A NATURAL LAXATIVE CEREAL

Join the "Regulars" with KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN

Molly," he said quickly.

"Oh, I have!" she cried. "Because of you. Oh, I'm so glad, Bob. I won't turn back now—drive away my happiness for something that exists only in my imagination." She drew a deep breath. "Bob, if you're absolutely sure—"

He could not wait for her to finish, but caught her in his arms. Her lips on his were ardent, and between her kisses she was trying to tell him the wonder and happiness flooding up from her heart.

"I never dreamed it could be this way . . . I can't believe it even now. . . . All those weeks we knew each other and never found out. . . . And we wouldn't now if we hadn't changed . . . but you've changed the most."

Suddenly he felt her lips grow still on his. She seemed to be holding her breath. Her body became motionless, but he felt the great leaps of her heart. Very slowly she drew away, her gaze riveted on his face. Finally she spoke, very quietly:

"Oh, I knew it was too good to be true."

"What is it, Molly?" As though he didn't know!

"Your coming back from the grave—and all the rest."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean you're an impostor. You're not Bob Malcolm!"

"How soon will your hay ride be over, Mrs. Von Balk? I need this car."

THERE rushed through Molly's mind many answers that he might make. Most of all, she expected him to deny the charge. Perhaps she wanted him to—in her vanishing hope that even now she might be mistaken. Yet that wish fought against terror that he would try to lie out of it—to her. She could not bear that, she thought. It would be such a sacrifice of human dignity that she too would be ever ashamed. Yet she would rather have him lie, she felt, than beg for mercy.

He did none of these things. He merely gave a long sigh, as one who drops a load too heavy to bear.

She said nothing for a long time. The cries of amazement and reproach that rose in her throat she stifled on her lips. When at last she spoke, she had weathered the first shock and her voice hardly trembled.

"So it's true, isn't it?"

"Plain as a pikestaff," he answered. His voice was gray.

"Why hasn't any one guessed it? Of course not many people knew that Bob's cousin was coming here to make trouble for him—perhaps no one but Mr. Fisher and I—and he's as stupid as I am. The man who looked like Bob. And I said I didn't believe in doubles!"

"They're not very common," Malcolm said thoughtfully. "I don't think

hurts the worst. That hurts even worse than this, and that's saying a lot. He was the man I might have loved—and never knew it."

"I'm sorry I've added to the hurt. That's not much to say, but I can't think of anything else."

"You heard of his death, and decided to take advantage of it. He said you were a vagabond and maybe a rascal, but I'd like to think you took his place with the idea of filling it the best you could and making a man of yourself. Still I don't see quite how you managed it. You couldn't have got out to that island without help."

"I managed it, all right, with native help."

"And then—but I don't dare think any more."

"What do you mean, Molly?"

"You've held a position of great trust. Any one who would pass himself off as another man might be suspected of worse things. But I'm not going to believe that. I couldn't bear it."

"Thanks, Molly."

"And you even took his place to make love to me! It was part of the show, I suppose."

"I wasn't taking any man's place in making love to you. I was all on my own. I hope you'll believe that, because it's true."

"I prefer to believe it. Not that it's very pleasant to consider—being in the arms of an impostor. Now what am I to do? Tell Uncle Tom at once, I suppose."

"It would seem to be your duty."

"What will happen to you then? You'll go to prison, of course."

"Only for a few years—unless worse crimes are proved against me."

"Oh! It's what you deserve, I

lled out without any reason, wouldn't others guess the truth and send the police after me? I wonder if I could ask you to give me twenty-four hours?"

"I shouldn't do it. It's betraying Uncle Tom. All for a—"

"Vagabond, I believe you said, and maybe a rascal. Don't do anything against your conscience, Molly."

"Would you have to go to his office? Let him go on thinking—"

"For a while in the morning, anyway. Then I could be called away."

"Will you swear to me that if I give you this time you won't take advantage of it in any way against him? Tomorrow, or any time in the future?"

"I swear it to you by all I hold sacred."

"I'm going to believe you. Maybe I shouldn't—but I do. You've got your good side. You're not bad at heart—or I couldn't have—" She turned her face away.

"Liked me as much as you did. I know."

"But if you're not out of town, never to return, by midnight tomorrow night, I'm going to tell Sir Thomas. That's my last word. Now, if you'll call a car for me, I'm going home."

"I hate to ask any more favors, but I must. If you go home in a different car, some one might suspect. Get in my car. You know the driver, and know he's to be trusted. It's only a short distance, and I won't say a word to you all the way home."

He spoke so humbly, this daring man, that she was touched. "Very well. We'll go at once."

He kept his promise all the way to her door. He had lifted his hat and turned to go before a word was spoken, and then it was her word. "Wait," she said.

He paused, still not speaking.

"I'm sorry about this. Especially if you were only trying to make a new life—a respectable one. I spoke too harshly, I think."

"No; you were very generous."

"And I don't want you to think I feel ashamed because I was in your arms. You're enough like Bob that I was very happy there—until the truth came out. Just the same, what I told you still stands. By midnight tomorrow night, never to return."

"I understand."

"You are enough like him"—she drew a deep breath—"or he was enough like you—"

Then she closed the door softly and was gone.

FROM Molly's house Malcolm was driven straight to the residence of Sir Thomas. Here he dismissed his driver and, taking the wheel himself, drove to Fish

Botanical Gardens. The hour was late, but he knew a word to speak to Fisher's butler that admitted him.

Fisher's living room was gaudily furnished, in keeping with his part, but his real personality was revealed in the small library to which Malcolm was admitted, and in his severely but beautifully furnished bedroom beyond. Books lined the wall and were heaped on his bedstand.

"Have a chair, Malcolm," he invited. "I hope this is a social call."

"It's not, though—I'm sorry."

"No? You're such a well informed chap that I'd enjoy a long evening with you—far from this humdrum business of espionage. . . . By Jove, you look a bit shaken! Have a drink before you start?"

MALCOLM had never met a more gracious host. Knowing Fisher's other self, there was an unpleasant tingle up his spine. "You told me something once I find increasingly hard to believe," Malcolm said thoughtfully when he had tasted his drink. "You said you aren't the chief of this organization."

"Quite true, Malcolm."

"He must be a most remarkable man, but I'm afraid I'll never get to meet him."

"You've already met him. Whether you'll ever recognize him as the chief is something else again. Malcolm, you flattered me just now, and I want you to know something. I have my pride, the same as any man. When the great of our profession are discussed, my name is sometimes mentioned in passing. But the highest honor I've ever held is to serve as second to the chief of our operations here. He has his faults—a love of drama, a weakness for the bizarre—but compared to him—" And Fisher made a telling gesture.

"I'm afraid that the weakness you speak of operated in my case. The scheme was a beautiful one, but unsound."

"I was afraid so." Fisher continued to sip his drink. "Molly again?"

"We thought that was the weak point, but we were wrong. It's Sir Thomas himself. He's withholding information from me—and he watches me."

"What does it mean, Malcolm?"

"Trouble, before very long. As yet it hasn't occurred to him that I'm not Bob Malcolm. He seems to feel that the shipwreck I was supposed to have undergone has made me untrustworthy—a blow on the head or something of the kind. But Molly has already teased me in his presence about a black-sheep cousin expected in goon. When h

and two together—"

"What steps can you take to ward off the danger?"

"It's a cul-de-sac. You know that. Tonight I seriously considered inventing a dying aunt and leaving Rangoon. I took the risk of staying longer because I think I can make it worth while for all of us."

Fisher lighted his pipe. The match flare picked up his bright eyes. "What's the rest of it, Malcolm?"

"Before I explain, I've got to find out how great the risk is. Suppose I'm suddenly exposed as the wrong Malcolm, and arrested. Can I get off with 'false pretenses'? That might mean a year or two in jail—where I've been before—and perhaps merely deportation, to prevent a scandal. But if I'm convicted of selling information to the enemy I'll spend the rest of my life at hard labor."

"Not a chance of the latter. You can maintain you were merely trying to better yourself by the impersonation, and there won't be a scrap of evidence to the contrary. We sweep clean as we go, Malcolm."

"I thought so. Well, here are the cards on the table. There's something in the wind at headquarters—something big. I don't know what it is as yet, except that it concerns China's struggle against Japan, and British prestige with General Chiang Kai-shek."

"Khodo has told us the same. He says that Sir Thomas is beside himself with excitement. But Khodo was unable to learn—"

"Khodo is in the kitchen and I'm in Sir Thomas' private office. If I get this information—and you can use it—will you pay me an extra thousand pounds? I'll need every shilling I can rake and scrape if I'm going to America."

"I'd have to talk to the chief, but I believe he'd consent—gladly."

But Malcolm did not appear pleased by this reply. "I'd hoped you could give me a positive answer," he remarked coldly. "On second thought, I'll get my answer from the lips of the chief himself."

"But that's impossible!"

"Nothing is impossible, my friend." Malcolm finished his drink and rose with a smile. "As the Americans put it—'you'd be surprised!'"

Who is this powerful and mysterious chief? Is Malcolm bluffing that he knows him? Will a showdown now upset all plots and plans? What of Molly's part in the impending drama? There is an astounding denouement in next week's Liberty before the final curtain falls.

☆ THE BOOK OF THE WEEK ☆

by OLIVER SWIFT

★ ★ ★ **SIGHT UNSEEN** by Frederick G. Lieb. Harper & Brothers.

A frank and sympathetic look into the unseen world, emphasizing what the author believes to be genuine metaphysical healings and exposing the illusory. Every open-minded person interested in the mysterious and the occult will enjoy this book.

Cool Ingram's
of thee I sing –
for quick relief from
shaves that sting!

Give your face that soothing, bracing Ingram's coolness!

QUICK AS A WINK, Ingram's whips up into a glacier of fast-wilting lather. As you shave, that unique Ingram's difference—the famous *kick*—braces your skin. But your big moment comes when you lay your blade aside! Your face feels COOL, refreshed. Ingram's relieves shaving's burns and irritations. Get a thrifty tube or jar at your drug store today.

A SPEED LATHER! Ingram's lather works amazingly fast! It wilts the fight out of the most stubborn whiskers in jig time.

FEEL THAT KICK! With each and every stroke of your razor, Ingram's "wet-inside" lather gives a cool and bracing kick to your skin.

COOLING—SOOTHING —COMFORTING Smooth, easy shaving and a cool, attractive-looking skin are the rewards of thrifty Ingram's.

INGRAM'S
Concentrated
SHAVING CREAM
A little goes a longer way

I AM DEAF—
and Glad of It

The blithe and candid confession of one who has found a world of golden silence

BY EVERETT ROBBINS

READING TIME • 4 MINUTES 30 SECONDS

I HAVE no sympathy whatever to waste on deaf people. I am one of the really deaf—not one of those euphoniously designated as "a bit hard of hearing."

The statement that I am glad of it is not a defense mechanism, or compensatory illusion. It is an expression of understanding and appreciation of the many great advantages today accruing to the deaf.

Deafness is not a wall, shutting us off from the rest of the world—not any more. It is a veil which we use to our own comfort. With modern hearing aids one need miss nothing worth while. We can hear the things worth hearing and shut out the waste—which is most of the noises and a large part of the talk. There is so much that the person with normal hearing *fails to miss.*

Who has not wished that he could have quiet in the midst of a crowd; that he could stop the noises and clatter so often around him? If you are deaf, you can do so at will.

There are many trades where deafness is no handicap. I am convinced that it is not a handicap to a business executive.

In my office sits my secretary at her typewriter. In an adjoining room are adding and calculating machines. People are constantly passing the door. I am able to shut it all out, to concentrate completely. Then, with my hearing device on, I can enter into any discussion as well as any one, and I have the advantage that much of the discussion is addressed more directly to me, and people speak more clearly because of my deafness.

Is not advantage sometimes taken? Yes—by the deaf person.

Many times I have asked that a statement be repeated for me. I had heard it the first time. While it was being repeated I had time to think what my reply should be.

Those who deal in business with one who is deaf soon learn that "asides" are dangerous. You can never tell when we will hear with startling clarity something that you thought we would not get.

In my business observations I have found only one group of people to whom deafness seems to be a handicap—those who try to conceal it. Otherwise it seems to beget added courtesy and consideration.

Perhaps I have been fortunate in my business associates. It would never be guessed from their attitude that I have an "affliction." I have perhaps an unusual secretary, who smoothes over many situations. But since I find no greater difficulty in my outside contacts, perhaps being deaf is no handicap at all.

As to the telephone, many deaf can hear over it fairly well. The telephone company supplies a "booster" de-

. Or one can just listen through the hearing aid, as to any other conversation.

In my business I have to attend many conventions, meetings, lectures, luncheons, and dinners. I glow with pleasure when I think of the dull talks and addresses on which I have been able to shut off my hearing device. There is one big plus for the deaf!

At night, trucks on the road or burglarious noises about the house bother me not at all. When I remove my hearing aid I remove all petty annoyances, and sleep the probably undeserved sleep of the just.

There has been no interference with social activities. Perhaps I don't go to the movies as often as in years past—but that is, I think, due to the quality of the movies and not of my ears. For the theater I pick the better plays, and go less often, because I must have a good seat from the acoustic standpoint. I have merely become more selective—wasted less time and money.

My hearing aid serves me well, and fails in no degree to interfere with activity in such sports as golf, bowling, skating. Only when I put on a bathing suit do I find that I am really deaf. As to spectator sports, I am way ahead. When the tumult becomes earsplitting, I gently shut down to the volume that is comfortable.

In traveling I hear or not, as I choose. I drive my car thousands of miles a year, with enjoyment beyond that of most people. Any back-seat driving can be shut out or ignored, on the pretense that it is unheard—and who can prove otherwise?

Because we can shut off or pretend not to hear, I think we who are deaf acquire a rather better sense of the proportion of things. We learn to ignore the small annoyances more easily than can a hearing person.

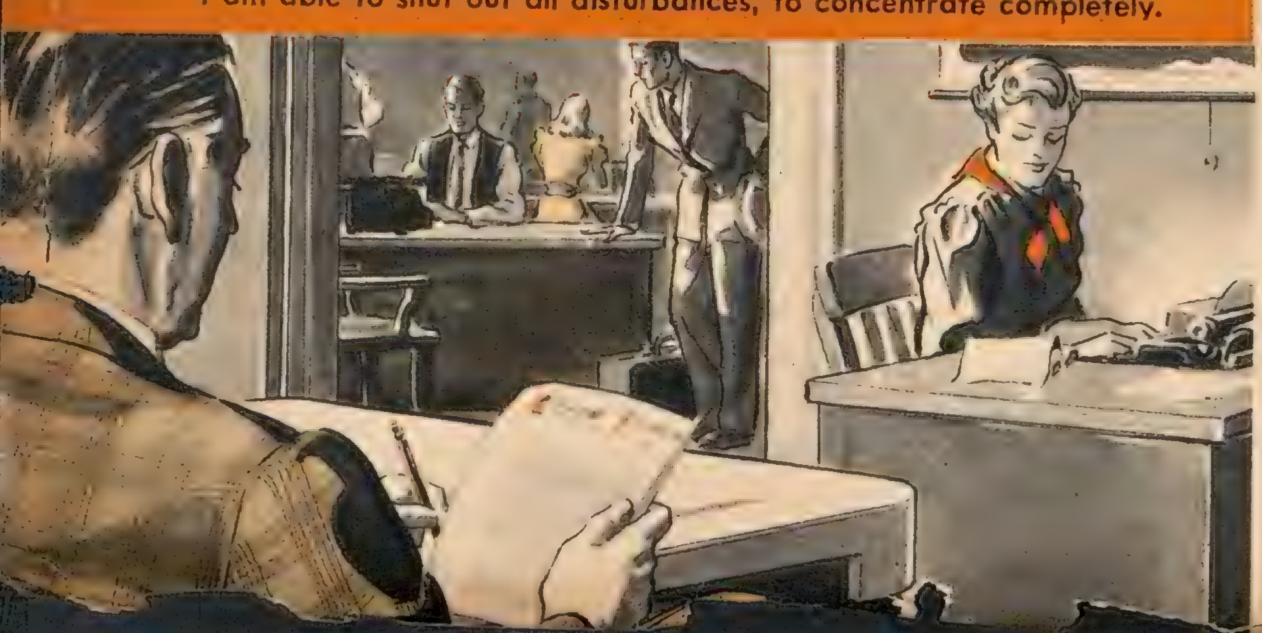
With that balance should be a sense of humor—perhaps the condition itself compensates by developing that humor. There are times when we need it, and so do our friends. But then, more humorous tolerance is a good thing to cultivate anyway.

Lip reading is of course useful, as far as it goes, but is hardly necessary with the hearing aids we now have. Yet, even so, I find that I watch people's faces and expressions more closely than when I could hear. That is another benefit which has come to me: not to depend entirely on the words spoken, but to observe the further meanings that are expressed by the lips and face muscles, often unconsciously.

Many other advantages of being deaf might be enumerated. So if you are deaf or growing deaf, be of good cheer. You are losing some lifelong habits—and you will thank God for some of the losses. You will be able to be in the world and not of it when you wish.

You will not mind being deaf, unless you are poor company for yourself—and if you are that, nothing can help you, not even deafness.

THE END



I am able to shut out all disturbances, to concentrate completely.

THE QUADRUPLETS *Nobody Knows*

WHITNEY CONNELLY

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 55 SECONDS

WHILE North American mothers debate the advantages of ultramodern scientific methods impounded by a great and generous government for the quins, four husky nine-year-old boys in Beaumont, Texas, offer indisputable proof of what happens when parents are let alone.

These, the world's unique quadruplets—the only four boys of their kind—live in direct contrast to the impressive protective isolation that surrounds the untouchable five little girl wards of Canada's King.

Without the fanfare of excessive publicity or the ballyhoo of endorsed testimonials, the A-B-C-D Perricone quads—Anthony, Bernard, Carl, and Donald—eat, sleep, work, and play just as thousands of other little nine-year-old boys eat, sleep, work, and play in thousands of homes of poor but honest hard-working parents.

There have been no government endowments, grants, or gratuities. There have been no movie contracts, radio appearances, or royalties. There have been no fabulous World's Fair offers or helpful public subscriptions.

Solely by the sweat of his brow, from a rented eight-acre truck farm in the suburban South Park district of Beaumont, Philip Perricone, who came to this country in 1902 from Sicily, ekes a bare existence for his wife, his five sons—and the quads.

Here's a unique quartet! They live without fame or fanfare — and thrive

On Halloween Day in 1929 the quadruplets—seventeen pounds of boys—arrived at the Perricone home on the wings of a blizzard. When Dr. J. R. Bevel, the family physician, came out of the front bedroom, his face was grim and set. Papa Perricone knew bad news when he saw it.

"Marie?" He tried to swallow the lump in his throat.

"With plenty of rest, she'll come through," Dr. Bevel said. "But with the boys it's a matter of hours."

Hastily summoned, the parish priest came, nose and ears crimson from the unaccustomed cold. Names of beloved relatives were hurriedly chosen—Carl, Donald, Anthony, Bernard—and the Catholic sacrament of baptism administered. So were the A-B-C-D quads, without premeditation, symbolically named.

There were no spectacular dashes to Beaumont with mother's milk, no thrilling races with incubators rushed by sympathetic institutions, no inexhaustible resources offered by admirers or by the government.

Yet the tiny quadruplet boys lived!

Instead of a private institution for their own exclusive use, they shared their parents' room until they learned to walk—then graduated into a room of their own, where they all sleep in one big bed.

Despite marked family characteristics, the Perricone quads are distinctly individual.

Anthony, with fair hair and blue eyes, in direct contrast to the straight black hair and soft dark-brown eyes of his brothers, is left-handed. Bernard, the youngest, is ambidextrous and has an outstanding personality. Carl, the oldest, is quiet and studious. Donald, the second oldest, is the tallest by three inches and, like Carl, is right-handed.

As they have shared bed, food, work, study, and play, so have they shared the usual assortment of childhood ailments. No effort has ever been made to separate them, even when one developed a contagious illness.

There is a strong ingrained spirit of "one for all and all for one" in the boys. They are definitely inseparable, quick to help each other, polite, well behaved, and highly intelligent.

At the South Park Public School of Beaumont they are accepted by their schoolmates at face value—four more third-grade boys—"regular guys" who play baseball and football, own a dog, and can ride a bicycle.

Spot, their dog, a genial fellow of questionable ancestry, bounds frantically down the street to greet them returning after school. An ancient secondhand vehicle does quadruple duty as a bicycle—to be ridden "chance about."

At home it isn't all play. The quads must help with the chores—keep the woodbox filled; clean the yard; help with the chickens and cow.

Simply furnished, their home is spotless. From spick-and-span living room to the cozy warmth of the kitchen, fresh air, sunlight, and cleanliness prevail.

When I met them, the quads, standing in A-B-C-D formation, solemnly acknowledged introductions with manlike clasps of friendly hands.

"What do you think of the quins?" I offered by way of breaking the ice, and knew I hit a natural by the gleam in four pairs of eyes.

"Oh, we *like* the quins," came the eager voice of Carl.

"Yeah, we're gonna marry 'em when we get bigger," added Donald.

"If we can find out what to do with the extra girl," complained the practical Bernard.

"She could play with Spot," suggested Anthony. "They can't have puppies up there."

A year ago a music lover gave them an accordion. Sharing the one instrument, they displayed marked talent. Papa Perricone took another hitch in his belt and bought three more accordions. His judgment was good.

Around Beaumont the quads' appearances are well received. They display astonishing stage presence and play astoundingly well. A national radio feature, Believe It or Not, has booked them for an appearance early next year.

Perhaps the financial tide has turned. Stage and radio appearances may ensure their proper education. College scholarships may be forthcoming—the canny prexy of Texas' Baylor, alma mater of the famous Keys quads, has already paid them a visit—but even with scholarships, clothing and living expenses are large items.

Today their only individual property is their schoolbooks, their accordions, their dime banks (total eighty cents each), and their clothes.

The dog, the worn-out bicycle, and a few smaller toys are community property that have played their part in developing unselfishness and consideration for others in the hearts of America's only boy quadruplets.

THE END

Hitting the ceiling fo

Daytime view of New York City, looking south. Traffic-flow problems are easily visualized in this type of aerial picture.

Capt. Robert A. Smith, the "Daniel Boone" of the flying camera, began experimenting with aerial photography before the World War. An R. F. C. flier on the western front, he helped found this new profession, is today one of its leading exponents.

The "low-down" on the "high-up" b
a veteran aerial photographe

The saga of aerial photography is fu of curious and astounding facts. Almos unnoticed by the general public, the aeria camera has changed the destiny of man. I has uncovered lost civilizations, added t the world's known reserves of petroleum harnessed the forces of nature, softene its disasters, evolved a new method of ta assessment and is rapidly remapping th world.

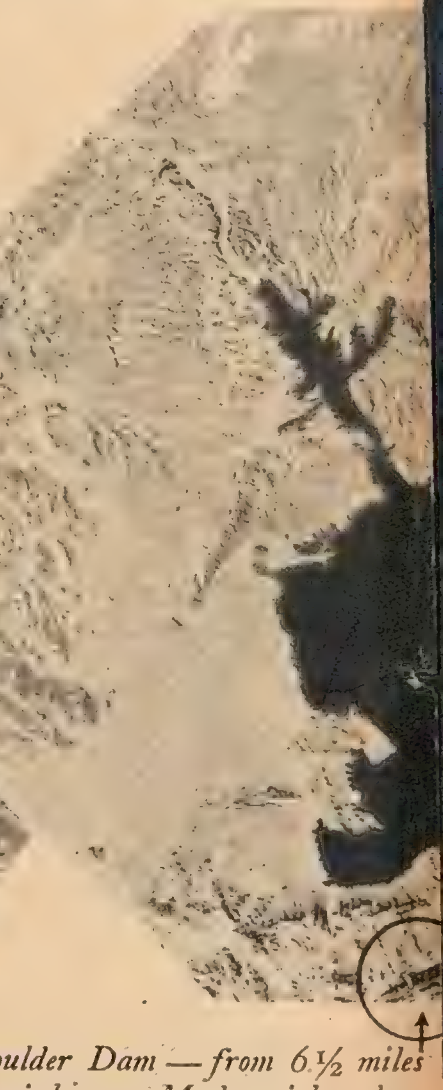
No science, in so short a span of years has directly influenced more varied fields of human endeavor. Tremendous things are happening in the air today.

Desperate Parisians took crude daguerreotypes from balloons in the siege of 1870. During the World War the aerial camera reappeared as a vital strategic instrument.

Right—The flashlight bomb used in making this experimental night air view of lower Manhattan generated 3 billion candlepower.

Left—Ruins of Chan-Chan, ancient Peruvian city, lost for four centuries until identified from air photo showing shadows cast by its foundations.

The Statue of Liberty looms up brilliantly against the blackness of the bay in this superb night aerial photograph, taken with a powerful flash bomb.



Boulder Dam—from 6½ miles straight up. Made with 9-lens aerial camera (actually 9 pictures in one), it shows 15 miles of

THE BEER THAT MADE MILWAUKEE

Pictures

The Armistice called a halt to aeronautical development. Fliers turned to barnstorming, but aerial photography provided a meal-ticket for peace-time aviation.

The challenge of the flying camera, demanding greater and greater altitudes, inspired the whole air fraternity, resulted in some of its most brilliant triumphs.

In the early days of aerial photography, any old camera would do. Today there are specialized cameras, several hundred times as sensitive as the human eye, regularly taking pictures at a ceiling of 20,000 feet and higher—four miles up.

Detroit can be photographed from Dayton, Ohio. Mt. Shasta, California, showed up nicely in an aerial photograph taken 331 miles away. Engineers in New York, without leaving their desks, have designed a dam in Mexico, calculating vertical elevations and water levels by

power, pictures can be taken on the darkest night. A strip-map covering an area five miles wide and 100 miles long can be photographed in half an hour.

The modern aerial camera may weigh almost half a ton, require a derrick to lower it into its plane, have as many as nine lenses operating simultaneously, contain as high as 5,000 parts put together as precisely as a fine watch. It may be fully automatic and electrically controlled. It's not surprising that some of these mechanical marvels with lenses the size of dinner

that films as large as 18 inches wide and 1,000 feet long are sometimes used.

High-altitude photographic ships are practically flying refrigerators. Their heavily reinforced and thickly insulated cabins are built to withstand the intense Arctic cold of the surrounding sub-stratosphere. Even so, temperatures in the oxygen-charged cabins often drop below zero.

The beer that made Milwaukee famous salutes the pioneers who have made America famous in the conquest of man's last frontier — the upper air.

Aerial photo of the World's Greatest Brewery—home of the Beer that made Milwaukee Famous.

the storage lake and 220 square miles of earth. The "wrinkles" are actually mountains 6,000 feet high.

FAMOUS

Above all... that Famous Flavor found only in *Schlitz*

The demand for Schlitz has soared to record-breaking heights as new millions discover what the epicures of the earth have known for almost a century. That famous flavor of Schlitz is dry, not sweet, neither is it bitter. The secret is in the blending of the malt and the hops.

UNITED BREWERS INDUSTRIAL FOUNDATION

That famous flavor of Schlitz comes to you intact in every bottle. *Here's why:* The air that sustains life can destroy the flavor of the beer *if sealed in the bottle. SO—WE TAKE THE AIR OUT OF THE BOTTLE AN INSTANT BEFORE WE PUT THE BEER IN.* An amazing new method that assures you brewery-fresh goodness *always*. Schlitz pioneers again!

TTLED AT THE BREWERY
Schlitz

Dry... NOT SWEET
NOT BITTER!

SCHLITZ

Copyright 193
JOS. SCHLIT
BREWING CO
MILWAUKEE

DON QUIXOTE on Ninth Avenue

BY CARL CLAUSEN

READING TIME ● 24 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

YOU'VE heard about guys who rush in where angels fear to tread.

Well, I didn't mean to. I just happened to see her at the cash register through the plate-glass window of the restaurant as I went by. The place hadn't been opened more than two or three months, but, like all new eating joints, it was doing a land-office business. New Yorkers are optimists about new hash joints.

Don't ask me to describe her. I couldn't and still can't. Dark and small, but not too small and only medium dark. I went in and ordered mocha and sinkers to get a good look at her. By the time I was dunking my second sinker I knew she was going to be Mrs. Bill McAllister before very long.

My friends tell me that I'm a sucker for dames, which I'm not. It's merely that my mother died in childbirth, with me, Bill McAllister, the cause. So I've tried to give the Gretchens a break, knowing they got a hard row to hoe.

I'll admit I've been taken for buggy rides, but the casualties have been strictly financial.

As I'm earning very nice sugar as trouble shooter for the Square Deal Garage in Tenth Avenue, I don't see that it's anybody's business than my own.

I asked the guy who slipped me the sinkers what's her name.

"Frances," he said.

"What else?"

"Brehm." He pointed to the plate-glass window, where the name HENRY BREHM, PROP. was painted in gold letters.

"I see. The boss's daughter?"

"Right. I'm the boss."

"I came to the right place for information," I grinned.

He knicked fifteen cents out of my check.

"There are those who'd think it was the wrong place. Was I twenty years younger and you fifty pounds lighter—"

"Don't say it," I interrupted. "You'll only have to apologize when you know me better."

"I know you better right now, fresh guy."

With that he went off to wait on another customer. I called for a second cup of mocha, and was lighting a cigarette when a guy walked in. I didn't like his looks right away, and not just because he stopped at the cash register like he owned it and the girl. He was dressed too well for Ninth Avenue, and his pan was deader than a tintype. The girl's hand was on the showcase, and he reached for it. She pulled her hand away, and I didn't see anything in her eyes that looked like admiration.

Father Henry was watching the two, from behind the urn, with a sort of helpless expression on his face.

I got up and walked around the counter and laid my check and half a dollar on the cash register.

"You're holding up traffic," I told Dead Pan. "Shove off."

He looked at me, lazily surprised.

"This guy anything to you?" he asked the girl as Henry came up from behind, hollering:

"What's going on here?"

"Nothing," I said. "This punk was holding hands during business hours. I'm breaking him of it."

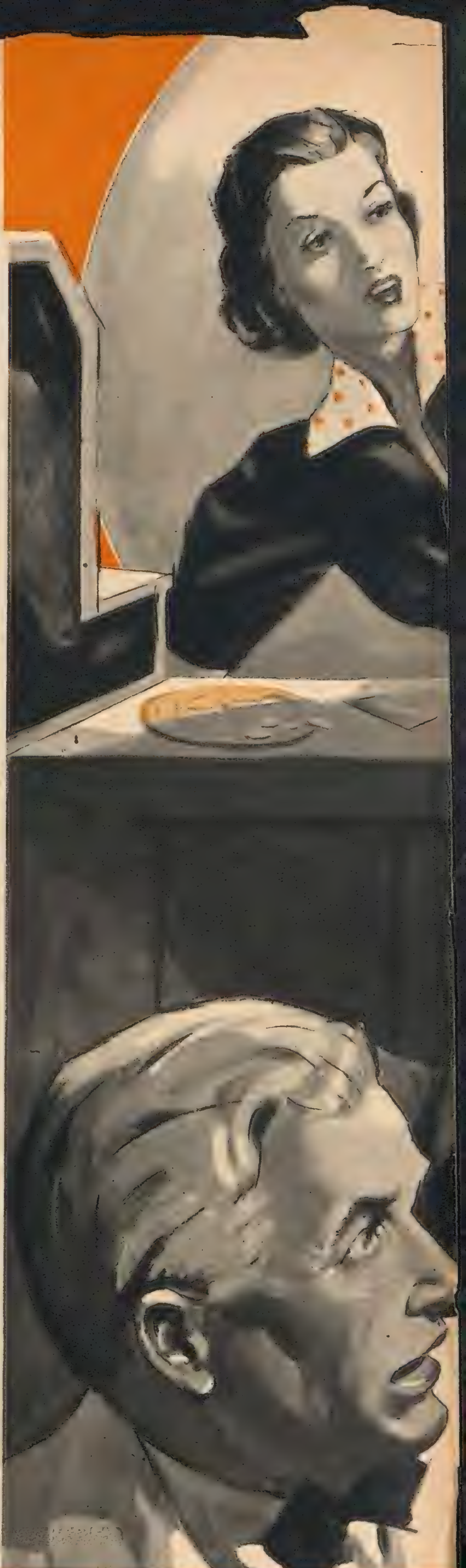
"Listen," said Henry. "I don't want any trouble here. You got your change. Get going."

"Or else!" sneered the punk.

"I don't know what your business is here," I said to him, "but you didn't buy even a cup of coffee. I'm a customer, and the customer is always right. Miss Brehm doesn't like your looks. Neither do I. That makes it unanimous. Scram!"

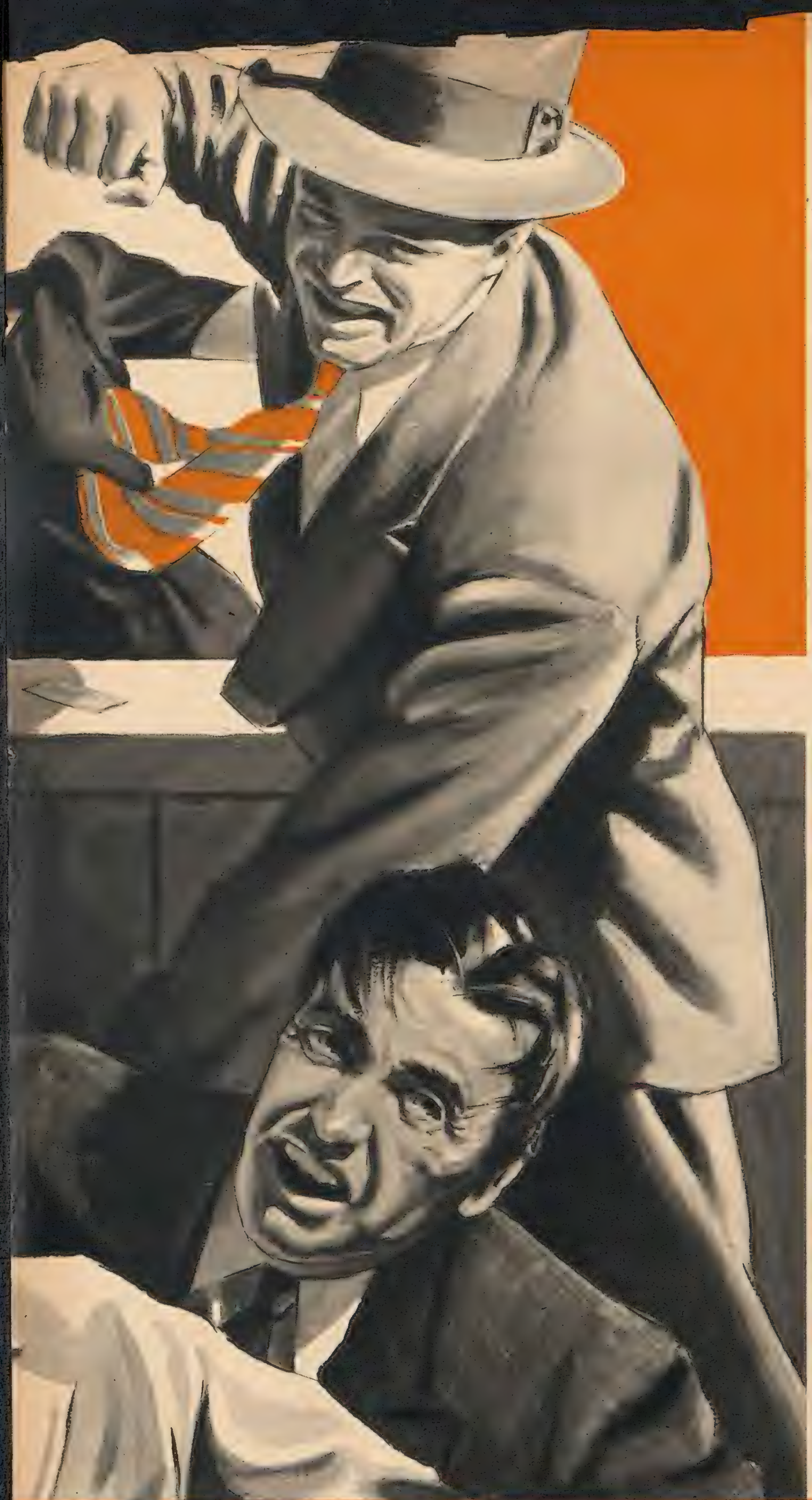
I don't think I ever saw a nastier look on anybody's pan than on this punk's. The girl had backed against the wall, her dark eyes wide with fright.

Seeing Henry duck, I bored in just as the punk's right hand came away from his left armpit with a rod. He didn't have time to release the safety



ILLUSTRATED BY RALPH ENTWHISTLE

Romance and danger, and a damsel in distress! The exciting story of a rash young



The girl's dark eyes were wide with fright. Seeing Henry duck, I bored in.

catch—which was lucky for him, as he would have committed suicide, since I had his arm twisted double behind his back before he could fan me, so that's where he'd have got the slug. The gun clattered across the tile floor. I picked him up by the seat of his zippers and dropped him on the sidewalk for a crowd to gather around. When I picked the rod up, I saw that a chip had been knocked out of the handle. I stuck the chip in my vest pocket.

Henry came up for air, and the girl was trembling all over. The three or four customers sat frozen.

"Sorry," I said. "I had to do it. It would have been a mess for the janitor to mop up."

"Please—please go!" the girl cried.

"I didn't mean any harm. I just don't like to see a nice girl annoyed by a punk." I laid the card of the Square Deal Garage on the cash register. "If he tries it again, give me a ring and I'll move in. Ask for Bill McAllister."

"Won't you—go, please?"

As Henry seconded the motion, I blew. But I knew she wasn't mad—just scared. Her eyes were even nicer, pleading, and I knew she was trying to make up her mind if I was on the up and up.

The crowd had drifted away when the punk picked himself up and beat it. I was in the possession of firearms and I didn't have a permit, so I walked over to the precinct station and laid the punk's gun on the sergeant's desk, telling him where and how I got it.

The sergeant looked at me long and hard. He picked the thing up with his handkerchief, and told one of his dicks to take me into the next room.

"I got the rod where I told you. If you're going to hold me for lugging it four blocks and then handing it over—that's all right, too," I said, giving him one of the cards of the Square Deal. "But you might call Rusty at the garage—that's the boss—and send a man over to the restaurant and check up before you sweep out the cell."

Neither of them said anything. The sergeant went away. He was gone about fifteen minutes. When he returned, he asked me to repeat my story.

"Can you be reached at this address?" he asked.

"Day or night," I said. "I have a room on the second floor. I like to be close to my work."

I went back to the garage. Rusty was washing up. I told him of my run-in with the punk. He wiped his hands on the roller towel.

man who rushed in where angels fear to tread . . . and found the key to paradise

"Beating up guys who get fresh with dames in a town of seven million is like trying to drink up all the popskull in Alabama," he said. "Why don't you cut it out and get married?"

"I was trying to, wasn't I?"

I tuned the old hack up—the old-fashioned foreign-built chassis that hid the new eight-cylinder job. After supper that night, I parked her near the All-Night-and-Day Restaurant. When the girl came out, I took her arm and steered her toward it.

"I owe you an apology for the break I made this afternoon," I said. "I'm going your way if you'll give me your street number, and I'm not just another fresh guy."

She looked about, scared.

"Please—you mustn't be seen with me!" But she got in.

"This punk," I said, pulling away from the curb, "is he anything to you except a pain in the neck?"

"You've no right to ask."

"Sorry. My mistake. I'm no knocker, but with your looks you could do better. If I had known, I wouldn't have turned in the gun."

"You mean—you took it to the police?"

"What else could I do? It wasn't mine and I didn't have a permit to carry one. Sorry if I got a friend of yours in trouble."

"I wish you'd mind your own business."

"This is it," I said.

"D'you always go barging in—like this?" she snapped.

"This is a special case."

"Oh, yeah? Why?"

"Figure it out for yourself."

She turned sort of pink at the ears.

"That's ridiculous!" she said, looking away.

"So's internal combustion, but this bus can do ninety on it. What did you say was the number of your street?"

I WAS in luck. It was away uptown in the Bronx. She kept silent most of the way. I told her a little about myself and some about herself. I mean, the way she looked to me.

Riverside Drive is nice in June. The top was down and the old hack did her stuff. Under the Washington Bridge, a cop hauls abreast and fans us over.

"What did I do, officer?" I asked innocently.

"Seventy-four in a thirty-five-mile limit. Let me see your card."

I handed it to him.

"Mechanic? I suppose you was testing a repair job for the mayor of Massachusetts?"

"No. I just wanted to see my girl's hair blow this way and that."

The cop looked at Frances.

"First straight alibi I've had in a month. I'm giving you a break, fellow. Clocking you fifty-five." He handed me a ticket. "Traffic Court, Thursday, 2 P. M."

He gave me back my card and went on the tail of a black sedan.

"It'll cost you twenty dollars," the girl said.

"It was worth a hundred and twenty to have even a cop think you were my girl."

"First thing you know, I'm going to believe you. I wish you hadn't taken the gun to the police."

"If he's got a permit, nothing will happen—unless I prefer charges, and I wouldn't do that—seeing the way you feel about him."

"And how is that?" she asked.

"You should know. It's your feelings."

"Go sit on a tack!" she snapped.

"Here's your street," I said. "I don't suppose you'd want your mother to meet me?"

"So you're really on the level," she said. "Come on. She'll probably drop dead from the novelty of it."

SHE and Frances could have been sisters. I'm a believer in looking their old ladies over to get a line on what's ahead. I liked her fine. We talked for a while, and I took them both to the movies. When we got back, she went upstairs and gave us a break.

"I'll call you tomorrow night," I told Frances. "I know a little place up the Hudson—"

She put her hand on my arm.

"Do me a favor, Bill. Don't try to see me again—ever."

"I must be dumb. I thought you liked me."

"I do. That's why. Don't ask me. I can't tell you."

"Look," I said. "If you've done something you hadn't ought to, I'm not interested. See? All I want to know is, will you shoot square after you're Mrs. Bill McAllister?"

"You—you're sweet, Bill. Why couldn't we have met under different circumstances?"

"Said Wally to the Duke! I'll ring you tomorrow night."

"You—you mustn't, Bill."

I walked up the steps with her. The doorway was dark, and it happened naturally.

"I must be crazy," she said, "letting a guy kiss me the first thing."

"I'm sorry if you are. Only why should anybody be sorry about something that makes you feel like you own the world?"

"But we don't! It's only because things happened—the way they did."

"You mean that?"

She looked at me in the dark.

"You make it awfully hard for a girl, Bill. Good night."

I was getting into the bus when her old man came along.

"You're asking for it!" he said.

"Don't be a fool, Henry. I can't take my girl's father apart."

"If I had your crust I wouldn't be running no hash joint. You lay off her or you'll find yourself in the Hackensack meadows up to your knees—headfirst."

"Tough guy?" I said. I held up my right duke. "You'd be surprised how this thing has helped me live to be twenty-six."

"A gat makes small guys of big guys," he says.

I took *his* to the cops."

I stepped on the gas and left him standing tearing his hair.

The following night I hung around the Bronx until it was time to call Frances.

"Take the subway to Van Cortlandt Park," I told her. "I'll be waiting with the bus at the El down-let."

I stuck around the station for an hour. It was nearly ten o'clock when she got off the train. She hopped aboard the bus without a word and we rolled off. When we were in Sawmill River Parkway, she said, looking straight ahead:

"D'you want something to come of this? I mean—maybe after we get to know each other better?"

"I don't have to know you better. I'm asking no questions—see? If you've been somebody's gun moll, he'll have to look around for another, so shall we forget it for a couple of hours? There's a swell orchestra where we're going."

"You're impossible, Bill." She put her head on my shoulder. "I could cry—it's so screwy."

THE place was jammed when we got there. We ordered beer and sandwiches. There wasn't a girl there could hold a candle to her. The smell of her hair made me dizzy, and it wasn't perfume—I mean not the kind you buy at the corner drugstore. When we got back to our seat after a fox trot, I saw that she'd been crying.

"What's wrong now?" I asked.

"Nothing's wrong. Did you ever hear about things being too perfect?"

"No kidding?"

"No kidding, Bill."

"That's what I was waiting for. Maybe I've waited for it all my life."

"This is a waltz," she said.

They had turned the lights low. Funny, but I felt like I was standing on top of a hill with her, and the wind blowing soft. Her head was where it belonged.

"Bill," she said, "I'm going to love you—if it kills me."

"Before that happens we'll have done a lot of nutty things, like taking the kids to the zoo on Sundays."

"Maybe," she sighed. "I just wish you hadn't turned his gun in to the police. Elephants never forget."

I was working on an oil-ring job the next morning when a guy came up behind me. I felt the hair on the back of my neck rise and took a grip on the monkey wrench.

"You Bill McAllister?" he asked.

"Yeah. No visitors during business hours."

"I'm no visitor. I'm a cop."

I straightened up and felt foolish with relief.

"The skipper wants to see you," he said.

"Pinched, am I?"

"My orders are to bring you in."

The captain in charge at the precinct station was a young guy with a poker face. "Bill McAllister is your right name?" he asked.

"It's the one the old man slipped

I nodded. "That's when I was young and foolish. Tell the champ he don't need to worry no more."

"You were foolish, all right—you and Dempsey. I lost ten bucks on your last fight. If you'd kept away from that mug another half a round you'd be pushing important leather instead of taking tin cans apart."

"I'm doing all right."

He reached into the drawer of his desk and laid the automatic pistol on top of it.

"Can you swear this is the rod you took away from Duke Delaney?"

"I can swear I took it away from a rat. He didn't look like no duke to me."

"You identify it positively?"

I dug into my pocket for the chip that had come off the pearl handle. The captain fitted it into the handle. He looked at the two dicks. Grinned.

"What a break!" he said. He pushed the telephone across the desk to me.

"Better call Rusty and tell him you're not coming back to work," he said.

"So I do the right thing and get in wrong!"

"I guess that's the way it is, Bud. How do I know it isn't your rod? We're holding you until we check the numbers. This guy you claim you took it off—maybe he didn't have a

sner? Both he and the girl saw it."

"I showed them the rod. They couldn't swear it was the same."

"So that's the sketch? She played me for a sucker!"

"I wouldn't know about that," the captain said.

The cell stank of disinfectant, which anyway meant they'd run the bugs ragged. I sat down on the cot and thought what a sap I'd been to fall for her line.

Anyway, the grub was tops. Sirloin on the hoof with French fried. I figured the captain was leery he had pulled a fast one and was trying to square himself by feeding me right.

But breakfast wasn't so good. Terrible, in fact. The captain came in while I was lighting a coffin nail. I knew he was worried about something the minute he sat down on the cot.

"How long have you known this girl over at the All-Night-and-Day?" he wanted to know.

"Since I slapped this punk down. What's it to you?"

"You mean you never saw her before that—and she went fifty-five with you in a thirty-mile limit?"

In frisking me the day before he'd found the ticket.

"Seventy-four," I said. "The cop give me a break. Yeah, she's a fast worker. Night before last she took me for six bucks' worth of cover

and

my motto."

"See anybody at the Blue Mill you knew?" he asked.

"No. Why?"

"Henry Brehm, her father, says she didn't come home last night. Hasn't yet. He figured you knew something."

"Me? How could I? Haven't I been in the can since yesterday afternoon?"

"Yeah, but Brehm doesn't know that. He thinks she went off with you. Phoned the garage, and Rusty told him you hadn't been in all day."

"Why didn't Rusty tell him where I was?"

"Because I told him not to."

"You trying to frame me for something or other?"

"I'm trying to keep you from getting knocked off, Bud. I lost ten bucks on you once. I don't want to lose my stripes too. Of all the guys in this burg, you had to go and pick on Duke Delaney."

"He could have been the Prince of Pilsen and I'd have pasted him for—what I thought—he was trying to do."

"Thought?"

"Yeah. Soiling the lily of the valley—skunk cabbage from now on. So she run off with the punk. Well, she had a nice line."

"Duke Delaney is president of the Restaurant Owners Protective Association. Does that mean anything to you?"

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"She did well for herself," I said. "And I thought my sixty a week was sugar to her. What a laugh! And her old man thinks she ran off with *me*."

"You can hardly blame him for that," the captain said, "seeing as how he got a note from her saying she and you had eloped and for him not to worry."

"Well, for— What does she think that's going to get her? Why didn't you tell her old man where I was?"

"I'm figuring the Duke's trying to find you," the captain said. "I just wanted to check on how well you knew the girl. Looks like you made enough of a dent on her so she won't give away where you are."

"Meaning that this Duke's figuring to burn me?"

"Or pour you in a barrel of cement. You busted his graft wide open for the grand jury to see."

"Are you telling me that he was shaking Henry down? And playing the girl at the same time?"

"Henry wouldn't dast tell if he was. At that, the Duke was probably satisfied with highjacking him of the daughter. She's kinda cute."

"Department of Understatement!" I said.

Just then a turnkey came to the door of the cell. "There's a shyster out in front with a writ to spring this guy, captain," he said.

"So-o-o! Who's your friend, Bud?" the captain asked.

"Henry Ford," I sneered. "He's been trying to get me away from Rusty for years."

THE captain got up with a funny look on his face. He was gone about ten minutes. When he came back, he said:

"You're free to go out and get yourself knocked off. Whoever your pal is, he's not doing you a favor."

"Must be Rusty. The work will have piled up."

"I called him. He claims to know nothing about it. Do me a favor? Don't go near the All-Night-and-Day."

"I'm doing myself a favor keeping away from it," I snapped.

The turnkey unlocked the cell door and I walked out. I guess the captain didn't think I caught the wink he gave the flatfoot who had brought me in.

Rusty still had the oil-ring job on the floor when I walked into the Square Deal. I got into my overalls and had the old can rolling by quitting time. When we washed up at the sink, Rusty said:

"Her brow was like the snowdrift and her necking like the swan—"

"Go to hell!" I said.

I went upstairs to my room. Got back into my blue serge. As I let myself out of the street door I saw a guy holding up a lamppost across the street. I'd have paid no attention to

Aven[illegible]

and spaghetti and a gallon of coffee.

Happening to look out of the window, I saw the guy who had held up the lamppost leaning against a mail can.

I paid my check and walked north on Columbus slowly. Every now and then I stopped to window-shop, and this guy did the same—half a block or so behind me.

SO that was it! There hadn't been any writ. The captain had turned me loose with one of his flatfeet on my tail to see what I'd do.

I couldn't figure out why. But I don't like to have a dick on my tail, so I turned the next corner and stepped into a doorway. He came around the corner pretty fast. As he passed the doorway, I jumped him. Got him by the neck just as he was reaching for his rod. I shook him until his teeth rattled.

"Scram!" I said. "Tell your captain that I don't like his flatfeet stepping on my heels."

"I wasn't tailing you," the guy said. "I never seen you before."

He was a tough-looking gorilla about my size. I debated should I pin his ears back when I saw a couple of guys come around the corner on the opposite side of the street, and slack up, lamping us. I figured they might be pals of his.

"Look, flatfoot," I said. "I don't know where this Duke Delaney took the hasher. If I did, I'd go and slap her face. No Gretchen can take me for a ride in my own bus."

He looked at me out of the corner of his shifty eyes.

"I was wondering would you like to see her?" he said.

"Come again?"

"Didn't the captain tell you where the Duke hangs out?" he asked.

"Has he got the girl there?"

"Where else would he have her? I'll show you the place—if you'll give me back my rod. If the captain finds out you took me for it, I'll be pounding a beat again."

"You'll take me there," I said, "and I keep the rod."

"I could pinch you—you ain't got no permit."

I poked him in the ribs. "Let's go."

"It's quite a ways from here."

"We'll take a hack."

I waved a cruising taxi to the curb. Fanned the guy into it.

"Ninth Avenue and Fifty-second," he told the driver.

I saw the two guys who had been lamping us from the opposite side of the street grab another cab and follow us. All right, thinks I. If the whole precinct want to watch me smear lipstick off this Gretchen's puss, it's O. K. by me.

The guy with me didn't let on as if he'd seen them.

The pal and I got out, walked west on Fifty-second to a four-story brownstone. As we turned in I saw the two other guys come around the

was beginning to like it [illegible] less. Kept my eye on the gorilla. He punched a bell and somebody answered with the clicker. We went up a dark stairway.

"I'm still wondering why you're doing this," I said. "So just in case —remember I'm holding the rod on you."

He knocked three times on a door. Somebody squinted at us through a peephole and I heard a bolt pulled.

The guy who opened the door was the punk I'd slapped down in the All-Night-and-Day. I got the picture plenty sudden. This guy who had steered me here was one of the Duke's torpedoes and I was about to be sunk.

I pushed the torpedo in ahead of me, keeping him between myself and the Duke. Delaney was in a silk dressing gown, and his right hand was in the pocket, which sagged, but not from the weight of his mitt.

"He's got my gat, Duke!" the torpedo hissed.

IT all happened in a second or two. The torpedo tried to uncover me for a target, but I'm pretty fast on my feet. Delaney's shot went wild—but not much wild. The torpedo's gat was an automatic and I'd never fired one, so I just heaved it at Delaney with plenty of swing. It took him square between his snake eyes, and down he went. I clipped the torpedo behind the ear. He folded up, and I went through the air and landed on the Duke and ripped the pocket of his silk dressing gown plumb off getting at his rod. I cracked him a clout with the barrel of it, and got up just in time to hang a chair over the head of the torpedo, who had scrambled to his feet.

Just then the panels of the door caved in and the precinct captain came through, ready to shoot. In about two seconds the room was full of cops, in and out of uniform.

The captain looked from me to the two yeggs groaning on the floor.

"How I ever lost ten bucks on you is a mystery," he said. "The referee must have been asleep."

He went to the door in the far end of the room. It was locked. A couple of them busted through it.

It was the Duke's bedroom, and Frances was on the bed—tied to it, I mean, and with a gag in her mouth. I yanked it loose while the captain undid her. She sat up and took a deep breath, and the first thing she said was:

"Bill darling, are you all right?"

"Except for his head," said the captain. "They call it locomotor ataxia. All auto mechanics got it. Some of them whistle at crossings."

She slid off the bed and put her arms around me. "Bill—Bill, you're wonderful!" she said.

I was too dazed to do anything but kiss her. The cops had the Duke and the torpedo handcuffed together.

"Delaney made me write that let-didn't believe I meant anything except for your own good in swearing out the warrant against you?"

"Hell—no!" I gasped, giving the captain my dirtiest look. "Say, are you telling me you knew all the time where I was, honey?"

"Is she telling you?" said the captain. "Where d'you suppose that sirloin and French fried came from last night? I don't run no à la carte grill."

"How did Delaney find out I was in the can?" I demanded.

"He—he—fu-finally made me tell," Frances said. "Twu-twisted my arm. But I knew you were safe."

I jumped at the rat and, forgetting he was handcuffed, socked him so hard that he took the torpedo with him into the corner.

"Hey—none of that!" the captain hollered. "How'd I square myself, with a couple of handcuffed stiffs?"

He yanked Delaney to his feet. "We'll prosecute on kidnaping instead of the restaurant racket. It goes further. Take 'em away, you guys!" He turned to me. "I've been looking for the Duke's hangout for a year. You led us to it, so I'm squaring your ticket for speeding, Don Kwiksotti."

"You are not," I said. "I violated the law, and I got my twenty bucks' worth. Gimme."

He turned it over. "I'll drive you two—wherever you want to go," he said, when we were all downstairs.

"That's a large order, cop. She and I are going places—streamline."

He waved to us as we walked off.

"When we've paid the fine tomorrow—how about buying us a marriage license?" I asked Frances. "The places are practically adjoining."

"Bill," she said, "you're a nut. I never thought I'd fall in love with a nut—much less marry one!"

THE END

Answers to Twenty Questions on Page 20

1—Fiorello LaGuardia's.

2—Pennsylvania, Ohio, and Indiana.

3—Mrs. Carl Schurz, in 1856.

4—Death pledge.

5—Yes. It was surveyed by Mason and Dixon in 1763-67.

6—Kentucky, birthplace of Abraham Lincoln and Jefferson Davis.

7—Every ten years.

8—Scrod.

9—A secret organization of Pennsylvania miners, broken up in 1877.

10—Boris Karloff.

11—Because of longer nights in summer and nearness to the Southern Hemisphere.

12—East Indian Krubi, with a petal rim thirteen feet in circumference.

13—When she caused the Chicago fire, October 8-10, 1871.

14—Niagara Falls, at the rate of 2½ feet a year.

15—George VI of England.

16—4004 B. C., according to Archbishop Ussher's chronology.

17—Virginia Dare of the Roanoke colony.

18—The time between Napoleon's return from Elba and his defeat at Waterloo.

19—Lou Gehrig, with 2,130 consecutive games.

20—

L da Vinci

(Leonardo da Vinci)

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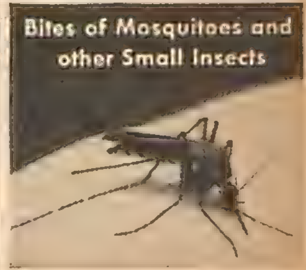

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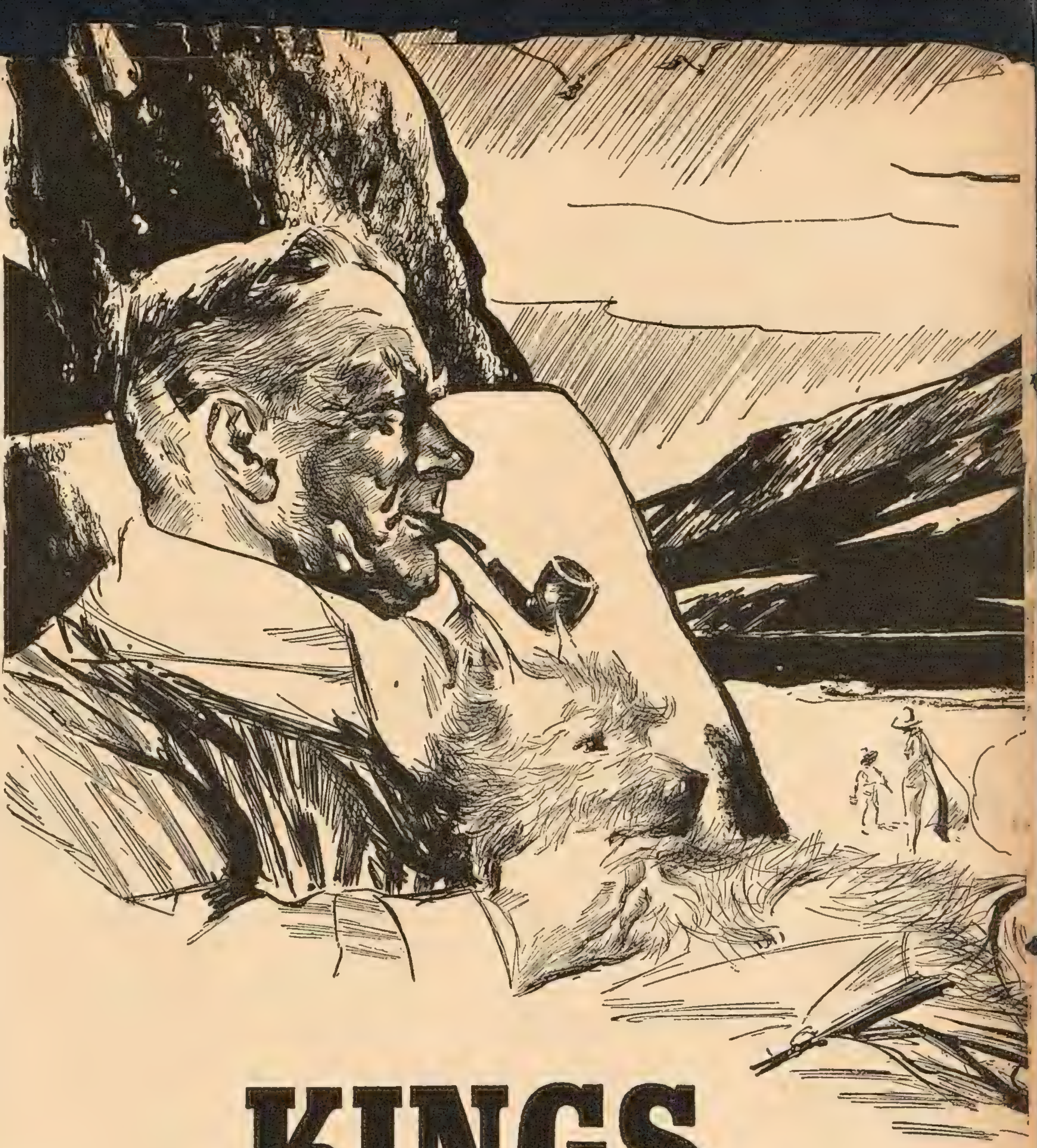


KINGS AND BROTHERS

The Story of George VI and Edward VIII

Whom may a King marry? Fascinatingly now a great biography ponders a famous quandary

By EMIL LUDWIG

Author of Napoleon; Lincoln; Roosevelt, a Study in Fortune and Power, etc.

observed last week, had a king been so lonely when he ascended the throne as was the eldest son of George V. Edward had no wife to take her place beside him; his mother and brothers had perforce withdrawn into the background; he had no ministers of his own age, and had "inherited elderly reactionaries and a suspicious archbishop." Society was being more and more disturbed by his humanitarian utterances and acts, as well as by the gossip about the "raffish foreign crowd" with whom he was associating at Fort Belvedere.

The Conservative government was hostile to his fundamental ideas. He could not but measure his prospects of realizing his various dreams against the figure of his "inherited" Prime Minister, Stanley Baldwin, in whom he now faced a character exactly the contrary of his own.

PART EIGHT—THE CROWN, THE HEART, AND THE LAW

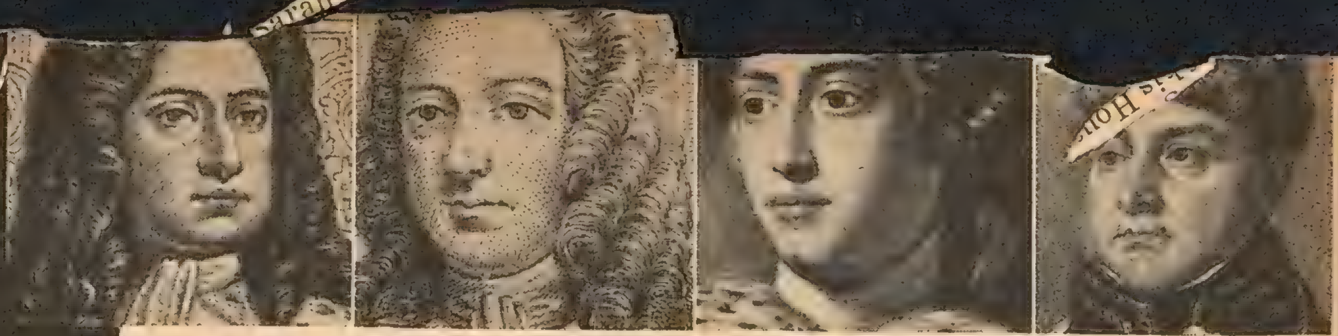
WHILE Baldwin later described himself as the friend of the King at the critical moment, today the man who was then King denies that the minister then in power deserved that description.

Can there be any sharper contrast? It was greater than that between Bismarck and Wilhelm II.

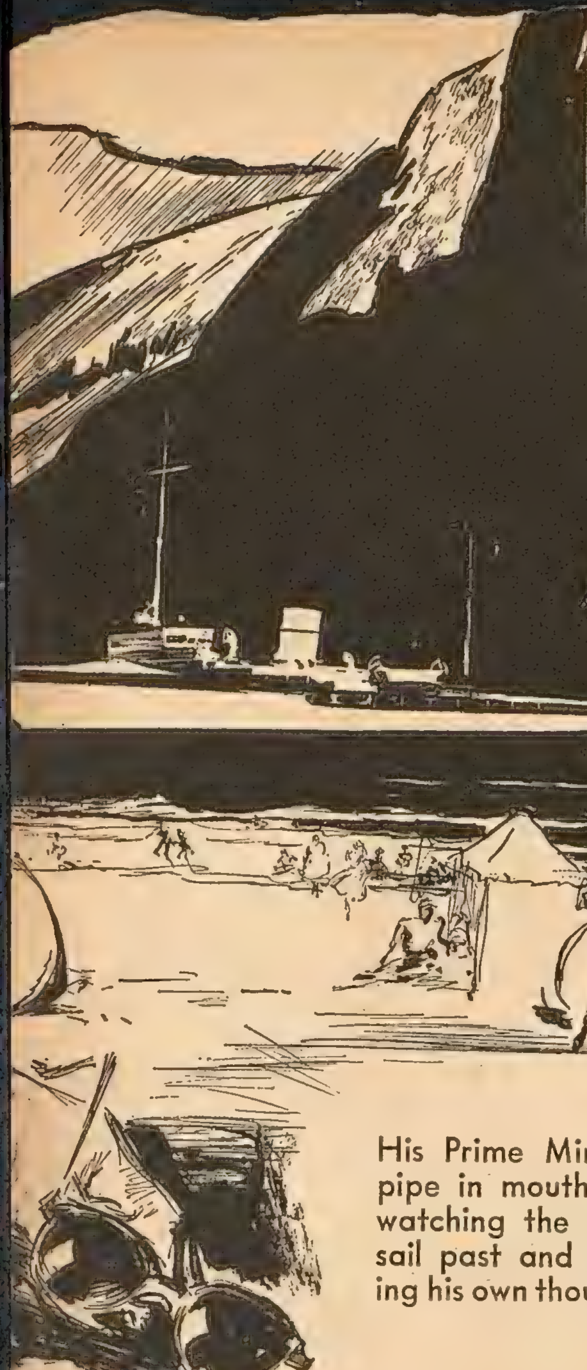
A King of forty-one confronted a minister of sixty-eight. Both had inherited power and wealth, both had been led to their destined goal through a youth without struggle. Both had been spared passion—the younger against his will, the elder gladly. The King was impatient and politically uncertain; the minister slow and sure. The one had been waiting for twenty years, excluded from power and less independent than any of his subjects; the minister had taken his father's place at twenty-five, and spent the strength of his manhood in his inherited foundries in the great stream of action and responsibility.

But Edward had seen the rights of his class, the privileges of money, founder in the storms of a new epoch; in the trenches he had come close to the life of the people, and hence transformed within himself his ancestors' conception of life. Baldwin had passed his life, in peace and war, supported by those privileges, had not shared the life of his workers for one hour, and had, both in private and public, defended his wealthy and privileged ancestors' conception of life. Edward had studied his future Empire in the Empire itself; Baldwin had hardly left England.

A man of the world faced an inveterate Englishman; a horseman and hunting man, a statesman and landowner who boasted of his pig breeding. A man without a home, without love, without a friend, was expected to collaborate with a man who had shared a happy family life for nearly half a century with his wife and six children, and now saw a crowd of grandchildren growing up about him. The Prince was possessed by restlessness and prone at times to speak too frankly. How could this young man with his eternal cigarette, a slim, imaginative youth whose expression was



Predecessors and ancestors of Edward VIII—Georges I, II, III, and IV—each of whom was troubled by a problem concerning marriage to a "commoner."



His Prime Minister, pipe in mouth, was watching the yacht sail past and thinking his own thoughts.

usually sad, find any understanding in a burly man nearing seventy, successful in every domain of life, who always smoked a pipe and was always smiling? There they stood facing each other—Lord Byron and John Bull.

And yet it was more difficult for the King to overthrow the minister than the minister the King. All that was necessary was foresight, patience, and shrewdness as regards the form. The great game of chess began on the day of the King's accession to the throne. The world only saw the last dozen moves.

For Edward, who himself declares that at the end of his life as Prince of Wales he was already resolved to marry his friend as soon as he was free, was far too great a gentleman to seek the easy way out by marrying her after his coronation. "It did not seem fair to me," he later said to his friend, "to present the people with a *fait accompli*, instead of discussing with my people the difficulties arising from a special case."

By attempting to preserve this profound sense of honor toward both parties, the people and the woman, he consciously entered upon a most difficult situation. His own religious sense of love and marriage made it impossible for him to leave the woman he loved without his name, or at any rate without full marital rights, as several of his forebears had done. And, as he later assured a friend, his religious feeling for the coronation ceremony forbade him to trick the people of whom he was, formally at least, the leader, a thing which he could easily have done after the coronation was over. If he wished to spare the feelings of the woman and the people, there was nothing for it but to make the question public in the first year of his reign, the probability being that he would have the two most powerful men in England, the Prime Minister and the Archbishop of Canterbury, against him.

When he considered these two powerful old men, he could not but recognize in them politicians of far greater weight than himself; he could not but see that both lived for the interests of their circles and their dogmas, untroubled by imagination, and that at least one of them did not know what love was. The Archbishop had remained unmarried all his life, nor had anything ever transpired of relations between him and women.

The characters, the education, the careers, and the age of the two old men cut them off from the conflicts in the heart of a man who conceived that he owed a woman the finest expression of his feelings. All the objections of State and Church incorporated in the persons of these two men were less noble, less candid, for they concealed under the notion of duty, service, and religion the real motive, which was simply the dread of seeing a self-willed and modern personality on the throne.

In this situation, friendless as he was, the King found only one adviser, and that was the lady in question. With the desire of a loving woman to protect the man she loved from shocks, and at the same time with the wisdom of the well-bred woman, she advised him not to plunge into the strife on her account, or at any rate not then, not in the difficult circumstances attending his first steps, in a threatening international situation. If he objected with the word gentleman, she laughed at him. The calumnies which later clustered round the name of this woman melt away at the sight of her person, of her reserved wisdom, which seeks harmony, not brilliance.

If a society woman wishes to be presented at court, it is a wish as innocent as the wish for a blue fox fur or a Rolls-Royce. The one as little implies a wish to be Queen of England as does the other a wish to steal the fur or the car. When this woman got to know the Prince, he had a career of twenty years behind him; its difficulties and problems fascinated her. How could she have egged him on to jeopardize his reward for his work and patience merely to give her a position in the world which had nothing whatsoever to do with their mutual attraction? Women of her type have their desires and exercise their influence quietly and not in public. This one developed her capacities, one might even say her charm, in the small circle which has at all times been the background of interesting women.

BUT the man who loved this woman was resolved to stand or fall by her. He had waited too long for a human being with whom he could achieve some harmony of atmosphere; he had lived too long without a home, without any intimacy of conversation, at the edge of his father's court or by the hedge of his brother's garden, or in a restless rush through the world. Since he could have no recourse to music or philosophy, the resort of solitary natures, he had sought distraction in frivolous society. The high office he was now taking up, however, demanded a peaceful private life, just as a great actor must be able to retire from the nightly footlights, from the thousands of eyes, to the quiet dimness of his three rooms, if he is not to leave the theater one evening with an oath never to go back. And a king can hardly refrain from cynical comments on the monotony of the part he is called upon to play, and longs to find, after all the flatteries of a day, a soul in whose affection he can forget it.

Thus Edward would have had to be less honest, less noble, but much stronger than nature had made his boyish figure, to be able to keep the two worlds strictly apart and, after the fashion of his forebears, drive of an evening to a secluded villa to spend a few hours with the woman of his heart. That kind of rococo romance suited neither the time nor his charachistory of [illegible]se to verify by documentary evidence what he had heard of the loves and marriages of his forebears.

This is what he found.

THE history of the House of Hanover begins with the story of a royal divorce, of a king who had kept his wife twenty years a prisoner when he came to England in 1714 to become George I. This Princess of Zell, a strikingly beautiful woman, the legitimized daughter of a duke and a Huguenot woman, had not in the least wished to have the Prince for her husband, nor did her mother want him for her son-in-law, since he was keeping a mistress who was not of noble birth. However, the 100,000 thalers which came to Hanover yearly by the marriage made the decision fall on the side of the Prince and his parents. The two children of the couple were later King George II and Queen Sophia of Prussia.

To repay the happiness of seeing two royal lives issue from her, the Princess was deceived, brutally treated, separated from her children, and kept prisoner for thirty-three years, until her death, in a German country house. The lover she had later was murdered. In the meantime the King, in England, diverted himself with a series of unattractive women. Eventually, it is alleged, he was —as a man divorced according to canon law—married to a Duchess of Kendal by the former chaplain of a freebooter, whom the grateful King subsequently elevated to the archbishopric of York.

The question was what conclusion his son, George II, would draw, as to the upbringing of his own children, from the dreadful story of his mother. Would he give love its rights and abolish compulsion? He had hated his father, and reinstated the memory of his mother after his father's death. But when his son wished to marry a princess of Prussia for love, he sent an officer to fetch him from Berlin, merely because he had once fallen out with the Princess's father. Moreover, the King tried to bend his son to his own will by withdrawing all supplies of money.

Later, the Prince was on the point of marrying a commoner, Lady Diana Spencer, but at the last moment the secret wedding was prevented by the Prime Minister. For sheer want of money, the Prince gave way and married a princess of his father's choice. The hostility between the son and his parents became so acute that the Prince, just before his wife's first confinement, hurried her into a coach and drove off with her so that his heir should not be born in Hampton Court, a residence of his father.

George II's grandson and successor, George III, who lost America, whose sole positive achievement in his reign of sixty years, from 1760-1820, was to

he loved the youthful Lady

Lennox, daughter of the Duke of Richmond. But that lady was not of royal birth and might keep him in bondage to the hated Whigs, who had been in office long enough—all to the tune of " duty and love," which any street boy can whistle.

When the King married the ugly Princess of Mecklenburg, who had been chosen for him by those in power, with the beautiful, ineligible Lady Sarah standing there as bridesmaid to see the wedding better, as she herself said, the King, who had eyes only for her, was half absent. Many years after, at the theater, when an actress reminded him of Sarah, he was overcome by a melancholy which may have been the beginning of his madness.

He took the revenge of petty characters by forbidding his family to enjoy what he had missed himself. He was offended because his brother had been allowed to marry morganatically the woman he loved, the beautiful Countess Waldegrave, whom Reynolds more than once painted. George III took his revenge for his own youth by calling for and sponsoring the Royal Marriage Act, which is still in force today. The debates of 1772 show the struggle for power in a thoroughly modern light. The King demanded the right to forbid any royal marriage at his own discretion. Parliament admitted the new principle, but with the proviso that royal persons over twenty-five years of age could, after duly notifying the Privy Council and waiting for one year, be prevented only by both Houses of Parliament together from marrying as they chose. With that, the power of the people had penetrated into the King's bedchamber.

AS Edward VIII read of the debates of that agitated session of Parliament, it was not difficult for him to anticipate the conflicts now impending between King and Church, King and Society, King and Prime Minister; between Torydom and the common citizen. In 1772 the Bishop of Oxford expressed his fear that the Act might allow the King to prevent royal love marriages arbitrarily. The Bishop of Gloucester replied with naïve cynicism that the princes and princesses could divert themselves without marriage.

In the House of Commons, an old soldier, Colonel Barré, with a long life of action behind him, certainly expressed the feelings of his readers of a century and a half later when he said that the only outcome of the Act he could foresee was fear and jealousy. It " would reduce every individual of the Royal Family to the same abject state of servitude. . . . Do you imagine that any man arrived at the age of maturity, much less a spirited young prince, will submit with patience to the loss of his rights as a man, to that power enjoyed by the meanest subject? . . . Is it the

cradles, and have their rattles and hobby horses. However much deified upon the throne, they were once boys."

This fine old soldier was supported by no less a man than a peer, Lord Folkestone, who expressed in classic terms the feelings of the people, " whom I think obliquely insulted by the words and will unitedly oppose [the view] . . . that an alliance of a subject with a branch of the Royal Family is dishonourable to the Crown."

In spite of all amendments, this Act led to the gravest consequences. A newspaper quoted a member of the House as having moved to entitle it an " Act for the encouragement of adultery and fornication," and the newspaper declared that by it " the kings of this limited monarchy are erected into family tyrants to trample upon the laws of nature and religion." Under the Act, the morganatic marriages in the Royal House of course increased in number. Among the King's thirteen children who reached maturity, the so-called conflict between love and duty, which was merely a cover for pride and tyranny, caused real devastation. By giving his children no money, the King made them dependent upon him in the marriage question; it was a kind of obsession that had laid hold of him, an aftermath of the disappointment of his youth.

HIS own son and later successor George IV had, as a prince, fallen in love with a commoner's widow, who, prevented from marrying him by the mere fact of being a Catholic, fled abroad till, terrorized by his attempted suicide, she did marry him. The father, George III, was caught in his own Act's toils. By the old law, his son, whom he hated, would have been excluded from the succession by his marriage to a Catholic; now the marriage was null and void because it had been concluded without his consent, and his son remained his heir.

Early in the long struggle which raged around the marriage of that Prince of Wales, the then Archbishop of Canterbury, Cornwallis by name, apparently might have stood on the Prince's side, but after his death his more strait-laced successor opposed the marriage. It was both supported and assailed, until the Prince, nine years later, felt compelled to separate from the commoner and to marry a little princess. This marriage was a disappointment; he wished to return to his former wife. Her good influence had been so potent that even the Queen, his mother, begged her to return to him. There was a mission to Rome; the Pope decided that the commoner was his legal wife.

Again eight years of domestic happiness. Then, nearing fifty, the Prince became Regent for his insane father. The old custom of kings reared its head and he felt forced to refuse his wife a place at his table.

She wrote him a wonderfully dignified letter, and lived for seventeen years in retirement. He died with her picture on his heart. The Encyclopædia Britannica still terms this case a morganatic marriage.

The so-called decent people, who refused to recognize this wife recognized by the Pope, were in great enthusiasm about a "royal" marriage concluded with a princess by a younger brother, the Duke of York. That marriage, however, survived barely a year, the couple lived separated for thirty years, and the Duke wore her picture on his heart neither living nor dead.

A sixth son of this highly moral King George III, Augustus, a singularly delicate and winning personality, fell in love at nineteen with a "commoner," Lady Augusta Murray. In Rome, this genuinely religious young couple persuaded the English Chaplain Gunn, a member of the well known Scottish family of the name, to marry them in defiance of the Royal Marriage Act. When he hesitated, Augustus began a hunger strike. Gunn, startled, gave way and pronounced the marriage blessing. Back in England, a son was born, the story came out, the King and father ordered the marriage annulled, the young couple fled to Germany. Years later, the father or his advisers enticed this son to divorce by promising him a big allowance as Duke of Sussex. The wife continued to bear the title and the crest.

AFTER her death, Augustus, now nearly sixty, married another commoner, Lady Cecilia Buggin, and the comedy was continued in his struggles for the recognition of his second wife. Eventually his niece, Queen Victoria, recognized her to the extent of conferring upon her the irregular title of Duchess of Inverness; his own second title was Earl of Inverness. In what followed we can see how far morganatic marriage was at that time a recognized institution. An anonymous letter in the London Times demanded to know why the Duke's wife was not to be Duchess of *Sussex,* and asserted that in justice to his children, his first marriage also should be validated. Thereupon a Dublin newspaper censured the Duke for not having secured recognition of Lady Augusta as his wife; and the London Times, in its issue of April 13, 1840, responded with an editorial opinion that his second marriage could not be sanctioned and his first left unsanctioned without "a cruelty and injustice which . . . would be indignantly resented by every man of honour in the Empire."

At court Augustus might give his second wife his arm, but she was not allowed to sit at the royal table. On their common tomb he is designated as H. R. H., but not she.

All these oddities went very well with crinolines and duels, with Victorian ideals and prejudices. The citizen of a republic, reading about them in 1939, smiles, imagining him-

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YOU young fellers are proud as Columbus, when you discover Union Leader Tobacco! You praise its fragrance. Its freedom from bite. The mellowness of its hill-grown Kentucky Burley. The economy of its big 10 cent tin . . . either in a pipe or "roll your owns." All true! But it isn't news to an old-timer who's enjoyed Union Leader for more than 30 years. What you've really discovered is this: There are some things—like deep-dish apple pie, steak broiled over charcoal, and a pipeful of Union Leader—that have never been topped! And I'm hopin' they never will be!

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told that all these things are in force today, and even that royal morals are much stricter in definition and practice than then.

"Throughout," writes Compton Mackenzie in his excellent book, The Windsor Tapestry; "throughout that history of outraged nature, smothered passion, broken hearts, perjured vows, of wives repudiated, mistresses discarded, and children wronged, not one example is there of a bishop's intervening to denounce the sins against the sacrament of marriage which were being encouraged by the Royal Marriage Act. Not one bishop ventured to rebuke George III for his pride before that pride was terribly abased. The laxity, scepticism and cynical indifference of the clergy do not invalidate the doctrines and discipline they are ordained to expound; but the memory of their predecessors' cowardice and neglect should be ever present in the minds of the Anglican bishops of today, and if thereby they are rendered contrite and humble, their spiritual influence may yet be felt."

WHEN King Edward closed the volumes which told the private history of these and others of his ancestors, what may his thoughts have been? Was there any encouragement there for him? It is true that a twentieth-century Pope—if we can imagine one determined to delimit his moral world to suit himself, on the strength of historical precedents—might find all the seven deadly sins recorded among the histories of some of his predecessors; but, to do so, such a Pope would have to turn back four centuries, to an utterly different epoch. There was no need for Edward to turn back the pages till he reached Henry VIII. These things were present in his own time; he had himself, as a boy, shaken the hand of the old Duke of Cambridge, the bereft husband of Mrs. Fitzgeorge, whose father was a theatrical painter.

The only conclusion he could draw from his reading was the uncertainty and elasticity of the royal marriage laws, just as he could deduce the same uncertainty and elasticity of the unwritten rights of the King in relation to the Cabinet and Parliament. It was what Fox, with witty malice, had called "the glorious uncertainty of the British law." What stood fast, and what was confirmed by his review, was that the King himself could marry whom he liked, that his divorce would not prevent a second marriage by the Church, and that a foreigner could become Queen if she were not a Catholic. What was firmly established was that no power could depose him if he did not infringe the Constitution. Thus the King's plans conflicted neither with tradition nor with history.

As for himself, he could hope for more, not less, than his forebears. The age was on his side. Many empires had been swept away, and not without cause; the ground under his was still trembling from the

Europe had suffered not twenty years before. All kings were relaxing old obligations and forms, were assuming democratic airs, were vying with each other in displaying the warmest emotions toward common men and women. Princes in other countries were marrying poor girls of the people or dollar princesses. The dictators, rising from the dark, were making a boast of their humble origins, and Mussolini had married his son to a girl of the working classes. As to the nationality of the lady Edward loved, no better could have been conceived, for England's friendship with America had not been so close, nor so necessary, for a hundred years past.

And what about the question of personality? Had he not been, only yesterday, the most popular Prince of Wales? Did he not possess, in the Dominions, millions of personal admirers who had heard and seen him? Had not thousands of hands held his own slim hand and pressed it as a sign of sympathy? And as for England, which heir to the throne had ever been so loudly acclaimed by the people? His investigations in the depressed areas, his speeches in support of funds, his ever renewed appeals to those in high places to look downward had won him a kind of friendship among the workers and their leaders.

Given this past, might he not dare to express, in the face of all these peoples, a wish of his own, the fulfillment of which would guarantee the steadiness of his work, his temper, and his devotion to his high functions? She was charming to look at, the lady of his choice. In her wise way, she could adapt herself to any other personality. She had seen enough classes and races to steer a steady course among the ever new faces approaching a queen with wishes of their own. And even though love is blind, men of the most ancient families, such as Churchill, Cooper, or his own brother, admitted her attractiveness.

BEFORE the question of marriage arose, this woman had not an enemy in London. Society received, even ran after, Mrs. Simpson everywhere, without reflecting that it was infringing its own moral code, since she had a living legitimate husband. In this distinction we can clearly see that the morality of society, which pretends it recognizes no class differences, had forgotten the rights of a commoner in favor of a prince.

Not until Edward, already King, ventured to invite the Simpsons first, then Mrs. Simpson alone, to the old castle of Balmoral, and to have her arrival published in the Court Circular, did society close its ranks against her, and hence, in this respect, against him. A friend had foreseen the effect of an official invitation to court, which Edward, as Prince of Wales, could not have published, and implored him not to take the step. The King replied: "Do you really think I'm going to let my friends come in at the back door?"

to me by the friend himself, the real origin of the dawning drama lay. For what we see here is by no means a man who renounced an empire to marry a woman. He could have possessed that woman under any name. What we see here is a man who renounced an empire merely for the sake of his own sense of honor.

During these weeks of inward tension the King, on his way back to Buckingham Palace from a military ceremony, was threatened with a revolver by a madman. When he was asked recently what he felt on the occasion, and whether he had not experienced any fear, he answered:

"I was very much annoyed. I had prepared a speech, and revised it several times, and I was hoping it would have some effect, especially on Germany. Then a fellow comes and pretends to be going to shoot—and the next day the papers were full of gigantic headlines about the man, and my speech was nowhere."

ALL the same, the incident seems rather to have increased his self-confidence than otherwise. At last he was free, as a man at any rate, and his friend had already applied for her divorce. He wanted to escape from the narrowness of his circle, from the oppression, from the thousand eyes fixed on him. So he chartered a charming yacht that he might undertake an important political trip to Turkey and Greece, not on the Renown, an old armored warship with nothing but men on board, but for once in the gay society which brought him some distraction, on board a white, summery, romantic craft, in a way generally reserved for wealthy idlers. It was a piece of heedlessness—but what else?

For, in setting out with the lady and only a small company, he might have foreseen that the powerful detective of our epoch, the camera, would follow them both with its ubiquitous eye, and hence provide matter for gossip which should have been strictly avoided. The camera and the press would begin to function as unconscious agents of society, which had every reason to make the new King's position difficult.

Thus it came about that the King, happier than he had ever been in his life, sailed along the Riviera coast without ever reflecting that there at Cannes, his Prime Minister, pipe in mouth, was sun-bathing on the beach; that, like an old schoolmaster, he was watching the yacht with the royal flag sailing past with mingled annoyance and glee, and thinking his own thoughts.

The other massive obstacle between the new King and his heart's desires was personified in the Archbishop of Canterbury. Next week Mr. Ludwig will give his own impressions of the Archbishop and his London home, Lambeth Palace, and will look back into the traditions of the Church of England concerning divorce and remarriage.

A REPORTER MEETS HIMSELF

The poignant true story of a newspaperman's Gethsemane

BY EDWARD DOHERTY

READING TIME ● 17 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

EDITOR'S NOTE: Close upon the heels of tragedy follows the newspaper reporter. A woman's husband is shot, and the press hounds the widow, demanding her heart's secrets. A child is kidnaped, and the frenzied parents are tortured by the questions of reporters. A young girl is found in the river, and hot upon the trail comes the press, wanting to know from those who knew and loved her why she did it; was there a man in the case, was there a disgraceful reason?

In this remarkable article, so simply and so beautifully told, Edward Doherty, himself a reporter, tells how he felt when reporters questioned him in his hour of profoundest grief. "Beaten down by questions—much the same questions he had asked of others in his day"—that is how he expresses it. What rights have the press? What right has the individual to privacy in time of tragedy? Somewhere in the twilight zone between lies the answer.

SHE walked up the canyon road in that peculiarly graceful way of hers — head thrown back as though the heavy braids of her childhood still tugged at it, legs moving easily from the hips, toes turned out at distinct angles, hands swinging gently at her sides.

She was the happiest woman in the world. All the fears and doubts and worries and cares that once beset her had vanished. All the pain that had tormented her for twenty years had left her. She had found God, and she had found peace.

The mountains were green with spring. The sky was a glorious blue. Wings flashed brilliant hues above her. Birds sang. The sun shone brightly. She loved the sun, its warmth, its splendor, its comfort, the life it gives.

It was sometime after one o'clock when she left the three-room shack in Benedict Canyon where she and her husband were the guests of Richard Carroll during their stay in Beverly Hills, California.

There was plenty of time to walk up into one of the mountains and to return before six o'clock. Time also to sit on a ridge and rest, and pray, and dream. Her guests would not arrive until six thirty. Then she and her husband would take them some place to dine, for there was not room enough for a real dinner in the shack.

She walked bareheaded, with only a thin sweater and a light coat over her shoulders, carrying nothing in her hands, save maybe a leaf snipped from some friendly tree, a wild flower, the blue feather of a bird.

Up the canyon and over a dirt road that wound steeply around a mountain she strolled. Like a song that is sung.

And darkness came. And she had not returned.

She's fallen asleep again, her husband thought.

Only a few days before, she had dozed on a mountaintop. The chill that followed the setting of the sun had roused her, and she had returned with the look of a child expecting to be scolded for worrying her elders.

" It was silly of me," she said, " but it was so lovely there, and so peaceful, and so warm. And I was so tired after that long climb. I sat there, soaking in the sun, watching the hills change color as the shadows of clouds passed over them. The shadows crawled along like tremendous beetles, and the colors scampered away in terror."

The husband got into his car and went down the canyon, hoping to find her walking along the road. Carroll motored up the canyon. Neither saw her. Neither met any one who had seen her.

It was quite dark at six thirty. There was no moon. But the stars hung out bright lanterns, and there was no sign of mist.

The friends who had come to be taken to dinner stayed to help in the search. Up mountainsides they went, through underbrush, down into gullies and ravines, through pathless acres of sand and rock and manzanita and sage and greasewood and mesquite, flashing lights. The husband called her name every few minutes:

" Spain! "

Her pen name. His pet name for her. He shouted it from the heights and from the lowlands. There was no answer, save that of the echoes that moaned above the canyon and thinned out into a whining *n-n-n-n-n*.

At eight o'clock he called the police and gave a description:

" About five feet five. One hundred and twenty pounds. Blue eyes. Dark gold hair with a little silver in it."

How often in his newspaper career, he thought, had he heard some anxious husband trying to describe his missing wife! Some of them could not tell the color of eyes or hair, had no ideas as to the woman's height or weight or the clothes she wore.

" Her eyes," this husband wanted to say, " changed sometimes from blue to gray, and sometimes from gray to green. It depends upon her clothes. And sometimes they light up with a glory no man could describe. And her hair? When I first met her it was all fire and gold. But the years have darkened it, and many little tragedies have silvered it. But it's still thick and fine and lovely.

" Age? Forty-one," he told them. " But she looked like a girl. A beautiful woman with the finest hands God ever made. Clothes? A gay plaid sports jacket with a lot of warm colors in it. A thin yellow sweater. A plum-colored skirt. Old brown shoes and stockings. A gold locket on a chain around her neck. My picture is in that locket, and the pictures of our two boys. No other jewelry."

Could she be the victim of amnesia? Impossible. Could she have gone to a movie? No. She had taken no money with her. Had there been any quarrels? No serious ones. Not in the last twenty years. She wasn't ill? No. She had never been in better health, she had never been happier.

Of course, the husband thought, there was a possibility she was not in the mountains. She might have met with an accident. He called the newspapers and asked the editors, his friends, to check all hospitals.

Lieutenant Greeten and Hynes of the West Hollywood police arrived at eight thirty. They brought searchlights, heavy lamps with lights powerful enough to illumine the entire side of a mountain.

They asked questions, many questions, as they accompanied the husband up hill and down, flashing the lights in every direction. At eleven o'clock they went back to the shack and called for more men, more lights.

Greeten took the husband aside and emptied out all the contents of the missing woman's purse.

Pictures of her dear ones. Recipes for fancy dishes. A compact. A mirror. A cigarette case. A number of lipsticks. A book of stamps. A couple of handkerchiefs that blessed the room with the faint odor of violets. A comb. Half a dozen pencil stubs. Hairpins. A few pieces of jewelry. A lot of old letters, love letters that must always be near her. An address book. Two white buttons. A dime. A prayer book. A notebook.

One by one they fell on the bed, a heap of memories.

Greeten picked up the notebook and

Swim suit news of '39

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fed through it. He read aloud: "Her face looked like a frog's—her light eyes focusing nowhere—the heavy underjaw with its creases seeming to spread as she croaked her news."

"What's that mean?" he demanded.

"That's just a description of a gossip. My wife is a writer. She's filled that notebook with titles, outlines of plots, little bits of character sketches."

"She must have hated that woman."

"No, she hated no one. But she did detest gossips, and she was simply drawing a picture of one for some story she had in mind."

"She left no other notes?"

"No suicide notes, if that's what you mean."

"You motored out here from New York, I understand."

"Yes—our first real honeymoon. We were alone together for the first time in nearly nineteen years. We sang our way across the continent: 'Nothing but blue skies from now on.'"

The lieutenant put everything back in the purse. "Did you call the sheriff's office?" he asked.

"Yes, just after I called the newspapers. Gene Biscailuz, the sheriff, is an old friend of mine."

The phone rang. Carroll answered. "That was the Examiner," he said. "They've checked every hospital in the country. No news. The sheriff's office has broadcast a description. They'll be on the lookout for her all over the West."

"If we don't find her tonight," Greeten said, "you'll see Biscailuz in action tomorrow."

A QUEER thing happened then. A voice no one else could hear, a voice outside himself, whispered to the husband, "She is in God's hands. Dead or alive, she's in His care."

And peace came to him in that moment.

There were fifty men in the canyon and in the hills by midnight, men in automobiles, men on foot. They came from Beverly Hills, from Santa Monica, from Van Nuys, from Hollywood, from West Hollywood, from Los Angeles and Venice. They woke inhabitants of the mountains and questioned them. They stopped automobiles and questioned the occupants. They flashed lights everywhere. They trudged unceasingly up slopes and down.

"We found the foreman of a road gang who saw her," one of them reported. "He saw a woman in a plaid jacket walking along Wanda Park Drive, a road leading up that mountain where Raymond Hitchcock died."

"Let's go."

They searched the mountaintop for hours, and returned to the shack.

"We've found a footprint, made by a woman or a child," a policeman said. "Want to look at it?"

"Gladly!" the husband cried. "Where is it?"

where Wanda Park Drive turns off."

The print was distinct in the light of the police lamps, and comparatively fresh. It might have been her print. It might have been another woman's. The husband could not say. But they searched the mountain again, and all the adjacent mountains. And again the husband called. And again only the echoes gave reply.

Back in the little shack, Lieutenant Hynes looked up a number in the phone book and dialed it.

"Man named Bob Taylor," he explained. "He's got a bloodhound, or the next thing to it. . . . Hello, Bob. Hynes talking. Lady lost in the hills. Can we have your dog?" He listened a few seconds, smiling. "Thanks, Bob. Right away."

"Anybody here want hot coffee?" a policeman asked.

The woman who lived next door had come over to help. Her husband and her son were in the searching party.

"There's coffee enough for everybody," she said, coming into the living room. "And you'll need it."

THE hound went up the canyon, nose to the ground. She turned into Wanda Park Drive, and began the ascent. But, part way up, she suddenly left the pavement and darted through underbrush up the steep side.

"Spain wouldn't have gone that way," the husband said. "No woman would. She'd have stayed on the road."

Of course she could have been dragged up there, he thought. And, though he had no flashlight, he followed the dog and her handlers until he lost his way and fell into a ditch.

He walked home, and three policemen took him up the mountain in a car. The car stopped near the old Hitchcock home, and the four men listened a moment at the edge of a slope. The dog was down there, giving tongue.

"Have you found her?" one of the cops shouted.

"No," came the answer. "The dumb dog's gone after a rabbit. We've lost the trail."

Dawn broke. The stars yawned, dimmed their lights, and vanished. Wild life stirred in the brush. The husband's voice, that had echoed and re-echoed throughout the night, now, curiously, raised no echoes at all.

"Look for broken branches," one of the policemen advised. "Look for bloodstains. She might have got panicky when she woke and found it dark, might have run through here some place, slipping, falling, clutching at branches, might have cut her hands or her knees."

The husband shook his head.

"Wrong. So long as she herself was in danger—only herself—she would not have been afraid. Besides, she would have seen lights all over these mountains, lights of houses, lights of autos. She could have got to a house or found a road. My hope is that she did get to some house—some and we'll find her there, alive and well."

It was bright daylight when the husband and the police went back to the shack. The place was filled with newspaper reporters and photographers.

"Biscailuz is on the job," a reporter said. "He'll have seven airplanes flying low over all this territory in a few minutes. And the Goodyear blimp. There are men in that blimp with powerful binoculars. They'll find her."

"If they don't," another reporter said, "the Boy Scouts will. Biscailuz has a troop of them coming, and the junior deputies from Fairfax High School, and all the posse he can muster. He's arranged for the Santa Monica mounted police to join the search—the best body of horsemen in the whole cockeyed world. And a brace of bloodhounds are coming."

PRESENTLY planes droned overhead, and an auto with a two-way radio stopped outside on the road.

The driver jumped out, got his controls in working order, and began calling the planes, giving them directions, getting information from them.

The blimp, a great silver porpoise, came purring out of a light mist and sailed on up the canyon.

"Give us the dope," the reporters begged the husband. "Tell us something about her. She was a newspaperwoman, wasn't she?"

"Yes. Also, in her time, a bookkeeper for a big corporation, a reader in a clipping bureau, a photographer's model, a clothes model, a moving-picture actress, a critic, and a short-story writer."

"A movie star? Under what name? What pictures did she make? Got any stills of her? Got any pictures of her as a model? Did you meet her on a movie lot? Was there a romance? Did she come out here to get back into the movies? Did you come to write for the movies? You were a newspaperman, weren't you? What stories did you cover? What have you written for the magazines? Ever write any books? Got any theories? Could it have been amnesia? Did she leave any notes? Did you ever cover a story like this before? Is it true she took nothing with her — not even her purse? How many children have you? Have you notified them?"

The man slumped into a chair, overwhelmed, beaten down by questions—much the same questions he had asked of others in his day.

So this is what we do to people, we newspapermen, he thought. This is how we torture and harass them. Well, we don't know. And we don't care. We must get the story. Give us this day our daily news.

"Will you pose for us?" the photographers asked.

I've got this coming to me, the husband thought. I'm reaping only what I sowed.

All morning the road teemed with traffic. Vans stopped and unloaded Knots of mounte

garb rode up to join the hunt. Cars emptied new police, new deputy sheriffs. A station wagon halted. Boy Scouts stepped out, lined up, listened to their instructions, clambered into the wagon again, and hurried on.

A whole roast ham appeared in the kitchen, potato salad, bottles of milk and cream, loaves of bread, packages of butter, dishes of all kinds sent in by the neighbors. Half a dozen women had come to help feed the searchers.

At noon there were more than two hundred men and boys in the canyon and in the mountains rising out of it; and more men and boys and horses came with every moment. And more reporters and photographers, it seemed.

The husband picked up the phone and called long-distance.

"That's it!" a photographer cried. "Hold that pose! You're worried, see? And you're calling your sons."

He was worried. And he was calling his sons, wondering how to break the news, wondering if he could keep his voice steady as he talked.

A little before one o'clock a man in uniform rushed in, panting.

"We've found her!" he said. "Or I think we have. The blimp just radioed. They heard the signal. Three shots. Or they saw the fire. Come on."

The car went swiftly up the canyon, slewed into Wanda Park Drive, raising black dust, and started to climb. The car sped past the old Hitchcock home and stopped where the road became a footpath. Up the path the little party hurried, toward a group of men and boys and horses standing under a tree at the edge of a precipice. The blimp was circling a hundred feet or so overhead, streaking the blue sky with silver, purring gently.

"Is she alive?" the husband asked.

"No," somebody answered.

SHE lay at the bottom of a little slide, not ten feet below the boots of the men who stood beneath the tree, her body half hidden by the foliage of a mesquite tree. All that could be seen of her was the plaid jacket, spotted with sunshine and shadow, and the mass of dark gold hair.

"That's her jacket," the husband said. He started to go down the slope, but a cop deterred him gently.

"Sorry," he said. "No one is allowed to touch the body until the coroner arrives."

The husband walked down the path a little way and sat on the grass. Two deputies threw themselves beside him. One gave him a lighted cigarette, and he puffed it, looking out over the hills below and beyond.

So this is the end of the story, he thought. This is the end of the song. But it was a beautiful story. It was a beautiful song.

The other policeman handed him a canteen of water.

"Hold it!" a photographer cried, snapping a picture. "Hold it."

"Look," he said. "I lost out

that picture. I didn't get it. Won't you hold the canteen up to your lips for me? You're thirsty—see?—after your long hunt. Please. I got to get a picture."

I've got this coming to me, the husband thought. But I can't take it.

"Let's get out of here," he said.

"Let's," said the cops. "And if anybody bothers you again—"

Bloodhounds were baying down the canyon when he returned, but the "Cease activity" signal had been given. Cars were starting up, moving away.

Sometime later a deputy made his report to the husband.

"Everything points to an accident. Nothing but an accident. She fell only eight feet. She hit her head against a stone, or something hard. It knocked her out. Her throat was jammed against three little branches of a mesquite tree. She choked to death while she was unconscious. If she'd felt any pain at all she could have lifted her head and saved herself. But she couldn't have felt anything. Nobody can choke himself to death. It's a physical impossibility—unless you're unconscious. Do you know?"

"When did it happen?"

"About three o'clock yesterday afternoon, the coroner says. The condition of the body shows that. She was dead hours before you began to worry about her."

DEATH was very kind to her," the husband said. "Death was quick and merciful and clean—and beautiful, in a way."

Sheriff Biscailuz came striding into the room.

"I've just heard the sad news," he said. "It shocked me. I'm so sorry. There was so little we could do."

Greeten and Hynes, who had worked nearly eighteen hours, and the women who had spent the night in the kitchen, echoed the sheriff's words:

"There was so little we could do."

"You did magnificent work," the husband said. "You and all the others who hunted for her. You did everything possible. And—you found her."

"Yes," Biscailuz said, "we found her. Or the cops did. Not that it matters much who actually saw her first. My men and the police worked together, as we generally do. There was no jealousy of any kind. Every man and boy was praying, each in his own way, not that he'd find her but that she would be found."

"Thanks," the husband said. "That's how she would have wanted it. She hated jealousy and envy. She wanted every one to work together, to help each other, to love each other. And I think she'll remember you, and all your men and boys, and all the cops, and all the women who came to help—as long as I will."

THE END

THE HOLDUP
WORLD CHAMPIONSHIP

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 13 SECONDS

A veteran sports writer tells the strange story behind a famous battle

BY "JIM NASIUM"

THE era of rowdy sports has passed, and with it went the high adventure of a sports scribbler's job. Maybe it's a good thing sports have changed—but not for the typewriter thumper who likes to get hold of a story outside the routine stuff. And, brother, we got some color with our sports in those good old days!

Sam Langford was one of the colorful fighters who was always good copy. Once when I went over to his training quarters in New Jersey, Sam, who always was a big help to a sports writer, told me about a fight he had with another colored fighter in Boston.

To get this fellow into the ring, Sam had agreed to "carry him along" and not to hit him hard—as the "Boston Tar Baby" frequently had to do in order to keep employed. Knowing he had nothing to fear from Sam, this fellow cut loose with a few haymakers; so, to make him be good, Sam put something behind one of his own punches and pinned his ears back for him. The fellow then decided discretion was the better part of valor and went to the floor and stayed there. The referee, seeing he wasn't knocked out, spoke to him.

"What's the matter?" inquired the official. "Ain't you goin' to fight any more?"

"Yes indeedy," replied the fallen fighter, seeking a more comfortable position on the floor. "Sho I am—but not tonight, misto, not tonight!"

Luck plays an important part in the itinerant sports writer's job. I happened to be spending the winter of 1914-15 in Cuba with John McGraw, Christy Mathewson, and John Lobert, when one of the most important world's heavyweight championship fights was unexpectedly dumped right into my lap—and I got the only inside story of why the Johnson-Willard fight was shifted to Havana instead of being held at Juarez, Mexico, as scheduled.

Jess Willard, managed and backed by Tom Jones, Jack Curley, and Harry Frazee to bring the heavyweight championship title back to the white race, had been in training at Juarez for a month. Practically every newspaper in the country had sports writers out there waiting for Jack Johnson to arrive—and here was I, isolated from the scene of action and having a swell time down in Cuba.

Jack Johnson was then a refugee from justice in the United States. To reach the battleground from Europe he had to take a steamer to Buenos Aires, re-embark from there to Santiago de Cuba, and ride on the Cuban Central Railway from Santiago to Havana, where he expected to take the Ward Line to Tampico and go up through Mexico by rail to get to Juarez without entering the United States.

Dick Klegin, an itinerant fight promoter who had been with Johnson in Paris, had drifted into Havana on the wave of a boxing boom. About seven o'clock one morning I went with Klegin to the Cuban Central Railway depot to meet Jack Johnson on his way to Juarez. We went with Johnson to the Ward Line office, where he bought his tickets to sail for Tampico that same evening.

Then José Estrempes, at that time political boss of Cuba, conceived the idea that it would be great publicity to hold the Johnson-Willard fight in Havana. I was with Jack Johnson when Estrempes took him into a hotel room and pulled out a gun. Then he informed Johnson that if he put foot on a steamer to leave Cuba he would be arrested and sent to the United States as a fugitive from justice, and the only way for him to prevent this was to cable Willard's managers at Juarez to shift the fight to Havana or there would be no fight.

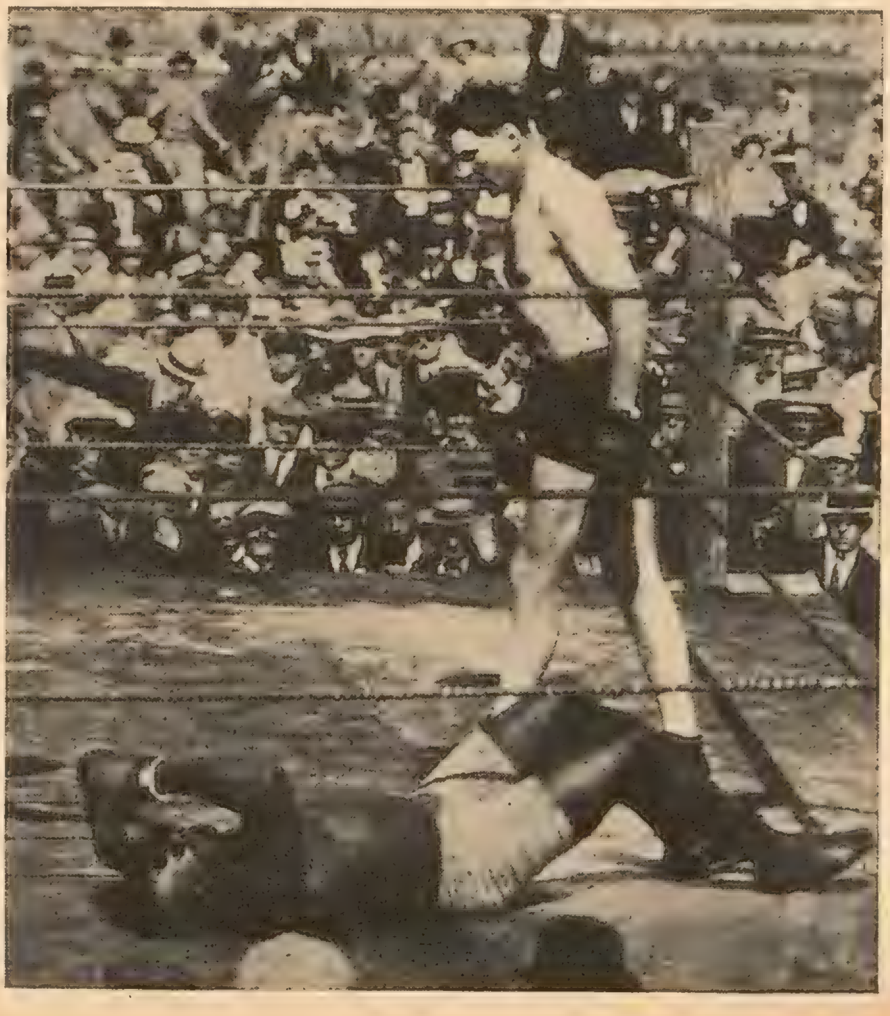
Johnson was scared. He didn't want to go to jail, and he needed the money. He agreed. "But," he added, "Ah won't fight fo' nobody but Dick Klegin. Yo'-all got to make him manager ob de fight. Ah wants to be suah Ah gets a square deal."

I cabled that information to my paper, advising them to spread it. Even the Associated Press didn't have it for the next morning editions. And there ensued considerable dismay in Juarez. Harry Frazee, the showman, had a lot of money invested in Willard's chances to win the title, with heavy bookings for his appearance with a circus after he had won it. There was nothing they could do about it. They had to pack up, bag and baggage, and go to Havana. When they arrived they found all the plans had been made without consulting them, with the stationery already printed as follows: "Johnson-Willard World's Heavyweight Championship Fight, Richard R. Klegin, General Manager."

If Willard's backers hadn't consented to that shift in the scene of battle, the whole succession of titleholders from that period on might have been changed, as Jack Dempsey wouldn't have had a chance to meet the giant Willard.

Perhaps I wouldn't have been able to sit in the press seats of a big wooden bowl in Toledo, Ohio, one blistering hot Fourth of July, and watch this Dempsey belt Willard all over the place to become the greatest moneymaker the ring has ever known, with a total of more than nine million dollars in gate receipts.

THE END



When Li'l' Arthur lost the title to Big Jess in the twenty-sixth round. The date: April 5, 1915.

LAST LATE - ENTRY OFFER

$1,000 Cash Prize Memory Book CONTEST

HAVE you forgotten to start your entry in the Memory Book Contest? The $1,000 cash prize money is still posted and your chance to win a share is excellent—if you get busy without delay. The simple rules explain everything you need to know in order to compile a winning entry. Read them carefully and then get into the game if you have not already done so. Further delay may cost you a prize!

LATE ENTRY

For the convenience of late starters Liberty has prepared reprints of the first three official coupons. These are obtainable by writing to the address in Rule 6 and enclosing five cents in stamps to cover cost of handling and mailing. If you need any or all of these, get your order in at once. Saturday, July 8, is the dead line. Orders postmarked later than that date cannot be accepted or filled.

THE RULES

1. Each week for five weeks, ending in the issue dated July 15, Liberty will publish an official entry coupon in this contest.

2. To compete, simply write on each coupon a sentence, sentiment, axiom, couplet, or similar quotation from an autograph, memory, or birthday book, either your own or that of a friend.

3. Clip each coupon and save it until the end of the contest, when your set of five will be complete. Then send them all in at the same time, as a unit.

4. Entries will be judged on the basis of humor, sagacity, and appeal.

5. The entry containing the best set of quotations judged on the above basis will be considered the best and will be awarded the $500 First Prize. In the order of their excellence on this basis, other entries will be awarded prizes as follows: Second Prize, $100; Third Prize, $50; and Seventy Prizes of $5 each—a total of $1,000. In the event of ties, duplicate awards will be paid.

6. Address all entries to Memory Book Contest, Liberty Magazine, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

7. All entries must be received on or before Wednesday, July 26, the closing date of this contest.

8. No entries will be returned, nor can we enter into correspondence concerning any entry. Anyone, anywhere, may compete except employees of Macfadden Publications, Inc., and members of their families.

CLIP HERE

OFFICIAL COUPON NO. 4

MEMORY BOOK CONTEST

There is no specific limit on the wordage of the quotation you submit, but it naturally should not exceed the limit of the usual entries in memory or autograph books of average size. From three or four words to a like number of lines or sentences will be acceptable.

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Lack of space curtails this coupon. If you require additional lines for your quotation, paste this coupon on another sheet to get the regular five-inch depth.

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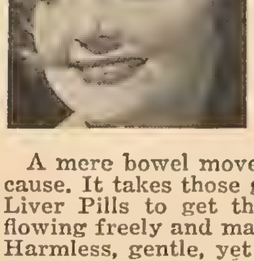


The liver should pour out two pounds of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Gas bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, sunk and the world looks punk.

A mere bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good, old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get these two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills by name. 25c at all drug stores. Stubbornly refuse anything else.

To the Ladies

BY PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

LINGUIST, TRAVELER, LECTURER, AND FASHION AUTHORITY

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 17 SECONDS

IT was Muriel Goggin Denison who really rode with the Royal Canadian Mounted Police when she was a kid. Shirley Temple's new picture, Susannah of the Mounties, is based on Muriel's true-life story. Muriel's father, Dr. D. J. Goggin, was Superintendent of Education for Canada's Northwest Territories, and Muriel grew up as a sort of mascot around the Mounted Police barracks. Her folks found it impossible to keep a governess for her, because the Mounties *married* these young women as fast as they were hired. Eleven governesses from the Goggin nursery became Mounties' wives. "I had a dozen governesses," says Muriel, "and the only one who didn't marry a Mountie was such a crab that mother couldn't stand her, so we got rid of her for our own sake."

Any girl who dreams of marrying a Royal Canadian Mountie ought to cultivate three special requirements, Muriel Denison declares. First, she should learn all the songs from the Gilbert and Sullivan operas, because they're sung at all Mountie barracks. Second, she must be buxom enough to bear up under scorching prairie heat and bitter arctic cold, since the duties of the service cover both extremes of climate. Third, she had better be prepared to suffer parents-in-law gladly. More and more Mountie families are dynastic, sons following their fathers' footsteps into the ranks—and they all stick together. . . . Muriel Denison lives now in the United States, writing books about the Northwest. Shirley Temple's new film was adapted from her book, Susannah, a Little Girl with the Mounties. Other books of hers are: Susannah of the Yukon, and Susannah at Boarding School. Her next will be Susannah Rides Again.

☆ There are nine ladies on the moon, and three of them are American girls. . . . Lunar landmarks — craters, canals, etc.— have been named for famous contributors to the science of astronomy. The three American moon daughters are: Maria Mitchell, a Nantucket Quakeress; Catherine Bruce; and Mary Proctor. . . . Other women celebrated in moonlore are: St. Catharine of Alexandria, patron saint of Christian philosophers; Hypatia, Greek wonder maiden of mathematics, murdered by a fanatic mob; Caroline Herschel, who discovered seven comets; Mme. Lepaute; Mary Adela Blagg; and Anne Sheepshanks. . . . *Six hundred* landmarks on the moon have been named for men. Unfair, unfair!

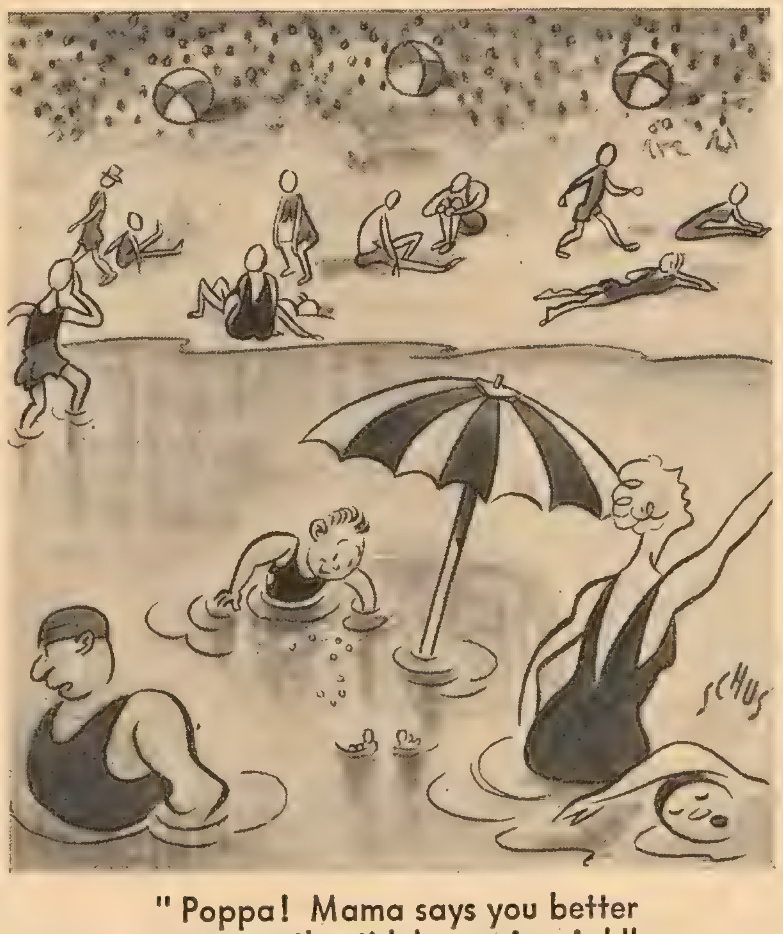
☆ How old is your umbrella? Latest hobby among amateur collectors of antiques is that of possessing the oldest umbrella still in workable condition. The record, so far, seems to be held by an elderly gentleman who continues to carry and use on rainy days an umbrella he purchased in 1873, sixty-six years ago. A Chicago lady of my acquaintance is the proud owner of an heirloom umbrella seventy-one years of age; but it's too moth-eaten to keep the rain out now, which disqualifies it from competition. Do you know of any *rainproof* umbrella more than sixty-six years old?

☆ *Three gadget novelties* to help you feel luxurious at submillionaire cost. . . . Waterproof cards and tub table for playing solitaire in your bath. . . . Venetian blinds of aluminum to give your kitchen work a silver lining. . . . A music-box cake tray on which you serve cake to the tune of Here Comes the Bride.

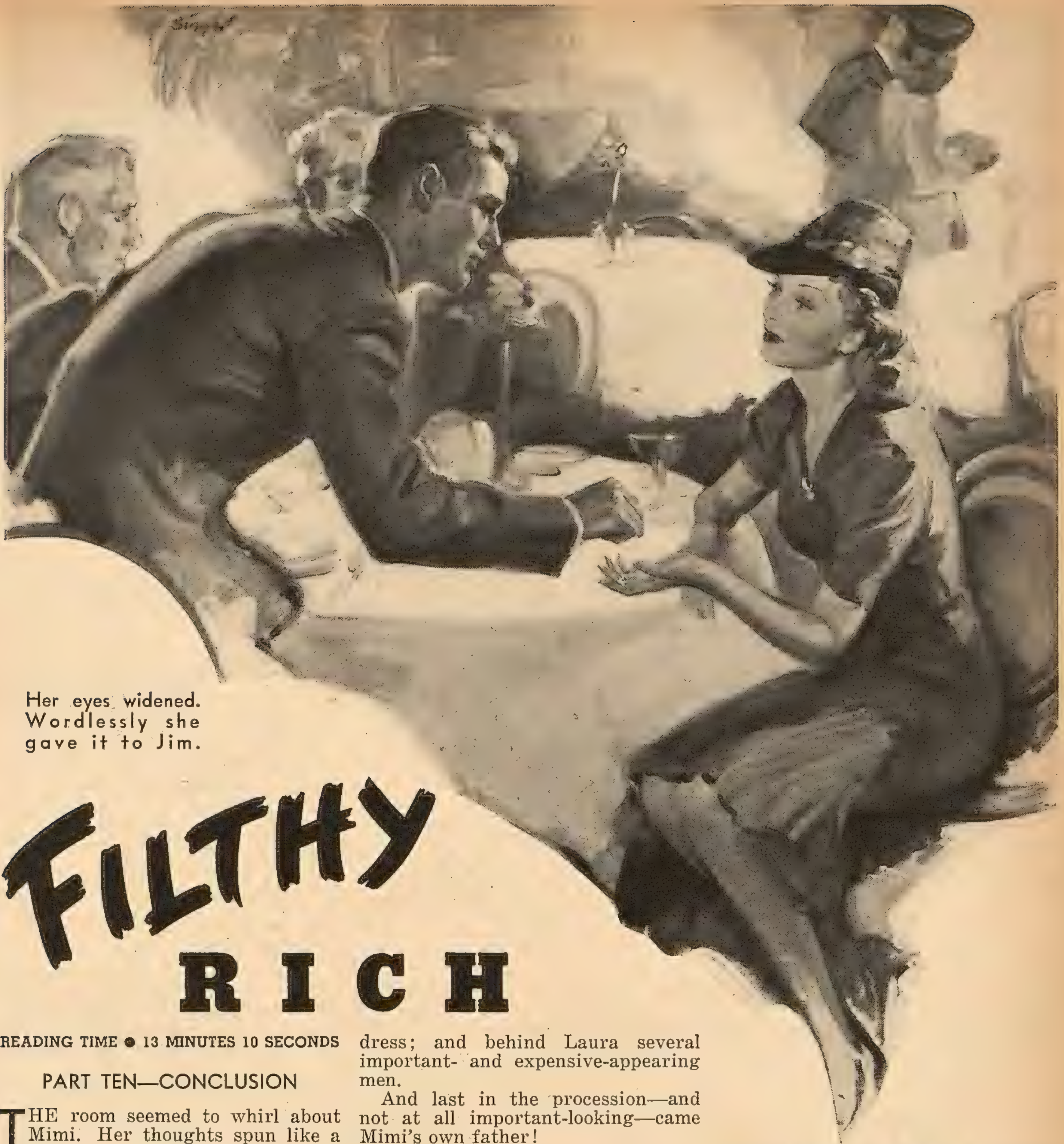
☆ Increasingly fashionable grows our interest in American Indian life. Gladys A. Reichard's new book, Dezba: Woman of the Desert, brings the ways of the Navajos closer to us through feminine eyes. (Published by J. J. Augustin, New York.)

☆ A wealthy oil man confesses to intimate friends that he owes his fortune to his wife and two big dogs. "I was a gambler," he says. "In the roughneck oil towns of the Southwest, where I made my money quick and easy gambling on oil wells, I would have lost it all just as quick and easy playing poker and blackjack if my wife and her two big dogs hadn't stopped me. When I stayed out nights, she'd put the dogs on my scent and track me from one card joint to another until she found me. Had her dogs trained to grab my trouser legs and drag me out in the street. I went home without arguing. Those dogs could bite!

☆ For summer parties of the veranda-picnic type I suggest this *Plantation Potato Salad.* It tastes good, costs little, is easy to make, and looks all dressed up. . . . Use boiled potatoes thickly sliced. To every 4 cups potato add 1 cup cooked green peas, ½ cup diced pineapple (fresh or canned), and 2 tablespoons roasted peanuts ground medium fine. Mix above ingredients with 1 cup mayonnaise thinned slightly with cream. Fill salad bowl level to top; spread over with thin coating mayonnaise; sprinkle generously with chopped parsley; decorate with pimento strips arranged crisscross around edge of bowl. If your pineapple is a fresh one, plant the tuft of spiked leaves in center of salad until serving.



"Poppa! Mama says you better get up—the tide's coming in!"



Her eyes widened. Wordlessly she gave it to Jim.

FILTHY RICH

Heartbreak ends in a swift surprise as the curtain falls on a vivid novel

BY CORNELIUS VANDERBILT, Jr.

ILLUSTRATED BY MALVIN SINGER

READING TIME ● 13 MINUTES 10 SECONDS

PART TEN—CONCLUSION

THE room seemed to whirl about Mimi. Her thoughts spun like a roulette wheel, turning up joy, pity, hope, fear, misery in rapid succession.

Jim, on the other hand, appeared calm and self-assured. "Well, look who's here!" His smile was impersonally pleasant. He swung himself into the little room.

Then Mimi saw who was behind him—Laura, looking like Jeritza in an elaborate cream-and-gold evening dress; and behind Laura several important- and expensive-appearing men.

And last in the procession—and not at all important-looking—came Mimi's own father!

"Never thought to see me here, lassies, did ye?" sprightly old Rob Jamieson called to Mimi and Sally. "Go right on wi' your singing, Mimi. Or wait! Let me introduce the party, then ye can favor us all wi' your song. This is a celebration—Jamie's big night." He made the introductions. The expensive-looking men were connected with big mining interests. Mimi recognized their names. But she couldn't figure out why they were here with Jim, or why the White Squaw was — and looking so much like a Lohengrin bride.

"And now I'll tell ye why Jamie's celebrating tonight," began old Rob.

Mimi's heart sank. She knew that in a minute she was going to have to say, "Congratulations, Jim. And you, Laura, I wish you all the happiness in the world!" She was marshaling the words in her mind, forcing a light of gaiety into her eyes, when her father went on, "Jamie felt he should ha' written ye, lassie, especially since ye had a hand in it. But I said no—surprise her wi' the news."

Mimi nodded, bewilderment now joining the misery in her heart.

"Yes, Jamie's struck gold at last! Dead Man's Mine is going to beat Yellow Knife before he and these gentlemen get through wi' it!"

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Mimi gasped with relief and amazement. "Dead Man's Mine?"

Jim laughed, eased himself down into a chair. A waiter brought drinks. "Yes, Mimi, there was 'gold in them thar hills' after all. Although if it hadn't been for your dad I'd probably never have known it. I thought it was a dud, as you know; couldn't imagine why you recorded it—unless as a joke. But your father seemed to have other ideas. He came up to see me and he did some prospecting for me while I was in the hospital. It's a bit grim where he found the beginning of the vein, Mimi. Remember the poor guy I had to bury?"

Mimi nodded. So she had been right—Jim hadn't recollected any of that delirious conversation he had had with her! When he had said he had a hunch that gold lay under the grave, and when he had named the mine for her, had even given it to her! And dad hadn't told him. Bless dad! Jim must never know.

THE lode," Jim continued, "started exactly beneath that grave. How your dad ever got any Indians to dig there I can't imagine!"

Old Rob chuckled. "They wouldna do it!" he admitted. "I dug there mysel'! It was like old times, in the early days o' Jamieson River. Made me feel young again."

"So Jim's joined the band of filthy rich!" said Sally. "Here's to you, plutocrat! What do you plan to do first—buy a yacht or build a mansion with a swimming pool?"

Laura, who had been eying with disfavor not only this fair hectic Sally and Mimi's whole foursome but also the rapidly emptying glass in Jim's hand, now firmly took over the conversation.

"His plans are too wonderful!" She spoke to the older men exclusively. "Jim's going to make Nishima Mine a model settlement! I insist he stop calling it Dead Man's Mine! He has an awful habit of giving things sinister names! Like Chasse-Galerie," she tossed at Mimi before she hurried on. "He's going to build a large hospital there and endow a whole group of cabins for the care of consumptive Indians. That's one of the reasons why he insisted that I come all the way on this trip. I want to see Chicago hospitals."

Sally raised amused eyebrows. "Get Mimi to take you about," she suggested with mild sisterly malice. "She started to do social service in one of them a month or so ago but quit pretty promptly."

"I didn't," Mimi protested. "It was the smells. I was sick every day. They finally sent me home."

"Now, now, lassies," old Rob soothed. "Where's that song ye were to sing for us, Mimi?"

"We really shouldn't stay any longer," Laura demurred, rising. "My patient here must get back to his hotel. Late hours aren't—"

"Nonsense!" Jim interrupted. "I discharged you as a nurse yesterday. The evening's just begun and we're going places. You be the guide, Mimi. You know the channels, hidden outlets, white water, and sand bars."

"Picture Mimi at a sand bar!" murmured Russell. "What dry, dry Martinis!"

But Mimi wasn't listening to Russ. Jim's words had warmed her. There was a glimmer of camaraderie in them. They reminded her of the trip on Elephantine II and of the Eskimo song that he had taught her. She strolled to the piano, took possession of it and improvised an accompaniment. She sang:

"*Ija—ija!*
A drifting storm
Gathers around me.
Ija—ija!"

She had in her small warm voice that one priceless ingredient without which the most technically perfect performance is a failure—the ability to put a song across. Mimi's weird primitive chant filled the little bar with the authentic feeling of Northern waters over which gulls shrilled lonely cries.

It made Jim see her as she had been at the bow sweep of the scow, her slender body braced to do her share in the navigating, her bright hair wind-tossed. He shrugged impatiently, telling himself for the thousandth time that he never should have taken her North—and now wondering if he had been unwise to come, even when business called to Chicago.

But of course he had been wise! Look at this Mimi, a half-naked sea sprite in filmy green dress, her lips too red, her laugh too high, her white hands too quick to reach for a glass! This was the Mimi who had walked out on him so readily, wordlessly at Lone Island. . . . Yes, one evening with Mimi as she really was in these her natural surroundings would lay her ghost for all time.

JIM swallowed his drink as though he suddenly needed it. And then he felt mildly irritated that Laura was watching him disapprovingly. Good old Laura, so serene in her hospitals, so all at sea here! She should learn tolerance, adaptability—even as he should! Life brought changes, and with those changes the need for change in oneself!

Lord, what a lot of changes ahead for him! To be a millionaire—hard to grasp. Yet already these men sitting here at this table had paid him half a million for an interest in Dead Man—or Nishima, as Laura insisted he call it. Good old Laura, not a society playgirl but the kind of woman to marry!

Mimi's party applauded her singing. So did another group that had crowded into the room to listen. Russell insisted on buying champagne for Mimi and the party, maintaining that in the olden days bards were always christened with champagne.

"You mean boats," Sally corrected. "But we'll drink it. Then it'll be time to go collect Tony." So they drank champagne and then collected Tony—

who proved to be a foreign-looking, patent-haired young roué who had been born of Puritan stock on a Vermont farm and who promptly dubbed Laura " Brunhild " and tried to make a play for her, until he discovered that, like Queen Victoria, she was " not amused."

It was a funny evening—not funny-ha-ha but funny-peculiar. Throughout its course—from the Ivanhoe to the Panther Room at College Inn, to Hi-hat, to Club Alabam—Mimi became ever more determinedly gay; and Jim rendered an exact masculine counterpart of her behavior. Laura, on the other hand, while successfully angling for the approbation of Jim's middle-aged patrons, evinced calm disapproval of the younger merrymakers.

For only Laura in this whole group felt certain of destiny. The others might worry about finances, divorces, broken hearts, old age; but she alone saw her way clear. Her way that was really a two-in-one way. She was going to be a famous nurse in the Canadian North, and she was going to marry Jim Wayne! She could bide her time, go through a night or two like this if Jim insisted, listen to a Mimi Jamieson sing, tolerate a Tony somebody who called her Brunhild; and she could play up to old man Jamieson, who resented her! Old Jamieson, who—as sure as gun's iron—had moved heaven and earth to try to make a match between Mimi and Jim! Oh, Laura knew now what that old Scot had been up to—letting his daughter go alone to Jim's Lone Island; prospecting for Jim; interesting these old kidney cases in Jim's mine! A match!

Laura almost wanted to laugh aloud at the bushy-haired old millionaire as she returned from dancing with one of his antiquated yes-men. She was tempted to say, " Look, mister. I'm not tough the way your precious daughter is tough, but I'm a nurse and I know how to take care of men. So if you are playing your game your way I'm now going to play mine. And there'll be almost no difference—save that I'll win! "

IN the cab returning to the Congress Hotel—where Jim had a suite on one floor; Laura on the floor below—Jim commented thoughtfully, " It was decent of Mimi to break things up when you said you were tired."

" Wasn't it? " Laura agreed promptly. " She's a nice little thing, even if she is wild. A pity she's still so upset over her German count."

" What? Oh, yes," said Jim. A few minutes later he asked, " Are you going to let Mimi take you through the hospitals? "

" Mercy, no! A fly-by-night like Mimi Jamieson wouldn't do me any good! One of Mr. Jamieson's—your friends has offered to arrange it. But I am going to have lunch with Mimi tomorrow and go shopping with her. You paid me an absurd amount of money for my care of you—and I've suddenly decided to spend it all on clothes! "

LAURA did spend a lot on clothes. And if Mimi had not been such a good sport and such a good loser, Laura would have bought outfits that resembled as nearly as possible those of a squaw at a mission picnic.

But Mimi *was* a good loser. Laura had shrewdness enough to benefit by that fact and by Mimi's superb taste. So Laura bought perfect outfits for the North, plus lovely sophisticated things for travel and fragile lingerie from Mimi's own pet shops. And all while she strengthened the conviction in Mimi's mind that these many purchases were her trousseau—for marriage with Jim.

Mimi did everything to help—not because she could even now bring herself to like or trust Laura, but because she wanted Jim to be happy and wanted Jim's wife not to shame him with her bad taste. Therefore, in the grueling autumn days, while Jim—who had graduated from crutches to cane—conferred with engineers and backers, Mimi labored with Laura. She introduced her to the Salon pour la Silhouette, told her how *not* to have a permanent wave, suggested good corsets — particularly desirable, so Mimi laughed apologetically, if Laura was going to insist on eating chunks of moose nose.

It was just after Mimi had joked about the moose nose that Laura let slip something which she had prom-

LET'S CALL THE WHOLE THING OFF!
OH NO WE WON'T, JULIE! WHY SHOULD WE? YOU LOVE ME, DON'T YOU?
YES, I LOVE YOU --BUT PHIL, I JUST CAN'T MARRY A MAN WHO--WELL-- WHO OUGHT TO SEE HIS DENTIST ABOUT HIS BREATH!
TESTS SHOW THAT MUCH BAD BREATH COMES FROM DECAYING FOOD PARTICLES AND STAGNANT SALIVA AROUND TEETH THAT AREN'T CLEANED PROPERLY. I RECOMMEND COLGATE DENTAL CREAM. ITS SPECIAL PENETRATING FOAM REMOVES THESE ODOR-BREEDING DEPOSITS. AND THAT'S WHY...
COLGATE'S COMBATS BAD BREATH ...MAKES TEETH SPARKLE!
LATER—THANKS TO COLGATE'S...
GLAD YOU DIDN'T CALL IT OFF, JULIE?
SILLY! WHAT A QUESTION TO ASK A HAPPY BRIDE, PHIL!
NO BAD BREATH BEHIND HIS SPARKLING SMILE!
LARGE SIZE 20¢
GIANT SIZE 35¢
OVER TWICE AS MUCH
COLGATE RIBBON DENTAL CREAM
BAD BREATH KEEPS ROMANCE AWAY— PLAY SAFE! USE COLGATE'S TWICE A DAY!

"Colgate's special *penetrating* foam gets into hidden crevices between your teeth . . . helps your toothbrush clean out decaying food particles and stop the stagnant saliva odors that cause much bad breath. And Colgate's safe polishing agent makes teeth naturally bright and sparkling! Always use Colgate Dental Cream —regularly and frequently. No other dentifrice is exactly like it."

ised herself she would never tell a soul. She and Mimi were sitting in the Pompeiian Room after their third after-shopping cocktail. Laura was not used to cocktails. They made her face feel wind-blown and they made her brain feel even more wind-blown.

She regarded Mimi now with a sudden glow of friendly intimacy—a just-between-us-girls attitude. Cute little Mimi, she thought. Poor little sap. Didn't she look ghastly when old Chief Sitting Pretty brought around that moose nose! Aloud Laura said, "You know, Mimi, you've been awfully good to me, and Jim and I appreciate it. I tried to be good to you when you were North, but I didn't make the grade. You see, I was pretty jealous of you. Jim had always had such a kid crush on you—your pictures plastered up all over his walls and everything. So when you showed up there at Lone Island out of the blue, you can imagine how I felt! I didn't understand then how things were—that you were just childhood friends and that your father had arranged it all."

She sipped the fourth Martini, which Mimi had unostentatiously but firmly ordered. "I played a mean trick," Laura ruminated impersonally. "You didn't guess, did you? I gave Jim a knockout sleeping dose while you were getting ready to leave the cabin. He didn't even hear or see you go." Laura laughed. "Seems mean now," she chuckled.

Mimi laughed too—outwardly. She even was tempted to get up and slap Laura on the back jovially—so jovially that she would sail the glass out of her enemy's hand! So Jim hadn't purposely refrained from saying good-by. That was one drop of balm.

Another came days later—and this an exhilarating, world-changing one. The White Squaw had finally taken her departure for the North. Mimi and Jim and two of Jim's lustily admiring old partners had seen her off. And Jim had told Laura he'd be up there to start things in three days.

After that, Jim and Mimi and the two graybeards had had lunch at the Blackstone. During lunch, one of these eldsters had asked to see the original map of Dead Man's Mine.

Jim reached into his pocket, pulled it forth, and something bright fell to the floor under Mimi's feet. She picked it up, started to hand it to Jim —who still couldn't leap about with agility. Then her eyes widened. For the object that sparkled on her palm was one of the crystal stars from the necklace she had given Nishima!

Wordlessly Mimi gave it to Jim. Wordlessly he took it. But an electric current had been switched on; everything once again had meaning between them.

Mimi, who had been driving her own car, hardly knew where or when she deposited the two old mining magnates. But she did know that she picked the road out of Chicago to Barrington—because that highway is wide and open and soon leads to comparatively free spaces.

She felt no embarrassment. Even in that most crucial moment of her life she was unconsciously Mimi Jamieson. But she was a grown-up Mimi Jamieson, one who now suddenly thought she saw life clearly.

"Jim," she announced, looking straight ahead, "I'm kidnaping you. You did it once to me; now it's my turn! I'm not going to punch you on the jaw though, because I want you to listen to me!" She laughed.

The happiness, beauty, excitement in her laughter started the same kind of happiness in Jim.

He leaned forward. "Mimi, are you—"

"Wait. Let me say it. I promised myself I would. I know I've been a little bum, and I probably will be plenty times again; but I'm not going to stand by and see you make a mistake—the way I almost did. I think we're made for each other, Jim. I—Jim—"

"Stop the car, Mimi."

It was well she obeyed promptly, pulling over to the side of the road, because his arms were around her and his face, close to hers, was the only thing she could see.

"I was going to tell you this on the island—" Mimi began; but he kissed her.

"Let me say it, Jim darling. I love you. Will you—"

He put his hand gently over her mouth. "Man proposes. Will you marry me?" he asked.

THE END

EMERSON'S
BROMO-SELTZER
2 and 3/4 OUNCES
CONTENTS
Reg U S Pat Off
A Relief for Headache and Neuralgia

FAMED EXPLORER-SCIENTIST

ROY CHAPMAN ANDREWS says

"Plenty of **headaches, nervous strain** in my work. I have always found **Bromo-Seltzer** the best relief for **both**."

LEADER of 5 Central Asiatic Expeditions, Dr. Andrews says: "In field and at home, I always have Bromo-Seltzer on hand." (*Far right*) Dr. Andrews examines a nest of dinosaur eggs—over 80,000,000 years old!

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Next time you have a headache, take Bromo-Seltzer.* How fast the pain is relieved! You feel steadier, too . . . less dragged down. Keep Bromo-Seltzer at home. At drugstores—soda fountains.

**For frequently recurring or persistent headache, see your doctor. To relieve the ordinary headache, take Bromo-Seltzer.*

Headache strains your **Nerves**— *Take* **BROMO-SELTZER**

TOMORROW'S TRUST

Liberty's Short Short

BY MORTON THOMPSON

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 35 SECONDS

THE woman stirred. She thought he might be asleep. But no, he was staring, still staring at the fire. Before their deep armchairs it moved sleepily in the grate. Almost it sighed too.

"I was remembering peace," he said. "It is so quiet here. So deceptive. I do not want to sleep yet. I want to treasure this peace, this memory of England."

"Peace!" she said bitterly. "I wonder if there will ever be peace again."

"All over the world," he mused, "all over England, people are wondering that tonight. It is odd to think that the peace of Europe lies in the uncaring hands of a madman. I—I—used to think it lay in the hands of God."

She looked up quickly. His long, thin face was etched in bitter lines of weariness and defeat.

"You are blaming yourself again," she said. "Were they hard in the Commons today?"

"They hate me so," he said tiredly. "They say that if I had acted sooner, had not played for time, not let him grow stronger, he might have been checked."

"Blind fools! What is their hate to the service you have rendered England?"

"I do not know. You are my wife. You alone, in all England, love me. I am afraid. I wonder if I have done the right thing, after all."

"You have done what you could do. In all the Empire there is no man could do more."

"We weren't prepared. England was in no condition to fight. We could only protest. And while we protested the madman laughed and made his plans and struck swiftly, and now he is about to overrun the world."

"How, then, can you blame yourself?"

"I blame myself because beneath all my scheming, all my statesmanship, there was a foundation of faith—of faith in the invincibility of right and the British Empire."

"You must not lose that faith. Whatever happens, you must not lose it."

"Empires cannot be guided on faith. I see that now. It is a child's faith. And I have staked the Empire upon it. And I have lost."

"You have not lost. Is he the first madman to frighten the world? He is a man, like other men. I have a feeling that in the end his own people will rise against him. Anything—anything may happen."

"You have to look at it coldly. You cannot just hope. A madman holds Europe in the palm of his hand. His people may rise—but it will be too late for England. The record of his crimes, his insane persecutions, his brutal laws, will stand forever in the world's mind beside the record of the man who permitted the infamy to continue, who temporized, who dillydallied, who had faith, who lost England."

"Something will happen. Something always happens. The pendulum swings. The law is inexorable."

"He is beyond the law. He is a dictator. He has ravened at one border after another like a mad wolf. Treaties are nothing to him. Lives, blood, peace do not matter. I have made England a shame among nations."

She smiled a little. Outside, in the English country night, birds made immemorial sounds in age-old elms.

"It is no longer in your hands," she said. "It is in the hands of God. I am only a woman. And you—you are the most brilliant statesman in England's history. And I love you. We have lived our lives and our love in the knowledge that in the end right will conquer wrong—as it always has since the world began. And when we have done our best, we mortals, and somehow failed—then God steps in."

He smiled wryly. But he was not so downcast now.

"This is not the age of miracles," he said.

"It is still the age of men, though. And men blunder."

"He cannot blunder. He has the world in his fingers. He has merely to close his hand, and he knows it."

"He is still a man, and a man can blunder. You cannot lose faith. All through these anxious months you've been so brave, so hopeful. Won't you believe with me? Won't you take a little of my faith?"

"Hope against hope? I want to so. It's so hopeless. And tomorrow—tomorrow—the conference. The end of the trail, I think. Will it be the end of this England?"

"No. For if right is deathless, England is deathless. . . . . You are tired. It is dark now, see? It is the darkness just before the dawn. God made the darkness. And He also made the dawn. You have done your duty; England has had no servant more loyal. You must sleep now. It is very late."

They rose. He stood, tall, beside her, a little stooped. There was a flutter of white to the carpet. He bent wearily and picked the letter up, the seal unbroken.

"I should have opened it before, perhaps," he said. He broke the seal. "No, nothing important. He says he's hopeful. . . . He says: '. . . . succeeding ages can but mark today and the work we shall do as the task of loyal Britons. . . . The playing fields of Eton may bear a finer race of men but not—I promise you—a braver.' Hello. This sounds like you, my dear! Listen! 'Your lordship has done all that a man can do to avert war. Now we shall do what men may do to make a war brief and, I pray God, successful. His luck has been incredible. Lord Castlereagh, I beg you to remember that he is a man. And that a man may blunder. . . .'"

He folded the letter.

"It's from Wellington, my dear."

"From Wellington?"

"Yes. They're going to try to head him off . . . June 18 . . . Why, that's tomorrow! . . . at some place called . . . Waterloo."

THE END

On the Air!

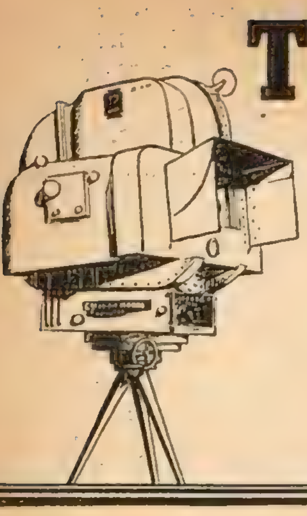
Fulton Oursler, Editor in Chief of Liberty, speaks every Tuesday at 9.30 P. M., Eastern Daylight Saving Time, over most stations of the NBC Blue Network, coast to coast.

Mr. Oursler's subjects are selected with a view to their timeliness and importance in a rapidly changing world.

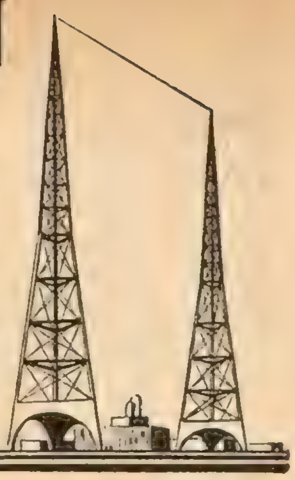
A Short Short broadcast for liberals with common sense! Be sure to

TUNE IN!

Besides the regular price Liberty pays for each Short Short, an additional $1,000 bonus will be paid for the best Short Short published in 1939; $500 for the second best; and extra bonuses of $100 each for the five next best.



THE COMING BATTLE IN TELEVISION



BY RUTH WATERBURY

READING TIME ● 5 MINUTES 10 SECONDS

ONLY one thing seems certain about this thing called television. We, the public, can't possibly lose.

The advance fanfare for television has been going on for some time. On the Continent and in England television is operating mildly. Over here, however, about the time that prosperity was given a corner to be just around, television got itself a hide-out corner too. Ever since the first talking picture was telecast—and there's a word for you!—from Schenectady, New York, in 1930, the radio wizards have said, "Television is just around the corner." The only trouble is, it has lingered there long enough to cost its inventors, research men, backers, and what not, a tidy twenty-five million dollars.

However, it is coming forth. If you live within a radius of fifty miles from New York City, perhaps you caught the April 30 telecast which showed the opening of the New York World's Fair. The television people would like to have shown that World's Fair opening for a further radius than fifty miles. The reason they couldn't is nature's stubbornness.

For it is entirely up to the horizon how far television goes, and even when the RCA scientists climb to the top of the Empire State Building in New York, they can't push the horizon more than fifty miles away.

The horizon hurdle still stands as main television problem number one. The nearest approach to a solution is the already developed "coaxial" cable. But the cost of stretching this cable only one way across the United States mounts to a hundred million dollars. So that—for the time being, certainly—is out.

Main problem number two is, if we, the public, like television when we do get it, how can we be made to pay for it?

For the movies it is a cinch: When we pay the price of admission we can go in and see the show. In radio, when big advertisers give us great programs, apparently free, it works out that we buy enough of the advertised products to make such programs profitable to the advertiser. Either that, or the program stops.

But can we be made to pay by the same method for television, which will probably evolve into a combined radio and movie show?

One snag is the matter of television receivers.

The television receiving sets are ready. Cheery souls state that 100,000 sets will be sold by next autumn. That adds up to an audience of, potentially, 300,000 people. But these present television sets cost from two to nine hundred dollars. Which looks like quite a while before television will get to a price within reach of most of us—and thus give the advertiser a large enough audience to make his program worth what it will cost him.

Then again, there is the horizon. And right here is where the movies come in, and where they hope to stay in. It wouldn't cost the movies more to distribute prints of feature pictures to television studios in fifty-mile zones, there to be telecast to us at home, than it now costs to send prints to theaters.

How Hollywood is planning its fight for life in the new era of entertainment

That is why, with both sides being most polite about it and pretending not to notice what the other is up to, there is a real battle going on behind the scenes of television. The movie producers consider that they know more about putting out shows than the radio producers do. They argue that they have the stars, the directors, the settings, and the experience. Radio retaliates that it, too, has developed stars, has done the most experimenting on television, and that it controls the television outlets.

There is, though, the fact that not all radio artists are beauties. Physical glamour hasn't been necessary for radio, but with television it will be. Thus in movies, notably in the case of Paramount, and in a smaller way RKO Pictures, which is affiliated with NBC and RCA, the movie experiments for telecasting is going on. RKO has a "television version" of Gunga Din ready. Technically, this is called a "trailer"—meaning it is supposed to be only a form of advertising for the full-sized Gunga Din already playing in the movie theaters. Paramount, which even has its own television laboratories working, likewise calls its telecasting films "trailers."

Actually, they are nothing of the kind. Both companies are employing this camouflage to keep their theater owners from becoming alarmed. What they are doing is testing out what a movie will do when applied to the television technique. In other words, they are hoping not to be caught short, as they were when sound came into silent pictures.

Even today radio shows are cutting the attendance at movie theaters in a genuinely alarming way. If radio can add clear, action television, it isn't too impossible that it may nearly kill movies altogether.

Television's big claim is the marvelous reporting it will be able to do on news events—especially when the horizon limitation is overcome. Television will be very exciting indeed on such things, and the movie newsreel people are trembling in their expensive boots. But, fascinating as those events are, television cannot survive entirely upon them, any more than theaters (with a few exceptions in New York City) can survive entirely on newsreels either.

Television will be hard on the newsreels, hard on newspapers to a lesser extent, possibly hard on its mother, radio, and undoubtedly hard on movies, unless movies and television marry.

But, as I said in the beginning, we can't lose. Television has got to win us. They have got too much invested in it to be able to back out now. The way they will achieve television popularity will be the method that made radio and movies click: they will give us more and more better and better things for less and less expenditure on our parts.

It certainly looks like fun for us. And it looks, too, like the dawn of a new day for actors, musicians, and for income-tax collectors. But those things pale beside what it is bound to mean to the American home.

Think what it's going to be like to have the house simply crawling with symphony orchestras, forest fires, and Tyrone Power all blended into one. Wow!

And don't forget, folks, it is just around the corner. This year it actually is.

THE END

A tense moment in Blind Alley, starring Ann Dvorak, Chester Morris, Ralph Bellamy, and Rose Stradner.

THE MOVIES TURN TO MURDER

From mental thrills to Ritzian madness, a lively trio of pictures plunges through a potpourri of dark excitements

BY BEVERLY HILLS

READING TIME ● 8 MINUTES 23 SECONDS

4 STARS—EXTRAORDINARY
3 STARS—EXCELLENT 2 STARS—GOOD
1 STAR—POOR 0 STAR—VERY POOR

★ ★ ★ BLIND ALLEY

THE PLAYERS: Chester Morris, Ralph Bellamy, Ann Dvorak, Joan Perry, Melville Cooper, Rose Stradner, John Eldridge, Ann Doran, Marc Lawrence, Stanley Brown, Scotty Beckett, Milburn Stone, Marie Blake. Screen play by Philip MacDonald, Michael Blankfort, and Albert Duffy, based on a drama by James Warwick. Directed by Charles Vidor. Produced by Columbia. Running time, 70 minutes.

HOLLYWOOD seems to have gone murderous this week. Crime is the keynote, played with variations. For instance, this is a thriller, full of vigor and excitement, but, strangely enough, the thrills are mental.

Into the peaceful secluded country home of a psychiatrist burst an escaped killer and the remnants of his gang. They're waiting the arrival of a boat, on the lake close by, to make their getaway. These men are cold killers with nervous trigger fingers, and Dr. Shelby puts his dissecting mind to work. He coolly, analytically sets out to break down ruthless Hal Wilson's bravado, to destroy his will power. Here, in brief, is mind vs. machine gun. As the moments pass and the gangsters stall for time, the tension grows, and Dr. Shelby probes into killer Wilson's subconscious with devastating results. And before you is a believable melodrama with sustained grip.

The duel of the men is sharply defined by two admirable performances. Ralph Bellamy does the psychologist with fine restraint and force, while Chester Morris gives a high-tension portrait of the bad boy who came out of the back alleys to kill. And there is an excellent bit of a gun moll by Ann Dvorak.

VITAL STATISTICS: There have been four phases to the Ralph Bellamy career! 1931: Bellamy scores as a gunman in The Secret Six. More killer roles. 1935: Bellamy becomes both a two-fisted hero and character lead in The Wedding Night. 1937: The Awful Truth, and Ralph becomes a comedian. And now, in Blind Alley, he's back acting serious again. The guy has versatility. . . . On the other hand, Chester Morris has been doing fugitives from a chain gang pretty continuously since Alibi in 1928. Aside from being a magician of no mean ability, Chester Morris is a sixteen-millimeter amateur movie addict. His two children, Cynthia and Brooks, star in most of his productions. . . . Ann Dvorak owns an eighty-acre farm in the San Fernando Valley. Raises walnuts! . . . Rose Stradner was acting for Max Reinhardt at nineteen. She was born in Vienna while the city of waltzes resounded to the sound of marching feet. Papa Alois Stradner, a factory manager and engineer, supervised troop movements for his government. After the war Rose went to the Sacred Heart Academy in Vienna for nine years, showed dramatic indications by acting in school plays.

★ ★½ TELL NO TALES

THE PLAYERS: Melvyn Douglas, Louise Platt, Gene Lockhart, Douglass Dumbrille, Florence George, Halliwell Hobbes, Zeffie Tilbury, Harlan Briggs, Sara Haden, Hobart Cavanaugh, Oscar O'Shea, Theresa Harris, Jean Fenwick, Esther Dale, Joseph Crehan, Tom Collins. Screen play by Lionel Houser based on a story by Pauline London and Alfred Taylor. Directed by Leslie Fenton. Produced by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Running time, 68 minutes.

HERE you have more killers and another of those fanciful newspapermen. You know the kind—the editor who does his own reporting, calls every bartender and gambling-house chief by his first name, makes suckers out of the police, and ends by winning the prettiest girl in sight.

Just as the Evening Guardian is celebrating its seventy-fifth anniversary, the Big Boss decides to suspend its publication. What to do is the problem of the managing editor, who realizes some four hundred people will be thrown out of work. He starts out to solve a kidnap-murder case, figuring that a big scoop may get the powers that be to rescind their suspension. So he follows the lead of a ransom bill and the trail winds through a maze of events. Editor Cassidy is aided by a pretty little teacher who is the only eyewitness to the crime. Romance and murder stalk along together.

Melvyn Douglas makes the editor personable and pleasant; Louise Platt is nicely worried as the eyewitness who is scheduled to be erased by the kidnapers. The chief trouble with this yarn of sleuthing is that it is so involved and complicated.

VITAL STATISTICS: Sixty-five speaking parts. That's a record of some kind. . . . When Louise Platt encountered no excitement after her appearance in Stagecoach, she was so disappointed that she went home to North Guilford, Connecticut. Then, out of a clear sky, at 3 A. M. came a phone call from Hollywood. M-G-M producer Edward Chodorov wanted her to play the schoolteacher heroine of Tell No Tales. Had he been impressed with her work in Stagecoach? Not a bit of it. He hadn't seen the film, but he remembered her work in a New York stage play, Spring Dance, with Sir Cedric Hardwicke several years ago. So Louise hopped a train to New Haven, caught a plane for California. Miss Platt is the daughter of a United States navy surgeon, Daniel Philip Platt, was born in Stamford, Connecticut, educated at navy posts in the West Indies, Philippine Islands, China, and at Annapolis. Started in stock, landed on Broadway in 1935 in a now forgotten play called A Room in Red and White. . . . This is Leslie Fenton's first feature film as a director. Remember him as an actor? Last did the condemned convict in Boys' Town. Then he broke in behind a megaphone doing shorts, the Crime Doesn't Pay series of two-reelers for Metro.

★ ★ THE GORILLA

THE PLAYERS: Jimmy, Harry, and Al Ritz, Anita Louise, Patsy Kelly, Lionel Atwill, Bela Lugosi, Joseph Calleia, Edward Norris, Wally

MOTHER! GET THE BAND-AID *QUICK!* Will it be a skinned elbow . . . a barked shin? With Band-Aid handy, though, there will be *instant* protection for the scrape. For Band-Aid is a neat, ready-made bandage. Just stick it on! Easy to apply. Band-Aid *stays* on—even on awkward, hard-to-bandage surfaces.

WATERPROOF
BAND-AID
BORATED PAD
36 ADHESIVE BANDAGES
THREE SIZES ASSORTED
Johnson & Johnson
Johnson & Johnson
BAND-AID
ADHESIVE BANDAGES
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
A RED CROSS PRODUCT

SPRINGBOARD TO HAPPINESS

★

GEORGIA COLEMAN SAWS UP HER CRUTCHES!

The doctors tried to be kind to Georgia Coleman. Her sensational career in diving, climaxed by a brilliant win in the Olympic championships at Antwerp made it doubly hard to tell her that her malady was paralysis—that the frightening numbness in her limbs might never disappear. But somehow she sensed what they hesitated to put into words and for weeks she lay in utter despondency and unbearable agony of mind—then suddenly her fighting spirit took command!

Today, gloriously restored in health, as much at home in the water as ever, she is again an active athlete, able to execute the various feats that won her international acclaim.

True Story Magazine asked Georgia Coleman to reveal to you the inspiring story behind this remarkable come-back and in the new July issue you have, in her own words, the first-hand account of her bitter battle against the enemy that struck without warning, and the means by which she won a hard fought campaign for life and happiness. It is a story you will read today with added satisfaction because of the cause to which she has dedicated her new-found freedom. Look for the title "Never So Happy."

THE JULY

True Story

NOW ON SALE

True Story Broadcast Conducted by Fulton Oursler, Editor in Chief of all Macfadden Magazines, Tuesday Nights, NBC Coast to Coast Blue Network. See local papers for exact time and nearest station.

Vernon, Paul Harvey, Art Miles. Screen play by Rian James and Sid Silvers based on a play by Ralph Spence. Directed by Allan Dwan. Produced by Twentieth Century-Fox. Running time, 65 minutes.

THOSE three mad Ritz Brothers become detectives—harebrained Hawkshaws is the phrase—in this story of jittery events in a strange spooky old house full of secret panels while a continuous thunderstorm is in progress. A murderous gorilla is stalking the district, and before you know it, the simian, or his double, is strolling in and out through the panels. It appears that the owner of the place may be trying to do away with his lovely niece so that he may inherit her fortune. Then, again—

But the whole maze is a little beyond me right now. I'm as confused as Jimmy, Harry, and Al Ritz playing Messrs. Garrity, Harrigan, and Mulligan, the trio of amateur Sherlock Holmeses. As the nitwit triumvirate of defective dicks, the Messrs. Ritz are more under wraps than ever before. They amused me just passably in their fun and fright. Present are pretty Anita Louise as the girl in peril, and such grim experts as Lionel Atwill, Bela Lugosi, and Joseph Calleia to lend the note of horror, besides Patsy Kelly as a continuously fear-struck servant gal.

VITAL STATISTICS: The Gorilla was once a stage play; was done twice in films, in 1927 and 1931. But now the team of dumb dicks has become a trio to accommodate the three Ritzes. . . . Remember Sid Silvers as a screen comic? He's one of the men who adapted this thriller. In brief, with Rian James, he put the ritz on the yarn. . . . Edward Norris, who plays the young chap in love with the harassed heiress, used to be a reporter. Was on the staff of three Philadelphia papers, the Ledger, Bulletin, and Record. Even served on a Panama sheet. Born in Philly, he went to Penn Charter School, Haverford High School, Culver Military Academy. Flies a single-motored Ryan monoplane. . . . Horror man Lionel Atwill keeps prize cattle on his wife's estate, Rainbow Hill, twelve miles from Baltimore, Maryland. . . . Joseph Calleia was born on the island of Malta. He gets his big chance in his next picture, doing Father Damien, the famous leper priest of Molokai. . . . Note how Director Allan Dwan makes it easier for you to tell one Ritz from another. Harry always wears gray, Al is in brown, Jimmy in blue.

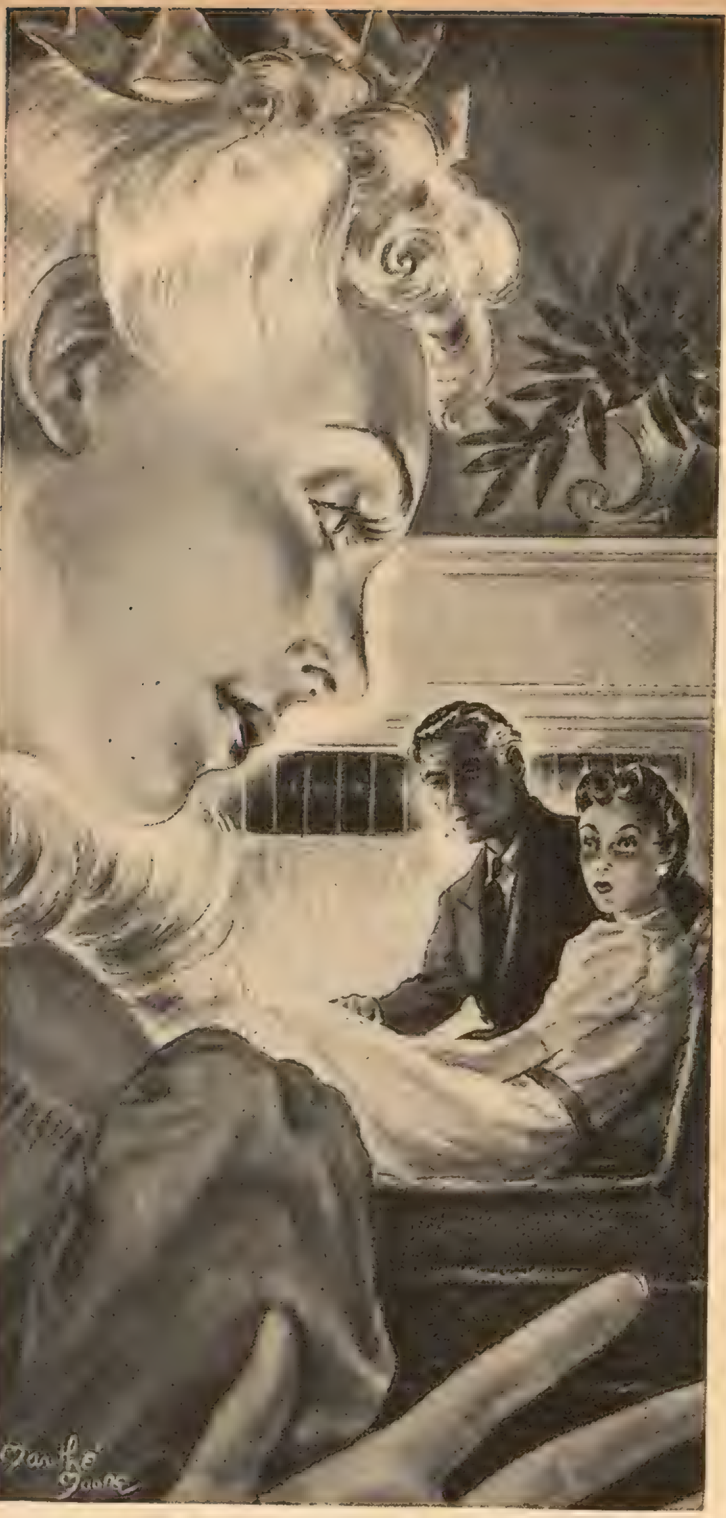
FOUR-, THREE-AND-A-HALF-, AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—Goodbye Mr. Chips, Only Angels Have Wings, Union Pacific, Juarez, Stagecoach, Idiot's Delight, That Certain Age.

★★★½—Wuthering Heights, The Story of Vernon and Irene Castle, Three Smart Girls Grow Up, Midnight, Dark Victory, The Little Princess, The Oklahoma Kid, Ice Follies of 1939, Jesse James.

★★★—Invitation to Happiness, Rose of Washington Square, It's a Wonderful World, Confessions of a Nazi Spy, For Love or Money, Back Door to Heaven, East Side of Heaven, The Hardys Ride High, The Story of Alexander Graham Bell, The Hound of the Baskervilles, Man of Conquest, Dodge City, The Flying Irishman, Let Freedom Ring, Yes My Darling Daughter, Love Affair, The Three Musketeers, The Mikado, Café Society, Made for Each Other, Huckleberry Finn, Wings of the Navy, Persons in Hiding, They Made Me a Criminal, Honolulu, You Can't Cheat an Honest Man, The Beachcomber, Pacific Liner, Zaza, Tail Spin.

Pity The Poor STEPMOTHER



Before we could sit up straight, she was in the room, was switching on the lights.

A query from a woman in love: What would you do?

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

I AM about to become a mother! A mother to a ready-made family.

For fifteen years I have been a secretary—the efficient office-wife variety, but I must confess I have always been willing to trade my shorthand book for a grocery list, if only the right man came along.

Now I am over thirty and I'm in love. I suppose he's my ideal, but love came so quickly and so thoroughly, I'm really sure of only one thing. If I marry him, I'm going to be a mother to his children.

But let me tell you about it, because this is more than a personal problem. It faces any woman who, for love, must be a stepmother.

Maybe you think you know children, but you don't, not really, unless they are stepchildren. And the hardest part of it all is that I understand these motherless children of Howard's.

It's the effect they may have on Howard and me that's giving me so many sleepless nights.

Rosemary is the eighteen-year-old. To her, old men like her father don't have love affairs. That's kid stuff, and reserved for those under twenty.

Now, Rosemary is sweet enough to be reconciled to our marriage. But she can't concede us romance. It's more as though dad had acquired a new housekeeper who slept upstairs and didn't have red hands from washing dishes. Which is hard on the ego and hard on a woman who waited fifteen years and is eager to make up for loss of time.

For instance, the evening Howard and I spent in his home. We sat before the fire, content with the glow of light from the dying embers, sharing the mystery of the flickering shadows. It was a beautiful moment.

Until I heard the door opening and Rosemary coming into the hall. Before we could sit up straight, she was in the room, was switching on the lights, was over at the radio. She glanced curiously at us.

"Dad falls asleep if you let him sit in the dark." She laughed. There was no hurt intended. But Cupid beat a hasty retreat—licked.

Yet I could overcome the Rosemary hurdle. She's going to a college in the East, and will be away for most of the year.

But there's Alice, sweet, precocious, and aged twelve. I've always liked them smart; but I've only known ones who had been trained, and Alice was brought up without a mother. For three years Rosemary has been away to a finishing school, leaving Alice to be head man around the house. The first thing she did was to move into the front bedroom, with the alcoves —just the room for honeymooners.

I suppose I can mention it to Howard and have Alice moved back to her old room. But she will feel dispossessed, and I will be the interloper. So I suppose we'll take the other big bedroom. Really more practical—it has larger closets, but it hasn't the alcoves.

But how about the first day Alice decides she wants to stay home from school? It used to be so simple. She'd cough at breakfast and mention a sore throat. And Howard would call up the school and explain that Alice was staying home.

And now—Alice must deal with a woman who will look at that sore throat and will send Alice packing off to her classes. She'll find some way of mentioning to daddy that her new mother made her go to school when she was sick. The germ of suspicion will have been planted, and Howard's picture of me will have been clouded, tinged by doubt.

Which brings me to my hardest problem—Billy: Billy the Kid, William the Conqueror, Willie the Holy Terror!

Again it's not a case of lacking brains. Bill can sense what's coming minutes before the idea pops into my mind. With not a clock running in the house, he can tell when his father is going to decide it's bedtime. With the silence of an Indian he's out of the room, and it's a half hour before we can find him again.

As far as Willie is concerned, I'm less than a ghost. A ghost he might pay attention to, if it rattled its chains hard and long enough—though he'd probably accuse it of being hired by me to scare him.

Willie's attitude, when I come into the room, is more or less, "You again? I remember the face but I can't seem to place the body."

Billy, you see, won't understand why he should suddenly be forced to obey any but his father's orders—orders he had learned to circumvent in many wondrous ways. And I feel sorry for Billy. All my mother compassion goes out to this boy whose mother died in childbirth. But I can't give in, or the cause is lost.

Do you see why I'm afraid of what the children will do to Howard and me? I couldn't stand to love at last, and then, for some reason other than myself or himself, have our paths divide.

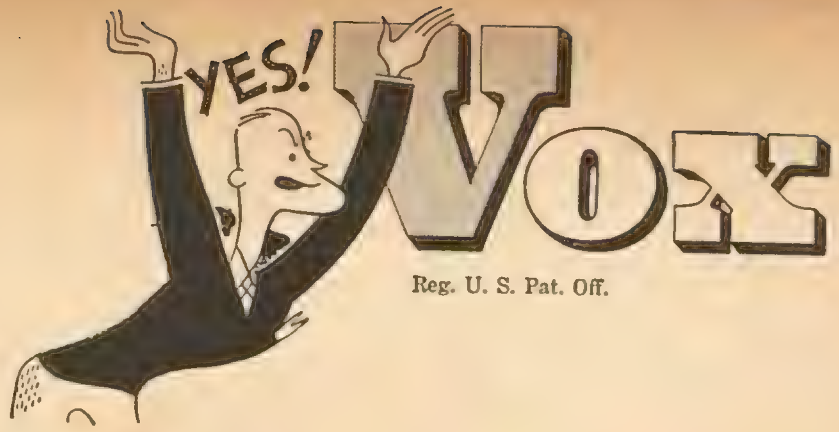
So I say—if I'm to be tossed to the lions of a fate as unrelenting as old Nero himself, at least let me be spared the harsher judgment of a world which thinks there's nothing lower than that creature the stepmother. Let the world change its sneer to pity.

I wish I knew whether pity was enough.

Perhaps you know the answer.

It isn't in my shorthand book.

THE END



Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

THE WIFE THAT PRAYER GAVE HIM

MIAMI, FLA.—The most wonderful moment of my life was when John Talcott asked me to marry him. During the evening my future husband told me a story—so simply, so earnestly—that it flooded with light a pathway to my soul that had dwelt in darkness for many years.

"It was at the time of the hurricane that swept over Miami," John said. "My mother and I were caught in it right on Flagler Street. We took refuge in an open-front drugstore. The place was crowded with people of all ages—and most of them were praying for all they were worth.

"People who hadn't thought to pray for years were now baring their souls before the Almighty. And I was one of them. I knelt right there in that crowded store and pleaded for my mother's safety and my own. But I vowed then and there that I would not be a stormy-weather Christian; that if God saw fit to spare my mother and myself, I would offer up a prayer to God every night of my life from that day on.

"I have kept my word, and I have found that this nightly communion with the Almighty pays more dividends than one can count. It brings me peace, courage, hope, inspiration, faith—everything that makes life worth while. It has even brought me you."

And he sealed his testimony with a kiss. I was profoundly moved.

Among the questions I asked myself was whether, I was fit to marry a man who held communion each night with God. True, when I was a child I was raised in a very religious atmosphere; but during girlhood and young-womanhood I had led a life of luxurious and thoughtless abandon. I had quite forgotten the pious lessons of my early childhood. I was *not* fit to marry a man like John Talcott—and I don't believe I should have had the courage to do so if I had not happened to have, at that moment, a spectacular evidence of how prayer can bring about regeneration even in human beings seemingly beyond hope of recall. I met a woman who had miraculously saved her husband from a drunkard's grave through prayers.

It was just the encouragement I needed. If prayer could do that for such as he, it could make a good wife out of a waster like me.

Every night of my engagement I prayed that this would be so. I still pray it. No matter how late we may have been out or how gay a party we may have been on—for we have our good times—I kneel with my husband and thank God that John still believes I am the wife that prayer gave him.—*Alice Talcott.*

UNDIGNIFIED PICTURE?

CAMBRIDGE, MASS.—I wish to protest publication in May 13 Liberty, page 7, of an undignified picture of Franklin D. Roosevelt, President of the United States. — *Arthur R. Robertson.*

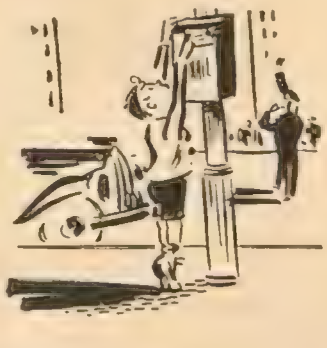
FOR PAPER HANGERS

HUTCHINSON, KAN. — How we appreciated the April 29 Liberty cover! My husband is a painter and we could read an entire story from your cover.

I wish Mr. Kauffmann would draw another—for the paper hangers — showing several dozen pieces of paper pinned on the wall. I'm sure every one would enjoy it.— *Mrs. N. L. Leslie.*

YES, IT WILL BE A BOOK

TRUMANN, ARK. — I am reading the biography of George VI and the former Edward VIII by Emil Ludwig, and must tell you that I think it the best treatment either of the royal brothers has yet received in print. Will it appear in book form?— *Tommy Tullos.*



ACHMED ABDULLAH'S INSIDE STRAIGHT

NEW YORK, N. Y.—While I am glad that Mr. Erwin Lehmann (May 27 Vox Pop) thinks I am a good writer, I object to his statement that I am not so hot at poker. I don't wish to boast. But—any time Mr. Lehmann feels like trying me on . . .? In fact, out in California where he lives, particularly in Hollywood, I made more money at riffling cards than M-G-M or Paramount ever paid me. And as to filling an inside straight at stud, suppose I get, as the first four cards, a nine, a ten, a queen, a king, and then, as the fifth and last, I draw a jack. Do I fill an inside straight? Or do I?—*Achmed Abdullah.*

JOHN WILKES AND COLONEL BARRE

CINCINNATI, OHIO — Your article called The Wilkes-Barre Way (May 13 Liberty) was very fine. It seems appropriate that the plan you describe should be started in that nobly named town.

When Wilkes-Barre was founded, some wanted to name the new town for John Wilkes, who, as a member of the English House of Commons, had dared to defend the cause of the American Revolutionists. Others favored the name of Barre for Colonel Barre, also a member of the House of Commons, who likewise had been fearless in condemning his own government's oppression of the Americans. Finally the matter was settled by the very wise compromise of adopting the name Wilkes-Barre, thus honoring two men who had the courage to stand for toleration even against the power of their own government.—*Oliver G. Bailey.*

MOTHER'S DAY FOUNDER APPROVES

PHILADELPHIA, PA. — May 13 Liberty was appreciated for its Mother's Day features. It is excellent to emphasize the young mother as you have done on the cover.

It is the young mother that must carry on for our country's future, as well as for home.—*Anna Jarvis, Founder, Mother's Day, Inc.*

AMBROSIA POPS UP

IN THE HOUSE BESIDE THE ROAD, U. S. A.—I hadn't bin thinkin' atall till I read Ambrose (May 27 Vox Pop) an' then I didn' haf to.

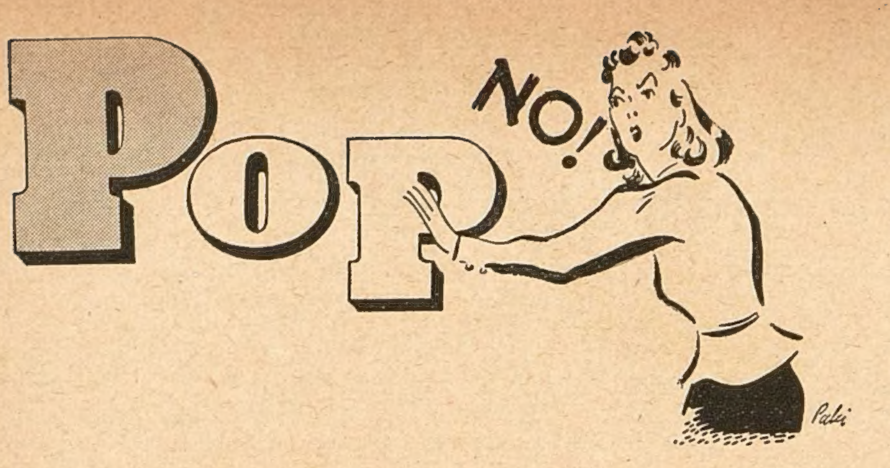
I knew Guvment ownership wasn't what I was hankerin' for. Look what I'd haf to take with it—a stack of debts, a passel of men all wantin' to boss the job (and then never the same from day to day), an' everything else changin' jest as fast. Why, we ain't even got nine old men any more.

By all means, give me the vetrans. They come at the end of the war, not at the beginnin'. When we have nothin' but vetrans, there ain't gunna be no more wars, I'm tellin' you.—*A Rib of the Chip of the Old Block, Ambrosia.*

INDIANS NEED LAND

MONTEREY, IND. — If Mr. Macfadden would use his influence to have Congress give back to the Indian tribes some of those millions of acres of idle fertile land that he says in his May 6 editorial are in this country, I know God would bless his efforts.

Mr. Macfadden knows that, by foul means and by hook or crook, the white race (of which I am a member) have cheated the Indians out of most of the land that the



United States by solemn treaty allotted to them. No one knows or cares what becomes of the Indian race, and crowded on to their barren, desolate reservations—the most no-good barren soil in this country—the Indian race is slowly and surely dying.

The Indians just cannot make a living on the poor soil that they still own, and the public, believing that the government takes good care of the Indians, have no interest in trying to help them.—*Ruth Wheatley.*

BOY-SALVAGE

ONALASKA, WIS. — Police Commissioner Heinrich A. Pickert of Detroit expressed a fine solution to the problem of our unemployed American youth in his article entitled Boy-Salvage (May 27 Liberty), but don't you think he is a little late with his idea? The Civilian Conservation Corps, which has been in existence for over six years, is a set-up practically identical to Mr. Pickert's proposed plan, and does for the American youth precisely what he says his plan would do.

Could it be that Commissioner Pickert and Liberty's editorial staff have not heard of the CCC, or are they afraid to endorse one of the outstanding New Deal projects? Why not recommend its continuance as a permanent institution?—*George A. Hougen.*

BIG ROUND OF APPLAUSE

WILLOUGHBY, OHIO—I have never written any criticisms before, but Twilight Cheats, by Grace Perkins, calls for a big round of applause. It is so intensely interesting I read every installment at least twice.—*Coila Grover.*

NIX FOR COUNTERFEITS!

FORT LAUDERDALE, FLA.—May I refer you to Blonde Conscience, by George S. Brooks? (May 20 Liberty.) Mr. Brooks shows he does not know his government men and should find out how they operate before he tries to write stories. Quoting from the story:

" Mr. Jerroldson [the government agent] handed her twenty dollars from his wallet and picked up the counterfeits."

All wrong! No government man would give you good money for counterfeits. If you have counterfeits, they will take them up all right, but as for giving you good money—absolutely nix! Ask any of them. — *Frank C. Byrne.*

WILL MR. KARIG WRIGGLE?

NEW YORK, N. Y.—I have a hobby. I collect wriggles. I go about challenging that oft-repeated statement that " experts admit it is impossible to invade the United States." I ask the makers of the statement to name the experts to whom they so glibly refer. And then I watch 'em wriggle. It's more fun!

My prize to date is Senator Nye. I claimed the $100 reward he cited on the radio in connection with that statement. I didn't get the dough but I got one of the juiciest, squirmiest wriggles in my entire collection.

Now, do you mind if I add your Mr. Walter Karig to my list? Ah, thank you. And now, Mr. Karig, the usual question, please: *Who* were the military men that admitted " the impossibility of a successful invasion of the United States "? (May 27 Liberty.)

If he'd like the names of some military experts who do think we can be invaded, I'll be glad to oblige.

I await his reply breathlessly.—*Lowell M. Limpus.*

HOW ABOUT UNITED STATESMEN?

EAST ST. LOUIS, ILL.—Your magazine generally takes a progressive stand in matters of moment to its readers. Did you ever stop to think that there is no designation for natives of the U. S. A.?

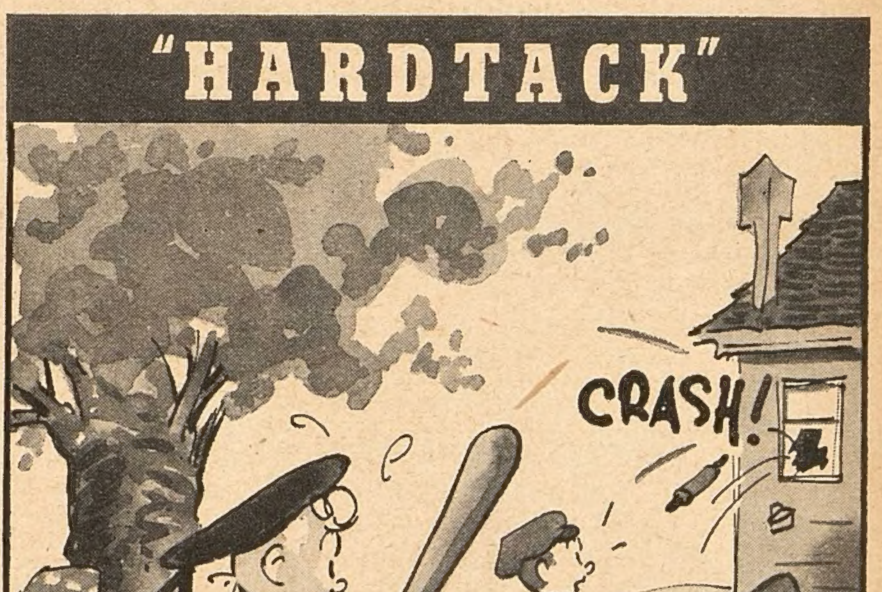
We egotistically call ourselves " Americans," but I am told we offend our friends of Canada, Argentina, Peru, or Mexico. Let's find a name that will mean only residents of the U. S. A. It is a shame that the native of the greatest country on earth has no name to distinguish him from other natives of the whole Western Hemisphere.—*L. E. Deason, D. D. S.*

WE DO NOT LIMIT ONE TO A CUSTOMER!

PITTSBURGH, PA. — Ever since we started getting your blankety-blank magazine we've had a fight to see who would read it; and I wish to high heaven you'd do something about it! What do you say?—*Bill McKeloy.*

MAY VOX POP SCORE

The M states—Maine, Maryland, Massachusetts, Michigan, Minnesota, Mississippi, Montana, and Missouri —were particularly vociferous over a host of topics, including What Would Jesus Do About Anti-Semitism? by Dr. Charles M. Sheldon, and Senator Wheeler Tells What Is Wrong with Our Railroads, by Walter Karig. . . . Hundreds of letters from every section of the country called our attention to a boner in Twenty Questions on the statement that Notre Dame played against Southern California in the Rose Bowl last January. . . . Thanks, one and all, for watching our step. . . . There was a sly move from Ohio to turn us into a matrimonial column. . . . And a large number of widows and vets from California, Texas, and Illinois told us their woes and wrongs. We wish we could be more than just a confessional for them, but perhaps that helps. . . . Grammar hounds were in full cry, as were our art critics. Indiana was especially severe. . . . Birth controllers were active, too, bombarding us with propaganda. Even little Delaware joined their chorus. . . . Essays on Americanism poured in on us, many of them from high-school youths, and excellent; but we'd have to have twenty pages instead of two to do them justice. Always remember we appreciate these efforts even if we haven't room for them. . . . Inventors were hard on our trail, too, and we were advised to get in touch with a Kansas gentleman who is a human radio-television set in himself, without wires or mirrors. . . . From Canada we received a letter from Thomas Jefferson via automatic writing. We were flattered that he thought of us, but his communication was pages long, unfortunately. . . . Two of Mr. Macfadden's editorials, The WPA Political Swag and Immigration Adds to Unemployment, aroused pros and cons to frenzy. " Masterpieces! " shouted the former. " Twaddle! " yelled the latter. . . . Husbands Preferred, of Hollywood, California, requested permission to reprint Immigration Adds to Unemployment. . . . Kenneth Collings wanted to use some of his experiences as related in Liberty in a broadcasting series. . . . Poems and newspaper clippings were showered on us from the South, which we acknowledge with gratitude and pleasure. . . . Now, what will June bring?—VOX POP EDITOR.



"HARDTACK"

" It's just the Browns fightin' again—
Gosh, for a minute I thought I did it! "

97 Per Cent of Them Said Yes

FULTON OURSLER

SOME WEEKS ago we published an article by Joseph F. Timilty, Police Commissioner of the City of Boston. The article described how Commissioner Timilty had formed a junior police force to help the boys of his town become better citizens. It was a brief article occupying only two pages, but it attracted attention far out of proportion to the space we gave it. Correspondence flowed in from all parts of the country. Various cities in friendly rivalry announced that they were the first to establish troops of boy police. Now Mae E. Westran, secretary of the National Youth Patrol, has told us of another interesting development following our publication of Commissioner Timilty's article. Miss Westran sent out a questionnaire addressed to two thousand police departments in the United States. Officers were asked if they would be willing to organize similar units in their towns. They were also asked: "Have you read about the Junior Police in Liberty Magazine?" Miss Westran further writes: "97 per cent have either read the article or had it called to their attention."

Liberty is proud that its articles are read so universally. Our readers are well aware of our profound interest in American youth and our desire to aid in the national program for crime prevention. The Junior Police is a splendid part of such a program.

•

CHATTER BY THE WAY: Had a delightful luncheon the other day with Will H. Hays. We discussed the problems of Hollywood, which are many and various and perplexing. Will Hays, whom we have known since the old days when he was Postmaster General of the United States, has a dynamic vigor and enthusiasm for his work that is contagious and electrifying. His theories on Americanism are homely and sound and inspiring. He has promised to write them for us, and this is one way in which we are reminding him of that promise. Come on, Will, with that manuscript! . . . Interesting chat with Major Lenox Lohr, president of the National Broadcasting Company, and one of the most far-visioned men of our acquaintance. Major Lohr is supremely aware of the vast responsibilities that rest on the shoulders of those in charge of American radio. We had a new understanding of those problems as he put them to us. We also extracted a promise from Major Lohr—the promise of an article dealing with those problems and their relationship to the average person. So again, Major, where is *that* manuscript? . . . We were present one night recently at the birth of a new club. It is called the H. A. W. Club, and the membership threatens to grow rapidly. The way it came about was like this: Some time ago Grace Perkins (Mrs. Fulton Oursler to you) wrote a novel which was published in the pages of our esteemed contemporary the Cosmopolitan Magazine. The editor gave a biographical sketch of the author, telling of her stage career, her musical activities, her children, and then wound up with the observation, "Her husband also writes." At the party the other evening some one told the story, and it turned out there were half a dozen other husbands present who had suffered similar humiliations. There was, for example, Frederick Collins, whose wife is Barbara Maclaren. There was Charles Hubbard, whose wife is Dorothy Speare. There was Rupert Hughes, whose wife is Patterson Dial. All these husbands, and many others we recalled, had been vaguely referred to as "also writes." So the H. A. W. Club was formed—"Husband Also Writes." One honorary member was promptly elected—President Franklin D. Roosevelt. Applications cheerfully received. . . .

NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE of Liberty is especially well balanced, with I Was a Communist, a powerful revelation from the inside, by "Comrade X"; I Believe in Monogamy! by Gretta Palmer; G-Woman, by Edward Doherty; States at War, by George E. Sokolsky; and a thrilling article by Carl Crow, Liberty's reporter in China: Japan's Secret War. Hearts in Danger, a powerful novel of mystery and love by Whitman Chambers, starts in next week's Liberty; and there is another story about the Tate family by Ethel Doherty and Louise Long, as well as an excellent short story, "What Shadows We Pursue," by Mildred Meese, and many other interesting features.

OUR HEART GOES OUT to Fred Allen for his understanding of our problems. The other night on Mr. Allen's radio program a troublesome lady author appeared. She told the master of ceremonies that she had brought a manuscript to the office of the editor of Liberty.

"Then what happened?" asked Allen.

"The editor couldn't see me," replied the lady.

"That's one thing the editor of Liberty and I have in common," said Allen.

☆

THANKS! Hope to see you all right here with us again next Wednesday.

FULTON OURSLER.

Liberty

for Liberals with Common Sense

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The names and the descriptions of all characters in the fiction stories appearing in Liberty are wholly fictitious. If there is any resemblance, in name or in description, to any person, living or dead, it is purely a coincidence.

COVER BY
JAN H. HOGENBYL

"LAZY DAYS"

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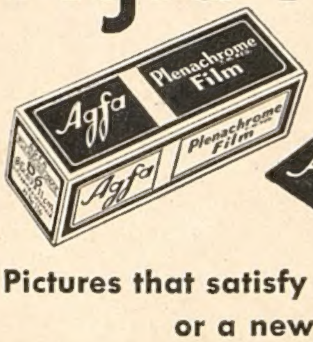

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